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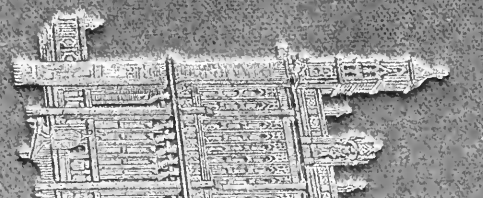

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my lord out of the lone i beare [illegible] to some of youere frends
i haue a caer of youer preser[illegible] therfor i would
aduyse yowe as yowe [illegible] youer lyf to deuyse some
exscuse to shift of youer [illegible]ndance at this parleament
for god and man hathe concurred to punishe the wickednes
of this tyme and thinke not sleight of this aduertisment
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[illegible] expect the [illegible] in [illegible] for [illegible]
apparance of anni stir yet i saye they shall [illegible]
blowe this parleament and yet they shall not sele who
hurts them this counsel is not to be a contemned because
it maye do yowe good and can do yowe no harme for the
dangere is passed as soon as yowe have burnt the letter
and i hope god will give yowe the grace to make good
use of it to whose holy proteccion i comend yowe

HER MAJESTY'S STATE PAPER OFFICE

FACSIMILE OF THE LETTER TO LORD MONTEAGLE

STORIES

FROM

THE STATE PAPERS

BY

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD, F.S.A.

[OF THE RECORD OFFICE]

AUTHOR OF 'THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PRINCE CHARLES STUART' 'THE LIFE OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE' ETC.

A NEW EDITION

London

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1882

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'. . . . The only history worth reading is that written at the time of which it treats, the history of what was done and seen heard out of the mouths of men who did and saw. One fresh draught of such history is worth more than a thousand volumes of abstracts, and reasonings, and suppositions, and theories; and I believe that as we get wiser we shall take little trouble about the history of nations who have left no distinct records of themselves, but spend our time only in the examination of the faithful documents which, in any period of the world, have been left, either in the form of art or literature, portraying the scenes or recording the events, which in those days were actually passing before the eyes of men.'—RUSKIN.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR GEORGE JESSEL, Kt. P.C.

MASTER OF THE ROLLS: KEEPER OF THE RECORDS
ETC.

These 'Stories'

BASED UPON THE VOLUMES OF STATE PAPERS

PUBLISHED UNDER HIS LORDSHIP'S DIRECTION

ARE BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

Respectfully Dedicated

BY HIS OBLIGED SERVANT

THE AUTHOR

PREFACE.

THE MATERIALS from which these stories have been derived are to be found almost entirely in the Calendars of State Papers, edited by the officials of the Record Office and published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls.

One of the results of the incorporation of the State Paper Office with the Record Office was the carrying out of a proposal that had long been suggested. To the ordinary inquirer, anxious to obtain some connecting link in his pedigree or to verify an historical statement, the Public Records and State Papers were utterly unintelligible; the cramped and indistinct handwriting confused him; the curious Latin and quaint Norman-French puzzled his scholarship; he was ignorant of the legal terms and phraseology employed, and after a few hours of vainly cudgelling his brains and damaging his eyesight he was compelled either to obtain the services of a practised agent or to abandon his task altogether. If the archives were to be of any value to the public it was therefore absolutely necessary that their contents should be presented in such a form as to be 'understanded of the people.'

Communicating with the Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury, December 7, 1855, Sir John Romilly, afterwards Lord Romilly, Master of the Rolls, wrote that although 'the Records, State Papers and Documents in my charge constitute the most complete and perfect series of their kind in the civilised world,' and although 'they are of the greatest value in an historical and constitutional point of

view, yet they are comparatively useless to the public, from the want of proper calendars and indexes.' This complaint received the attention it deserved, and orders were issued for the framing and publication of 'proper calendars.' Naturally, from their experience and past training, the officials of the Record Office were at once pointed out as the most fitting persons to perform this task; but as the Department possessed a limited staff, it became necessary, unless its current work was to be suspended, to employ certain qualified outsiders to assist the Record Office in the object it had in view. Happily the introduction of transcribers has so far relieved the officials from the mechanical work of their department, as now to dispense with this foreign help.

The work of calendaring has proceeded with as much rapidity as the nature of the subject will permit. Indeed, the guardians of our archives may direct, with no little pride, the attention of the public to their labours during the past quarter of a century. The State Papers and correspondence of Henry VIII. have been calendared from 1509 to 1532. The Foreign State Papers of Edward VI., Mary, and of Elizabeth, down to the year 1577, have reached the light. The Domestic State Papers from 1547 to 1640 have been given to the world in seven-and-twenty volumes. The Papers of the Commonwealth are now before the historical inquirer in six volumes; whilst the papers of Charles II. have been indexed to the year 1667. The documents connected with the affairs of the Treasury from 1557 to 1714 have been published in four volumes; and the papers of the Home Office of the reign of George III. are now being edited in a similar fashion. The Irish State Papers and the State Papers relating to Scotland have been carefully catalogued, and comprise several volumes. The calendars of the Colonial Papers relating to America and the West Indies, and to the East Indies and China, are in progress, and now consist of four volumes.

Nor has the Record Office been merely content with publishing condensations of the documents preserved in its own Repository. The letters and despatches stored up at Simancas relating to the negotiations between England and Spain in the reigns of our seventh and eighth Henries; the Carew papers, housed in the Lambeth library; and the manuscripts touching English affairs preserved amongst the archives of Venice, have all been examined and edited, and their indexes now occupy some fourteen bulky volumes.

The 'Stories from the State Papers' deal with historical subjects upon which new light has been shed by the labours and researches of the editors of the different Calendars above mentioned. The author cannot better express the nature of his obligations than by saying that had it not been for the issue of these publications, his work could never have appeared.

Most of the 'Stories' were originally contributed to the various Magazines—to 'Fraser,' 'Cornhill,' 'Temple Bar,' and the 'Gentleman's'—and are now republished with little alteration. The 'Massacre of Amboyna' first appeared in an article written by the author on Mr. Sainsbury's Calendars for the 'Edinburgh Review;' whilst the 'Gathering of the Storm' is a reprint of a similar criticism upon Messrs. Bruce and Hamilton's Calendars for the 'Westminster Review.' The Introductory Chapter is condensed from two articles upon our Public Records that appeared in the 'Times,' and from a third article upon the same subject contributed to the Magazine 'Time.'

A. C. E.

LONDON: *November*, 1881.

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STORIES

FROM THE

STATE PAPERS.

INTRODUCTION.

OUR WASTE PAPER OFFICE.

Our stores of public records are justly reckoned to excel in age, beauty, correctness, and authority whatever the choicest archives abroad can boast of the like sort.—Bishop Nicholson.

Upon the deserted site formerly known as the Rolls Estate, lying between Chancery Lane and Fetter Lane, there has arisen within the last thirty years a magnificent building, called, in official parlance, the Public Record Repository. We say in official parlance; for of the numbers who daily walk down Fleet Street scarcely one man in a thousand knows to what use that vast edifice is put, what priceless treasures it contains, and what an important part it plays when knotty points of law have to be solved or disputed claims investigated. To the judge, the Government official, the lawyer, the claimant to property, the historian, and the antiquary the erection in Fetter Lane is not unfamiliar; but to the ordinary Englishman the now settled home of our national archives might be in ruins, or be transformed into a co-operative store, for aught he knew to the contrary or for aught he cared.

A curious tale of neglect and indifference is that of the preservation of our public documents. Scattered about in damp cellars, tied up in rotten bags, lodged near explosive materials, freely attacked by starving rats out on a foraging expedition, it is as much a matter for wonder as for congratulation that our archives have survived the dangers and persecutions to which they were formerly subjected. In the early days of our history the records of our courts were pre-

served in the palace of the king; but when the law-courts became stationary and were held within the precincts of the royal palace, instead of following the sovereign from place to place, all legal documents remained in the custody of their respective courts. On the business of the country increasing the records began to assume such vast proportions that further accommodation had to be obtained. Gradually three warehouses for the custody of our public documents came into existence. The records of the King's Bench and Common Pleas were removed to the Palace at Westminster, to the old Chapter-house, and to the cloister of the Abbey of Westminster, and thus laid the foundation of the well-known 'Chapter-house Repository.' Towards the end of the reign of Richard I., the Court of Chancery becoming separated from that of the Exchequer, the wardrobe in the Tower of London was used as the chief place of deposit for all Chancery records, and thus the 'Record Office in the Tower' sprang up. It had been the custom of our earlier Masters of the Rolls to keep the records of their courts in their private houses; but after the reign of Edward IV. these documents were lodged in what is now styled the Chapel of the Rolls, but which was then known as the *Domus Conversorum Judæorum*, or the house for converted Jews and infidels, which had been annexed to the office of the Master of the Rolls in the reign of Edward III.; an office was subsequently attached to the chapel, and thus arose the record depository known as the 'Rolls Chapel Office.'

For many years these three places of deposit—the Chapter-house, the Tower of London, and the Rolls—constituted the chief repositories for our public records; but as the accommodation that these buildings offered was limited, rooms in private houses, vacant vaults, and even stables had to be taken by the Ministers of the day for the storing of our ever-increasing archives. Little care was, however, paid to the preservation of the nation's parchments. They were put into houses, and forgotten; their various removals were most carelessly superintended; and they were often left a prey to the pilferings of the curious. Here and there a Sovereign or a Secretary of State turned his attention to the disgraceful condition in which the muniments of the kingdom were preserved, and a sweeping reform was announced; but more important matters always appear to have arisen at that identical moment, and the subject was shelved.

In 1567 Queen Elizabeth was informed of the confused and perilous state of the records of her Parliament and Chancery, and orders were given for rooms to be prepared in the Tower for the reception of these parchments, her Majesty declaring that 'it was not meet that the records of her Chancery, which were accounted as a principal member of the treasure belonging to herself and to her crown and realm, should remain in private houses and places, for doubt of such danger or spoil as theretofore had happened to the like records in the time of Richard II. and Henry VI.' This order was, however, never executed, and the records continued to be lodged in their ill-kept dens. On the accession of Charles II., William Prynne, then keeper of the records in the Tower, implored the merry monarch 'to preserve these ancient records, not only from fire and sword, but water, motls, canker, dust, cobwebs, for your own and your kingdom's honour and service, they being such sacred reliques, such peerless jewels, that your noble ancestors have estimated no places so fit to preserve them in as consecrated chapels or royal treasuries and wardrobes, where they lay up their sacred crowns, jewels, robes; and that upon very good grounds, they being the principal evidences by which they held, supported, defended their crowns, kingdoms, revenues, prerogatives, and their subjects, their respective lands, lives, liberties, properties, franchises, rights, laws.'

This earnest appeal was urged not before it was required On his appointment to office Prynne made an inspection of the records under his custody. He found them 'buried together in one confused chaos, under corroding putrefying cobwebs, dust, and filth in the dark corner of Cæsar's Chapel in the White Tower.' He employed soldiers and women to remove and cleanse them, 'who, soon growing weary of this noisome work, left them as foul, dusty, and nasty as they found them.' He then begged the aid of the clerks of his department to sort and arrange the documents; but these Civil servants of the period declined the tempting task, 'being unwilling to touch the records for fear of fouling their fingers, spoiling their clothes, endangering their eyesight and healths by their cankerous dust and evil scent.' To the energetic Prynne, the labour of methodising the papers in his charge seemed hopeless; he saw them in confused heaps, hidden here and scattered there, and destitute of anything approaching to an index. 'All which,' he piteously ex-

claimed, 'will require Briareus his hundred hands, Argus his hundred eyes, and Nestor's centuries of years to marshal them into distinct files, and make exact alphabetical tables of the several things, names, places comprised in them.'

Yet nothing was done to remedy the evil complained of. Addresses were presented to Parliament upon the subject, reports were continually made, and committees frequently sat; but it was not until the beginning of this century that a complete and satisfactory investigation of our public records was entered into. In the July of 1800 a most able report upon the state of the archives was drawn up, a commission was appointed 'to methodise, regulate, and digest the records,' and at last it seemed as if the contempt and neglect of the past were to be amply atoned for, and our national documents to be spared any further humiliations. But this hope was soon disappointed. The commission directed its attention exclusively to the printing of antiquarian matter, and nothing was attempted for the future preservation of the archives. Dissatisfaction arose, and a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the working of the Record Commission. The result of its sittings was the passing of a special Act of Parliament, which placed the public records in the custody and superintendence of the Master of the Rolls, and directed the Treasury forthwith to provide a suitable building.

And now ensued a delay which proved that the contempt for the country's archives was quite as genuine in the present as it had been in the past. Years rolled on, and still no 'suitable building' was provided. Members rose up in their places to ask questions; the Home Secretary was catechised, and promised to learn something; the Chancellor of the Exchequer hoped to find funds; but all answers and inquiries came to nothing. Reports were annually presented to Parliament of the dangers with which the records were threatened if allowed to remain in their present insecure depositories. Mr. Braidwood, then superintendent of the London Fire Brigade, was requested to give his opinion upon the subject; and, after a careful investigation, pronounced that 'no merchant of ordinary prudence would subject his books of account to the risks which the national archives then ran from destruction by fire.' Yet to practical England, busied with her commercial transactions, the development of her railway system, and the prosperity of her colonies, what

did it then matter whether 'this antiquarian rubbish' was burnt or was saved? To the ordinary Englishman, what signified it that his country possessed records of the Court of Chancery from the time of King John, without intermission, to the last decree made by the Lord Chancellor; that she owned ledger-books of the national expenditure, which Chancellors of the Exchequer had regulated, unrivalled even for their very external magnificence, and complete as a series since the days of Henry II.; that amongst her diplomatic treasures she had the treaty, with the very chirograph, between Henry I. and Robert, Earl of Flanders, the privilege of Pope Adrian to Henry II. to conquer Ireland, the treaties with Robert Bruce, and the veritable treaty of the Cloth of Gold, illuminated with the portrait of Francis I., and adorned by the gold seal chased by Benvenuto Cellini himself?—what signified it that his country owned that most perfect survey in its way, though compiled eight centuries ago, called Domesday Book; or records like the Pipe, Close, and Patent Rolls, with the splendid series of Fines? What, to the ordinary Englishman, was this magnificent collection but so many musty old parchments'? Yet to the few—the antiquarian and the historical few—who knew the extent and value of our public documents, and who were aware that we possessed stores of records 'justly reckoned to excel in age, beauty, correctness, and authority whatever the choicest archives abroad can boast of the like sort'—to such persons it was indeed a national disgrace that muniments so important and so priceless should be housed in a manner in which 'no merchant of ordinary prudence' would keep his vulgar books of account.

We have said 'housed;' but can this be called housing? In the Tower of London were the Chancery and Admiralty records: one-half of these documents was placed in the Wakefield Tower, 'contiguous to a steam-engine in daily operation;' whilst the other half was crammed in the White Tower, beneath which 'were stored tons of gunpowder sufficient to destroy all Tower Hill, and change even the course of the Thames, if an explosion had happened.' The insurance of such a building, with such stores, said Mr. Braidwood, would not be taken by any insurance office for less than 5*s.* per cent., the ordinary risk being only 1*s.* 6*d.* per cent. The records of the Queen's Remembrancer were deposited in sheds in the King's Mews, Charing

Cross, where they either adhered to the damp walls, or fell into fragments from sheer putrefaction. On the mews being pulled down, for the erection of that glory of English architecture, the National Gallery, these records, or as much of them as survived, were removed—to a safe and honourable place of deposit? No! to the stables of Carlton House, a flimsy shed, which, according to Mr. Braidwood, could be burnt down in twenty minutes if it caught fire. The venerable Domesday Book, the most priceless record in Europe, was preserved in the Chapter-house of Westminster Abbey, behind which were a brewhouse and washhouse, 'reported as dangerous, and endangering the safety of the Chapter-house by fire.' Other documents were in Chancery Lane—some in the Rolls House, some in a temporary shed knocked up in the Rolls Garden, and some in the pews and behind the communion-table in the Rolls Chapel, 'a place heated by hot-air flues.' The records known as the 'King's Silver-books' were kept in the Temple, and were much damaged by the fire that broke out there in 1838. Various court-rolls were lodged in New Square, Lincoln's Inn, and many of them perished in the fire of 1849.

This scandalous state of things was, however, now to cease. Lord Langdale, then Master of the Rolls, determined that the Treasury should carry out the stipulations of the Record Act, and supply a suitable building. We need not enter into details respecting the correspondence which passed between Lord Langdale and the Government upon the subject; suffice it to say that, in 1851, the foundations of the present repository were laid, and, seven years afterwards, the public records were removed from their ignominious asylums and placed in their new quarters. Here, after centuries of neglect and indifference, they are now so carefully preserved, that the most sensitive antiquary would find it difficult to suggest any improvement in the accommodation afforded them.

The consolidation of the records and State Papers under one roof, and the removal of the restrictions that in olden times hampered investigation, have caused, within the last generation, an intellectual minority to make itself acquainted with 'the unsunn'd treasures' of our archives. Research has now proved that behind the iron cages of our splendid repository are stored documents which, from their historical

importance and extreme antiquity, stand unrivalled at the present day, and cast the archives of Rome, Paris, Vienna, the Hague, and Madrid completely into the shade. Not a single subject connected with the history and government of our country but receives illustration from this magnificent collection. Take the Close Rolls—so called because, the documents entered upon them being of a private nature, they were despatched closed or sealed up—which begin with the reign of John, and continue without interruption to the present time. Upon their well-preserved parchments the reader sees entries relating to the privileges of peers and commoners in former days; the measures employed for the raising of armies and the equipment of fleets; the regulations which affected the coinage of the realm; the aids and taxes that were levied; the riots and tumults that were suppressed; the pardons that were granted to State prisoners; the summonses for the meeting of Parliament; and the hundreds of laws which related to the Bench, the Church, and the prerogatives of the Crown. Take the Patent Rolls —so called because, unlike their great antiquarian rivals, the Close Rolls, the letters patent are unsealed and exposed to view—which also begin with John, and extend almost without a break to the present day. What do they *not* contain? Is a castle besieged by the sovereign, a papal interdict removed by royal supplication, a safe-conduct granted to an unpopular prelate, church property bestowed on begging clergy, a negotiation entered into with a foreign prince, a title of nobility created, a charter confirmed, a proclamation drawn up, land or office given to private persons or public bodies—all are to be found recorded upon the membranes of the 'Litteræ Patentes.' Take again the Great Roll of the Exchequer, otherwise called the Pipe Roll, which, with but two gaps, extends from the reign of Henry II. to our own day. Here we live in the regions of finance; everything which in former times went to swell the revenues of the Crown—rents of various kinds, fines, profits of lands and tenements, and the like—is fully recorded. Was a great man outlawed, his goods seized, his daughter married or made a ward, the account thereof can be read in the Pipe Rolls.

The contents of our national archives appeal to all classes of inquirers. The divine, or he who is only interested in ecclesiastical matters, will find a mine of unexplored wealth

in the Charter Rolls, which deal with the privileges granted to the religious houses of the past; in the Cartæ Antiquæ, which consist of foundation charters of abbeys and the endowments of convents; in the Ministers' accounts, which relate to the issues and profits of monastic lands in the hands of the Crown; in the Valor Ecclesiasticus of Henry VIII., which contains surveys of archbishoprics, bishoprics, abbeys, and monasteries throughout the kingdom; in the Wolsey Books, and in numerous other less important documents. The genealogist and the man who loves to busy himself with tracing back his pedigree to a remote past cannot do better than consult the Rolls of Parliament, which are now the only evidence of a peer having sat in Parliament before the reign of Henry VIII.; the Escheat Rolls, which contain accounts of lands and property forfeited to the Crown; the Fine Rolls, which deal with fines paid to the king for licences to alienate lands, and the valuable inquisitions *post mortem* taken on the death of every tenant of the Crown. The antiquary pure and simple, who passes his life in collecting curious facts and in picking up out-of-the-way information, will not find his labour in vain if he make diligent search through the Oblata Rolls, which are full of the presents given to the sovereign by every 'swell' who wished for the royal protection or toadied for the royal favour; through the Originalia Rolls, which throw much light upon the manners and customs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; through the archives of the Star Chamber, and through that vast collection of Exchequer documents which record the history of knights' service. To the solicitor there is not a parchment in the whole building which may not some day or other be of the utmost importance to a client, in proving the legitimacy of birth or the right to property.

Within the limits at our disposal it is impossible to do more than to cursorily glance at the more prominent papers in our national collection. To furnish even a dry alphabetical list of the mere names of the different muniments would fill a large volume. Yet perhaps enough has been said to show the wealth of our record literature and of its historical and legal importance. Were that large building in Fetter Lane to be burnt down and its contents destroyed, our courts of law would be thrown into the direst confusion, landed proprietors would be unable to

prove the titles to their estates, peers of long descent would find it hard to show by what right they sat in the Upper House, the offices of the Secretaries of State would lose all their private and most delicate correspondence, lawyers would be ignorant how to answer the queries of most of their clients, historians would have to fall back upon the printed inaccuracies of compilers, and the occupation of the antiquary would be gone. Happily this contingency is almost impossible; for the record repository is as proof from the danger of fire as the ingenuity of architects and the vigilance of a ceaseless supervision can render it.

If the study of our public records is the favourite pursuit of the lawyer and the antiquary, the State Papers which run from Henry VIII. to the present time appeal essentially to the historian and the politician. The history of the custody of the State Papers is but a repetition of the neglect and ill-treatment which the records had to endure. In the beginning, these valuable letters were locked up in chests; then they were ignominiously kicked down-stairs into the larder of the Privy Seal; then they were promoted to the tower over the gateway of Whitehall Palace; then they were transferred to the upper floor of the Lord Chamberlain's lodgings; then they were sent to an old house in Scotland Yard; and it was not till 1833 that the charming little State Paper Office in St. James's Park was erected for their custody. Twenty years later, however, they were removed from their bright, pleasant quarters, and lodged within the gloomy precincts of Fetter Lane. On making a careful examination of the state of the documents, it was found that many of them had 'greatly suffered from vermin and wet;' and that the list of lost, stolen, or strayed from the collection was no small one. Theft, and destruction for private ends, appear to have been the two chief agents against which the State Papers had to contend. During the reign of Henry VIII. many of the despatches were appropriated by Lords St. Albans and Cherbury, to whom they were entrusted. In the reign of good Queen Bess most of the private business papers of her Majesty, especially her letters on matters of secret importance, came into the hands of the Earl of Leicester, and finally into the possession of his secretary and his descendants; and 'though they were ultimately recovered, a great part had perished by time and the distraction of the wars, &c.; being left in England

during the Rebellion many had been abused to the meanest purposes.' During the Civil War the King's papers, from the time he was in the north till the surrender of Oxford, were designedly burnt; whilst 'a fair cabinet of the King's, full of papers of a very secret nature, which had been left by the King upon his retirement to the Scots, amongst which were thought to be all the Queen's letters to the King, and things of very mysterious nature,' were also destroyed.

In the turbulent days of the Commonwealth, Bradshaw, in his capacity as President of the Council of State, managed to obtain possession of 'divers books, treaties, papers, and records of State,' some of which, in spite of all the efforts of Charles II., were not regained. At the Restoration, 'all the papers of State during the time of the usurpation remained in Thurloe's hand, and Sir Samuel Morland advised a great Minister to have them seized, being then privately buried in four great deal desks; but, for reasons left to be judged, that Minister delayed to order it, and Thurloe had time to burn them that would have hanged a great many, and he certainly did burn them except some principal ones culled out by himself.' During the reign of Charles II. various papers were sent out of the country to the Hague and Sweden for the convenience of the ambassadors, many of which were never returned. Indeed, so carelessly did Ministers watch their own documents, that a treaty concluded with Holland in 1654 was bought at an auction, and the original treaty with Portugal in the same year was found on a stall in the street. Within almost to a recent date there have been instances of documents sent out of the State Paper Office which have never been returned—a fact which may account for many of the purely official papers to be found in the manuscript collections of private individuals.

In spite, however, of past robberies and carelessness, the State Papers, like the records, are a most wealthy and valuable collection. So important were their contents considered, that at one time it was a matter of the greatest difficulty for any outsider to obtain access to them. The keeper was bound by oath 'to let no man see anything in the office of his Majesty's papers without a warrant from the King.' He was also 'tied by a strict oath, and by his Majesty's commands, to deliver nothing out of the office

unless to the Lords and others of the Council.' During the whole history of the State Paper Office the keeper never had power to grant, on his own authority, leave to consult the papers; such permission could only be obtained from the Secretary of State to whose office the documents belonged. Among those who were fortunate enough in having this favour accorded them we find that, in 1670, Evelyn was lent several documents which related to Holland; that, in 1679, Dr. Gilbert Burnet was permitted by warrant 'from time to time to have the sight and use of such papers and books as he shall think may give him information, and help in finishing his history of the Reformation of the Church of England;' and that, in the same year, Prince Rupert made a personal request to the King on behalf of Roger le Strange, who was writing a history of the civil wars in England. In later times permission was more freely given, though the 'library of MSS.' was still most vigilantly guarded, and applications were more often refused than granted. As an instance of the strictness with which the State Papers were watched, we read that, as late as 1775, Lord North, then Prime Minister, begged 'the King's approval to have free access to all correspondence in the Paper Office;' and that, in 1780, it was necessary for the Ordnance Office to have permission 'to search the Paper Office for any documents that regard their department.' These restrictions have now been removed, and there is, at the present time, no more difficulty in obtaining access to the more ancient State Papers than there is in consulting a volume in the Reading-room of the British Museum.

THE YOUTH OF HENRY THE FIFTH.

Un mauvais sujet? Rusé, blasé, grisé?
Au contraire, c'est un jeune homme charmant.

COURIER.

WITHIN the latter half of this century historical subjects have gradually been re-written. Evidence not before possessed by the writers of a previous generation is now freely laid open and diligently explored. Our national documents and State Papers are no longer excluded from the research of the student, whilst our landed gentry are doing their best to further this spirit of inquiry by permitting their papers to be examined by the Historical MSS. Commission. The result of these advantages is now apparent in the teaching of our modern historians. Events which, with their dates, we have carefully committed to memory in the days of our youth, are proved never to have taken place. Characters whom we have been accustomed to regard as the most depraved of the family of human nature are now shown to be possessed of every virtue that tombstones record; whilst on the other hand those whom we were taught to imitate and respect have been contemptuously kicked down from their lofty pedestal of moral superiority. Indeed, the amount that an elderly gentleman, given to the study of history, has to unlearn at the present day, is no little strain upon his intellectual faculties. He has to dismiss from his mind our old friend the Anglo-Saxon, and the ancient form of spelling men and things previous to the period of Domesday, unless he wishes to court the wrath of Mr. E. A. Freeman; accustomed only to remember the Constitutions of Clarendon and the more important clauses of Magna Charta, he has now to acquire any number of new laws from the Charters of Canon Stubbs; Mr. William Longman gives him a new reading of the reign of our third Edward; when he comes to that wicked uncle Richard and the story of Perkin

Warbeck he must put away his Hume and see what Mr. Gairdner has to say upon the subject; he must disabuse his mind as to all former prejudices with regard to our historical Bluebeard, and look upon bluff King Hal as a strictly moral character and a man of strong domestic affections; the glorious reign of Elizabeth he will come to the conclusion has been much overrated, whilst the persecutions of her sister exist only in the spiteful imagination of certain Protestant bigots. He may take his choice as to Mary Stuart and our first Charles, since history cannot make up its mind about them, and the arguments for and against appear pretty evenly balanced; but William the Deliverer he is bound to look upon as one of the greatest, wisest, most sublime of mankind. About Anne and the Georges he will also have much to unlearn. But perhaps what will astonish our sexagenarian friend the most in his studies will be, thanks to this spirit of modern research, the rehabilitation of historical characters. The wickedness of sovereigns like John, Richard III., and Henry VIII. has, it is now asserted, been much exaggerated. The haughty Strafford was, it now turns out, rather an advocate of parliamentary institutions than otherwise. Cromwell was not the base levelling regicide imagination assumes him, but a man really attached to the monarchical system. Sir Robert Walpole did *not* bribe. The burly Duke of Cumberland was a kindly, humane man, and the butcheries reported of him at Culloden are only so many foul libels circulated by the Jacobites. If his character be studied aright, Lord Eldon was anything but a dilatory judge; on the contrary, at times he was even hasty in his decisions. Addington was many removes from being a political mediocrity; both Pitt and Canning, in fact, held him in high esteem. The mind of Sir Robert Peel was keenly original, and it is calumny to assert that that eminent statesman was the clever manipulator of the ideas of other people. And so on.

To one important personage let us apply this process of whitewashing. Harry of Monmouth, who afterwards developed into the hero of Agincourt, has long been looked upon as the wild young man of history. He is the prototype of the loose youth, to be found in every generation, who anticipates his patrimony, who is given to loose company, who boxes the watch, who awakes the silent streets with his midnight brawls, who offers rude caresses to modest dames, and

who, whilst posing as a Corinthian, is in reality little better than a Mohock. We read of him in the pages of Shakespeare and in the parchments of chronicles as the friend of sack-sodden Falstaff and his dissolute crew, as the rollicking roysterer of Eastcheap, now robbing purses at Gadshill, and then serving as an amateur tapster at the Boar's Head Tavern, occupying his leisure in flirtations with such choice specimens of their sex as Mistress Quickly and Doll Tearsheet, and throughout the whole period of his probation as heir-apparent leading the *vie orageuse* of open debauchery, until at last Justice herself seizes him, in spite of his lineage, and sends him to gaol. Is this a true picture of the youth of our fifth Henry? When we place gossip and dramatic effect on one side, and examine these charges by the cold, pure light of evidence, are they capable of being substantiated? May the wild revelries of Harry of Monmouth be after all only such exaggerations as invariably attend upon the misdeeds of those in high places? Let us proceed to inquire whether the mole-hill has not been magnified into a mountain, and the disturbance in the tea-cup into a raging tempest.

The madcap Harry of Shakespeare was the son of Henry of Bolingbroke, the son of John of Gaunt, and Mary, daughter of Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford, and was born according to the chroniclers at Monmouth, August 9, 1387. Like so many men who have afterwards distinguished themselves by prowess in the field, he was a delicate child, and to benefit by the better air was sent from Monmouth Castle to Courtfield, a village some seven miles distant, where he was carefully tended by the Marchioness of Salisbury. From the archives of the Duchy of Lancaster we gather a few entries touching matters connected with his childhood: we read of 'a long gown for the young lord Henry,' and of 'an ell of canvas' for his cradle; how his nurse was Joan Waring, on whom, shortly after his accession, he settled an annuity of twenty pounds, 'in consideration of good service done to him in former days,' and how in the spring of 1395 he was attacked by a dangerous illness. Then as he became a boy and put away childish things we see how the tastes of the lad foreshadowed the man, for we meet with such entries as these: 'twelve pence to Stephen Furbour for a new scabbard of a sword for young Lord Henry,' and again, 'one and sixpence for three fourths of an

ounce of tissue of black silk bought at London of Margaret Stanson for a sword of the young lord Henry;' also 'eight pence paid by the hands of Adam Garston for harpstrings purchased for the harp of the young lord Henry.' Of minstrelsy Henry V. was always passionately fond, and from the Norman Rolls, the contents of which, after centuries of delay, it has been part of the official labours of this writer recently to make public, we learn that almost immediately after the landing of the King in Normandy one of his first requests was to commission 'Thomas Walshe to procure workmen from London to make harps' for the royal amusement during the campaign.

The education of the future Prince was not neglected, for we come across a charge of 'four shillings for seven books of grammar contained in one volume and bought at London for the young lord Henry.' On attaining the age of eleven the lad was entered at Queen's College, Oxford, and there studied under his paternal uncle Henry Beaufort, then Chancellor of the University. Since the youths of those days who were destined to the profession of arms had to take the field before the age of fifteen, the stay of Henry at Alma Mater was very brief, for we find him on the following year accompanying King Richard to Ireland. He was now to all intents and purposes an orphan. Shortly before going up to Oxford he had lost his mother, to whom he was deeply attached, and whose memory he ever cherished with filial tenderness. We read in the Pell Rolls that two months after his accession to the throne, in order to testify his grateful remembrance of her, he paid a sum of money 'in advance to William Goodyere, for newly devising and making an image in likeness of the mother of the present lord the King, ornamented with divers arms of the kings of England, and placed over the tomb of the said King's mother within the King's college at Leicester, where she is buried and entombed.' His father, at the very moment when about to enter the lists in deadly combat against one who had thrown doubts upon his veracity, had suddenly been sentenced to exile for ten years. Thus deprived of a mother's love and a father's control, Richard took charge of the lad, and to prevent him from scheming to avenge the wrongs of his sire, forced him to accompany the expedition sent across St. George's Channel to subdue the Irish chieftain Macmore.

The Pell Rolls[1] of this date show that the boy was in the pay of the Crown, for they record this entry: 'ten pounds to Henry, son of the Duke of Hereford (Bolingbroke had been created Duke of Hereford by Richard), in part payment of five hundred pounds yearly, which our present lord the King has granted to be paid him at the Exchequer during pleasure.' Whilst on the march against the enemy, the King conferred the honour of knighthood upon his young charge. 'My fair cousin,' said he, 'henceforth be gallant and bold; for unless you conquer you will have little name for valour.' Richard, however, offered Henry few opportunities of distinguishing himself in the Emerald Isle, for he soon gave up the pursuit of Macmore, preferring the comfort and luxury of Dublin to the damp and privations in the bogs. His repose was however rudely dispelled by the news brought to his court that Henry of Monmouth's father, now Duke of Lancaster by the death of 'time-honoured Gaunt,' had invaded England and had claimed the kingdom as his own.[2] On hearing this intelligence, Richard turned towards the young knight who was by his side, and said, 'Henry, my child, see what your father has done to me. He has actually invaded my land as an enemy, and as if in regular warfare has taken captive and put to death my liege subjects without mercy or pity. Indeed, child, for you individually I am very sorry, because for this unhappy proceeding of your father you must, perhaps, be deprived of your inheritance.' To whom, according to the chronicler Otterbourne, Henry thus replied: 'In truth, my gracious King and lord, I am sincerely grieved by these tidings; but I conceive you are fully assured of my innocence in this proceeding of my father.' 'I know,' an-

[1] The Pell Rolls, so called from the pells or skins, on rolls of which accounts of the royal receipts and expenditure used to be preserved, have been edited by the late F. Devon, of the Record Office. Mr. Tyler, some forty years ago, was the first to direct attention to these rolls in his careful *Life of Henry V.*, a book now seldom to be met with.

[2] Before Henry Bolingbroke's departure from England, the King, to conciliate John of Gaunt, had remitted four years of his son's banishment, the original sentence being for ten years, from October 13, 1398; but no sooner was the Duke of Lancaster dead than Richard, throwing off all semblance of moderation, exiled Bolingbroke for life, and confiscated his property, dividing it amongst the royal favourites. On the Patent Rolls of the time are several grants of these estates to the Duke of Surrey and others. This robbery determined the young Duke of Lancaster to return to England to claim his inheritance, and, finding the occasion favourable, he seized upon the crown as interest.

swered the King, 'that the crime which your father has perpetrated does not attach at all to you; and therefore I hold you excused of it altogether.' The result of this invasion is well known. The people gave in their adherence to the Duke of Lancaster. Richard crossed over from Ireland, the army deserted the royal standard, and the King was taken prisoner and carried to London. Lancaster now claimed the throne, a deed was drawn up, and Richard was forced to resign. A few months after his deposition the King passed to his rest; whether by violence or by natural causes we know not, for the story that he was foully murdered is based on insufficient evidence.

Immediately upon his accession the Duke of Lancaster, now Henry IV., sent over to Ireland for his son who, for safer keeping, was in honourable custody within the walls of Trym Castle. In the Pell Rolls we read the following entry: 'to Henry Dryhurst of West Chester, payment for the freightage of a ship to Dublin; also for sailing to the same place and back again, to conduct the lord the Prince, the King's son, from Ireland to England, together with the furniture of a chapel and ornaments of the same, which belonged to King Richard.' At the coronation of his father Henry stood at the right of the throne, holding in his hand, in virtue of the Duchy of Lancaster, the blunted sword called Curtana, which had belonged to Edward the Confessor. On this occasion he was created Prince of Wales, and the estates swore 'the same faith, loyalty, aid, assistance, and fealty' to him as they did to his father. The honour was no empty one, for shortly afterwards the Council granted him a household suitable to his new position, placing at his disposal 'chapels, chambers, halls, wardrobe, pantry, buttery, kitchen, scullery, saucery, almonry, anointry, and generally all things requisite for his establishment.'

The heir-apparent appears by all accounts to have grown out of the delicacy which characterised his early days. He is described, though only in his twelfth year, as 'a handsome young bachelor,' and as 'exceeding the ordinary stature of men.' We are told that he was skilled in all athletic exercises, and so swift a runner that 'he could on foot readily give chase to a deer without hounds, bow, or sling, and catch the fleetest of the herd'—a lie, we hope, big enough to satisfy even a mediæval chronicler. His face was handsome and lit up with an intelligence which his

subsequent acts certainly did not refute. His portrait at the time of his accession is thus sketched in Latin verse which 'every schoolboy' can translate :—

Formæ regalis descriptio fit manifesta,
Quæ sequitur talis. Capitis sibi sphærica testa,
Magni consilii signumque viri sapientis.
Hæc est principii bona res, laus prima regentis,
Signat frons plana Regis quod mens bene sana.
Plani sunt illi, bruni, densique capilli,
Nasus directus, facies extensa decenter ;
Floridus aspectus et amabilis est reverenter.
Clare lucentes oculi subrufe patentes,
Pace columbini, sed in ira sunt leonini.
Sunt nivei dentes, æqualiter et residentes,
Formula parvarum que decens est auricularum ;
Et mentum fissum, collum satis undique spissum,
Concurrente nota, cutis ejus candida tota.
Non sunt inflatæ fauces, albedine gratæ,
Quarum pars rosea, sed labia coccinea.
Sunt bene formata sua membraque consolidata
Ossibus et nervis, sine signis ipsa protervis.[1]

In those warlike days youths began life early, and Prince Henry, a lad who in these more effeminate times would only have recently escaped from the tutelage of the nursery, was to be no exception to the rule. Owen Glendower, who claimed to be descended from the Princes of Wales, and whose estates had been seized by Lord Grey de Ruthyn, had risen up in rebellion, and recovered possession of his property by the sword. Henry Percy, the eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland, better known as Hotspur, was then Chief Justice of North Wales and Chester, and Constable of the Castles of Chester, Flint, Conway, and Caernarvon. He at once exerted himself to suppress the revolt, and at the same time the young Prince of Wales was despatched west to defend his own principality. The letters of Hotspur to the Council, edited by the late Sir H. Nicolas, describe the conduct of Henry during the campaign, and bear witness to the high estimation in which he was, in spite of his tender age, then held. In that correspondence we read how Hotspur calls Henry 'his most honoured and redoubted prince,' how he praises his courage and his clemency, and how the commons of North Wales 'have humbly offered their thanks to my lord the Prince for the great exertions of his kindness and good-will in procuring their pardon at the hands of our sovereign lord the King.'

[1] Versus Rhythmici de Henrico Quinto ; supposed to have been written by a monk attached to the household.

We read how the Prince marched his men against Glendower, set fire to his park and mansion, and wasted the country for miles around; how exhausted were his resources to pay the archers and men-at-arms, for he thus moans: 'and at present we have very great expenses, and we have raised the largest sum in our power to meet them from our little stock of jewels;' and how, as the King's deputy in Wales, he stood sorely in need of assistance. Whilst these events were taking place, the boy who was thus nominally placed at the head of affairs was about fourteen years of age.

We know, on the contrary, how the bard of Avon portrays the career of the Prince at this time:—

> His addiction was to courses vain;
> His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow;
> His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports;
> And never noted in him any study,
> Any retirement, any sequestration
> From open haunts and popularity.

The object of Shakespeare was to write a good play: he consulted the ordinary sources of information, and it was not his province to examine them as to their accuracy. Provided they furnished him with materials for effect he was content; he was a dramatic poet, not an historian. The first occasion when Henry appears upon the Shakespearian scene is not very complimentary to himself.[1] His father asks of Percy and other lords whether they can tell him anything of his 'unthrifty son,' as he would to heaven he could be found:—

> Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
> For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
> With unrestrained loose companions;
> Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
> And beat our watch, or rob our passengers;
> While he, young wanton, and effeminate boy
> Takes on the point of honour to support
> So dissolute a crew.

To descend from poetry to the facts of prose; when this speech was delivered this 'young wanton,' lording it over his dissolute crew, was a mere boy; the 'unthrifty son' had nothing to be unthrifty upon; and so far from the father thinking that the son would be a disgrace to his name and race, the youth had been created Prince of Wales, with every

[1] *Richard II.* Act v. scene 3.

tribute of homage and affection. Nor is the second occasion when Shakespeare honours Prince Henry with his dramatic muse a whit more favourable to his subject, or less incorrect in its details.[1] The battle of Homildon had been fought, and great was the glory of the Percies, and especially of Harry Hotspur. King Henry contrasts the brave young son of Northumberland with his own unhappy child, who, all infant though he be, is said to be drinking sack with Falstaff, reeling about the streets of Eastcheap, and chucking Mistress Quickly under the chin—and if that dame had spanked him and put him to bed, methinks the proprieties would not have been grievously outraged. Westmoreland, with all a father's pride at the victory of his son over the Scots, cries :—

> Faith ! 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of.

At which thus sighs King Henry, the parent of the infant prodigal :—

> Yea ; there thou makest me sad, and makest me sin
> In envy that my lord Northumberland
> Should be the father of so blest a son,
> Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
> See riot and dishonour stain the brow
> Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
> That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
> In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
> And called mine Percy, his Plantagenet ;
> Then I would have his Harry, and he mine!
> But let him from my thoughts.

Had this wish been granted, the King would have presented the somewhat curious physiological spectacle of a man having a son as old as himself. The object of Shakespeare is to create a dramatic contrast. Hotspur and Henry, the poet assumes, are the same age ; Hotspur is the type of heroic, Henry of dissolute, youth ; the one is a father's pride, the other a father's disgrace. Again, what are the prosaic facts? Prince Henry was born August 1387 ; his father, Henry Bolingbroke, was born April 1366, and Hotspur was born in the October of the same year. So that when the 'divine William' talks of 'our children' lying in their 'cradle-clothes,' one of those bairns must have at least been in a very uncomfortable position, considering that he was a bouncing young man of one-and-twenty ! The 'night-trip-

[1] *Henry IV.* Part I. Act i. scene 1.

ping' fairy could hardly have effected such an exchange without discovery. It may be a wise son that knows his own father, but it must have been a very foolish parent indeed who, under those circumstances, failed to recognise his own offspring. And pray, what had this unhappy subject of Shakespearian diatribe done to cause the author of his being to mourn his birth? We know nothing of the 'Boar's Head,' Eastcheap, and the rest of it; all we know and all that history teaches us is, that at this very time when Henry IV. is made to lament the shortcomings of his son, that very son was scouring Glendower's country and winning golden opinions as the Lord Deputy of Wales. He was not wasting his substance upon dissolute companions, but, on the contrary, as we see from his letters to the Council, he was pawning his jewels and melting his plate to pay the arrears of his troops. But *que voulez-vous*? if you have imagination, you must use it.

On the revolt of the Percies, Henry, who was then in command on the Welsh borders, formed a junction with his father, and was present at the 'sorry battle of Shrewsbury.' Here he behaved himself with the lion-hearted courage which was afterwards so eminently his characteristic. Though wounded in the face by an arrow, he refused to be led to the rear. 'My lords,' he cried, 'far be from me such disgrace as that, like a poltroon, I should stain my noviciate in arms by retreat! If the Prince flies, who will wait to end the battle? Believe it, to be carried back before victory would be to me perpetual death! Lead on, I implore you, to the very face of the foe. I may not say to my friends, "Go ye on first to the fight." Be it mine to say, "Follow me, my friends."' The personal conflict between Henry and Hotspur, which is told with such dramatic effect by our great bard, has no existence in fact. Hotspur fell by an unknown hand, and his death was the signal for the flight and utter collapse of his followers.

This rebellion—which had been inspired by the very man whom Shakespeare makes the King wish had been substituted for his own son—now completely crushed by the victory at Shrewsbury, the Prince of Wales returned to his original quarters to check the movements of the terrible Glendower, who was now being assisted by the French. The rebel Welsh were carrying all before them, ravaging the country, killing the inhabitants, and surmount-

ing all obstacles, while the royal troops lacked supplies, reinforcements, and money. The letters of the Prince describe the situation of affairs. 'The Welsh,' he writes, or the tutor who was with him writes, 'have made a descent on Herefordshire, burning and destroying also the county, with very great force, and with a supply of provisions for fifteen days. And true it is that they have burnt and made very great havoc on the borders of the said county; but, since my arrival in these parts, I have heard of no further damage from them, God be thanked! . . . I will do all I possibly can to resist the rebels, and save the English country to the utmost of my little power, as God shall give me grace; ever trusting in your high Majesty to remember my poor estate, and that I have not the means of continuing here without the adoption of some other measures for my maintenance, and that the expenses are insupportable to me.' The Welsh, furnished with men and supplies from France, declined to be intimidated, and the condition of the Prince became grave. 'We implore you,' writes this 'unthrifty son,' 'to make some ordinance for us in time, assured that we have nothing from which we can support ourselves here, except that we have pawned our little plate and jewels, and raised money from them, and with that we shall be able to remain only a short time. And after that, unless you make provision for us, we shall be compelled to depart with disgrace and mischief, and the country will be utterly destroyed, which God forbid!' This request was only half attended to; the King, what with the Lollards, the Scotch, and the agitation created by Northumberland, had too much upon his hands to devote his whole time and substance to effectually crushing Glendower; and, as we know, the Welsh leader continued to make himself singularly disagreeable for some years after the death of Henry IV.

So far as we can gather from the scanty notices of the Prince recorded by history, the young heir-apparent spent the next few years partly in his command in Wales and partly in London. Princes are but mortal men, and, as their lofty station subjects them to greater temptations than ordinary individuals, more allowance should be made for their shortcomings; we should remember not only how they fall, but also how much they must have to resist. It is not our object here to endeavour to portray Prince Henry as the most immaculate of youths, and the type of juvenile purity

in thought or action. He may have led the usual life of his class and age, or he may have not; we possess no direct evidence upon the subject. What evidence we can collect is, however, entirely in favour of the Prince, and utterly opposed to the Shakespearian view of his having been a loose tavern-haunting young cad before he was called to the throne. His courage was high, his instincts manly, and on the few public occasions when he had to assert his position, his sense of dignity and self-respect was very conspicuous; lads of such a temperament are seldom given to low revelries. At all events, we have the following testimony to his conduct when he was a young man of nineteen. Early in the summer of 1406, the Rolls of Parliament record a memorable address made by the Speaker to the King, seated on his throne. This personage was John Tibetot, and in the course of his oration he commends 'the many excellencies and virtues' which habitually dwell in the person of the Prince; he lauds his 'humility and obedience' to his father, 'so that there can be no person of any degree whatever who entertains or shows more honour and reverence of humbleness and obedience to his father than he shows in his honourable person;' he admits the 'good heart and courage' with which his Royal Highness has been endowed, and, lastly, both he and the nation have such perfect confidence in the judgment and discretion of the Prince, that his Majesty is prayed by the Houses to have him legally acknowledged as the heir-apparent to the throne. Had Henry been the boon companion of sots, the frequenter of stews, and the openly profligate son of historical comedy, the Speaker, blind and servile as was the toadyism of those days, would hardly have alluded to him in such complimentary terms. Yet at the very time that History enrols this parliamentary praise, Shakespeare, not troubling himself about premises and authorities, is making King Henry bitterly reproach his son for his vulgar debaucheries[1]:—

> I know not whether God will have it so,
> For some displeasing service I have done,
> That, in His secret doom, out of my blood
> He breeds revengement and a scourge for me.
> But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
> Make me believe that thou art only marked

[1] 1 *Henry IV.*, Act iii. scene 1.

For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such barren, base, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art matched withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.

We think, however, we can understand how the bard has gone so hopelessly astray in his facts. When William Cobbett was attacked by a political opponent as to the accuracy of his statements, he was wont to accuse his adversary of having the wrong sow by the ear; so in this case we may accuse Shakespeare of having the wrong sow by the ear. Among the appointments conferred by the King upon his son were those of the Captaincy of Calais, and the Presidency of the Council. At the same time as he advanced Henry to these posts, he gave him his own house, called Coldharbour, which was near Eastcheap. Here the Prince frequently resided, and here he held his Council. It also appears, according to Stowe, that the brothers of Henry, the Princes Thomas and John, no doubt whilst on a visit to Coldharbour, sallied forth into Eastcheap late one night, when they had supped freely (the mediæval equivalent for 'having dined'), and got themselves engaged in a brawl with the townsmen; the matter was brought before the Chief Justice William Gascoigne, and then taken up to the King, who at once quashed it. From this simple fact cannot we trace the workings and distortions of the poetical imagination? Coldharbour is near to Eastcheap, in Eastcheap is a well-known hostel; at this hostel numerous brawls arise; two sons of the King were once engaged in a city brawl, *therefore* so was the heir-apparent, therefore he was a frequent visitor at the 'Boar's Head,' and therefore he spent his youth in riotous living, and all uncleanness! It is true the premises are somewhat shaky, and the deductions rather jumped at, but, as we said before, of what service is imagination unless you use it?

Nor is the venerable story of the Prince and the Chief Justice a whit more to be credited than the rest of the Shakespearian statements concerning madcap Harry! From

the well-furnished armoury of Mr. Tyler, who in his now scarce book has carefully examined the evidence upon this subject, let us select a few arrows to let fly at the romancists. It is said that a favourite servant of the Prince had been committed for felony, and was arraigned at the bar of the King's Bench to take his trial. Indignant at such treatment being passed upon one of his household, Henry came down in hot haste to Westminster, where the prisoner was standing fettered at the bar, and commanded the Lord Chief Justice at once to give orders to have the man 'ungyved and set at liberty.' With all dignity, yet with all reverence, the Lord Chief Justice 'exhorted the Prince to be contented that his servant might be ordered according to the ancient laws of this realm; or, if he would have him saved from the rigour of the laws, that he should obtain, if he might, from the King his father his gracious pardon, whereby no law or justice should be derogate.' This suggestion the Prince declined to accept; and, rushing to the dock, began of his own accord to set the accused menial free. Sternly the judge commanded the young man to desist from his attempt and quit the court, but in vain. Henry 'all chafed and in a terrible manner' turned upon the bench and made as if he would attack the representative of the law himself. The judge never flinched, but, bending forward, and raising his hand in menace, said: 'Sir, remember yourself. I keep here the place of the King your sovereign lord and father, to whom ye owe double obedience; wherefore eftsoons in his name I charge you desist of your wilfulness and unlawful enterprise, and from henceforth give good example to those which hereafter shall be your proper subjects. And now, for your contempt and disobedience, go you to the prison of King's Bench, whereunto I commit you; and remain ye there prisoner until the pleasure of the King your father be further known.' Abashed, the Prince withdrew, and went to gaol as he had been commanded. When the news reached the King, he raised his eyes towards heaven, and in the presence of his court exclaimed, 'O merciful God, how much am I above other men bound to your infinite goodness, specially that ye have given me a judge who feareth not to minister justice, and also a son who can suffer semblably and obey justice!' Every reader of Shakespeare knows what dramatic capital the poet makes out of this incident.

Upon what authority does this story rest? It is not mentioned or alluded to in the chronicle of any contemporary, or in the parchments of our public records. If such an event ever occurred, it would have been set forth upon the membranes of certain of our archives, but such documents are silent upon the subject. As a matter of fact, this incident is not even mentioned until Henry VIII. had been seated upon the throne some twenty years, nearly a century and a half after the occurrence is said to have taken place. In 1534, one Sir Thomas Elyot wrote a book entitled the *Governor*, which he dedicated to the King, and in which he narrates the story of 'madcap Harry and the old judge,' very much as we have told it. He gives no authority for his facts, he does not make a single reference to any contemporary evidence, yet compilers, with the credulity of their class, have accepted his statements as gospel, and have transferred the anecdote to their pages one after the other without a moment's hesitation or examination. Sir John Hawkins cites it in his *Pleas of the Crown*; Hall quotes it and embellishes it by making the Prince strike the Chief Justice 'with his fist on his face;' Shakespeare follows suit; Hume, who candidly admitted that he 'found it easier to consult printed books than to spend any time over manuscripts,' copies from Hall; and so the ball keeps rolling, and thus history is written. No wonder Sir Robert Walpole said, 'Read me anything but history, for that I know is full of lies!'

Such a startling fact as the committal of the heir-apparent to prison would hardly have escaped the biographers of the Prince who lived a century nearer his time than Elyot. Yet Elmham, Livius, Otterbourne, Hardyng, Walsingham, and the rest, who record the pettiest events in the young man's life, are all silent upon this grave matter. The story rests, and rests alone, upon the authority of Sir Thomas Elyot; and since Sir Thomas has contented himself with describing this all-important incident without condescending to give a single reference to justify his assertion, we cannot be considered as foolishly incredulous in declining to place any faith whatever in his statement. On the accession of Henry V., Chief Justice Gascoigne was not confirmed in his post, but was succeeded on the bench by Haukford. From this fact the maligners of the Prince have come to the conclusion that the new King, mindful of the insult passed

upon him when heir apparent, took the first opportunity of avenging himself by dismissing the judge. There are no grounds for this suggestion. Gascoigne had been Chief Justice for the last twelve years—an unusually long period in those days—and it is not unreasonable to suppose that ill-health, or a natural wish for retirement, had more to do with his withdrawal from the King's Bench than the resentment of his sovereign. That the King entertained no ill-will to the late judge is conclusively proved by the following warrant among the public records. For on November 28, 1414, the very year after the retirement of the Chief Justice, we find this grant from Henry V.: 'to our dear and well-beloved William Gascoigne an allowance of four bucks and does out of the forest of Pontefract for the term of his life.' Gascoigne died December 17, 1419, and not, as has been generally supposed, on December 17, 1413.

We have but one more charge to investigate as to the antecedents of this much calumniated royal youth. Every student of Shakespeare remembers the fine passages in the 'chamber scene,'[1] when Henry the king is on his deathbed, and the young Prince, in a hurry to claim his new honour, tries on the crown before the due moment has arrived, and is upbraided by his moribund parent for this indecent haste. Historians and compilers, basing their labours upon this incident, have narrated in their pages that during the latter years of King Henry IV.'s reign there was a feud between sire and son, the son desiring to get the power of the Crown into his own hands, and being guilty of gross insubordination to his father. We have no evidence, beyond the 'heedless rhetoric' of compilers—who follow one another like a flock of sheep, the most credulous of the lot being the bell-wether—for this estrangement. Upon the membranes of the public records of the realm we find nothing to justify the assertions that there were jealousies between the Prince and the members of his family, that the King was alienated from him, and, finally, that the monarch became so jealous of the Prince's popularity with the people, that he ended by excluding the young man altogether from the affairs of government. On the contrary, all the evidence we possess goes to prove that father and son were on the most excellent terms; that in the acts of council the name of the Prince was always associated with that of the King, that

[1] 2 *Henry IV.*, Act iv. scene 4.

what the Prince suggested was approved of by his parent, and that on the death of Henry IV. his last hours were cheered by the devotion and affection of his son. In the King's will we find him writing of the Prince—the Prince who had been so wilful and disorderly, and who was so greedily eager to come into his kingdom !—as follows : 'And for to execute this testament well and truly, *for the great trust that I have of my son the Prince*, I ordain and make him my executor of my testament aforesaid, calling to him,' &c. Year after year, from the very date when the Prince was first appointed to office, down to the time of the King's death, we come across entries upon the rolls of the kingdom proving that the son was in council with his father, and enjoyed his confidence and affection. These entries, though few in number, are new; and, as they have been hunted up by us with some little trouble, their insertion here may not be out of place. At least they prove that the King and the heir-apparent were not estranged from each other :—

November 18, 1409. Grant to Henry, Prince of Wales, of 500 marks yearly for the custody of Edmund, Earl of March, and his brother.

March 18, 1410. Grant to Henry, Prince of Wales, of the house called Coldherbergh (Coldharbour), in the city of London.

March 18, 1410. Henry, Prince of Wales, appointed Captain of Calais, vice John, Earl of Somerset, deceased.

March 23, 1410. The King's officers and subjects ordered to obey the Prince of Wales as Captain of Calais.

June 10, 1411. Appointment of the Captain of Calais as conservator of the truce between England and Burgundy for the security of the merchants of England and Flanders.

May 1, 1412. Mandate from the King to the Prince of Wales, Constable of Dover and Warden of the Cinque Ports, to summon the barons of the ports to provide the service of ships.

March 11, 1412. The King orders the Prince of Wales to publish the truce with Flanders.

July 12, 1412. Appointment of the Prince as one of the conservators of the truce with Flanders.

Henry IV. expired March 20, 1413. Thus from 1409 to within a few months of the King's death, we find the Prince associated with his father in affairs of government, and holding communication with him as one of the representatives of the Crown.

'Give a dog a bad name, and you may as lief hang him,' is the proverb, which not inaptly describes the youthful character of this Prince. Henry of Monmouth has the bad name of history as being the wildest and most dissipated of royal youths, and therefore, until he is called upon to succeed

to the throne, everything that is adverse to his favour is to be credited. Yet, after carefully investigating his career, both when he was heir-apparent and when he was sovereign, we have little hesitation in asserting that he was as discreet and unimpeachable in his conduct as a prince, as he proved himself wise and blameless when called to the throne. On the one side we have evidence that cannot be disputed as to his character, whilst on the other we have but the malice of hearsay and the situations conceived by the dramatic poet.

THE CAPTIVE OF CASTILE.

Woes cluster ; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train—they tread each other's heels.
YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

Thus woe succeeds woe as wave a wave.
HERRICK.

WITHIN a few miles of the little village of Simancas there stands, overlooking the turbid waters of the Duero, a building, now part of the convent of Santa Clara at Tordesillas, but which in former times was occupied by Spanish royalty as one of its numerous rural palaces. Within the yellow-gray walls of this gloomy pile there lived, during the weary years of a long life, a queen who had never known sovereignty, a daughter who had never known a father's care or a mother's love, a wife who had never known domestic happiness, a mother who had found in her first-born her bitterest foe.

Early in the summer of the year 1500, Juana, the eldest daughter of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabel of Spain, became, owing to the death of her sickly little brother, Don Juan, heiress to the crowns of Castile and Aragon. According to the clauses in the treaty of marriage between Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabel of Castile, the fertile kingdom of Castile on the death of its queen was to descend to the eldest surviving son, and, in default of male issue, to the eldest surviving daughter of the marriage. The health of Isabel was delicate, and it was expected that not many years would elapse before she would be succeeded on her throne by the handsome Juana, a tall girl with hazel eyes, aquiline nose, a full small mouth, but with the yellow complexion of her sister Katherine, subsequently the wife of Henry VIII., which somewhat marred her beauty. Juana had been married at an early age to the Archduke Philip of Austria, the sovereign of the Low Countries From this union had sprung amongst other children Charles, afterwards the famous Emperor of Germany.

And now it was that the position of the future heiress to Castile became fraught with great danger, for the wealthy possessions over which she was one day to rule were the envy of those by whom she was immediately surrounded; her foes were limited to her family circle. The aim of Ferdinand of Aragon was to fuse the discordant elements within the Iberian peninsula, and thus to create a united Spanish monarchy; deprived by special treaty from interfering with the affairs of Castile, his hopes of establishing a kingdom of Spain were thus completely frustrated. On the marriage of Juana with Philip, it had been stipulated that the Archduke was to occupy the position of a queen's consort in Spain, with no right of his own to meddle with matters of government. The restrictions thus placed upon the husband galled his hard and domineering nature, whilst his poverty and extravagance made him all the more anxious to appropriate the splendid revenues of Castile. Charles, as the eldest son of Philip and Juana, was heir-presumptive to the Austrian dominions, the Burgundian states, the provinces of Castile and Aragon, and it was expected that he would succeed Maximilian upon the Imperial throne. From his boyhood this cold and ambitious youth had been taught that God had vouchsafed to him so much greatness in order that he might found a universal empire, and through it secure peace to Christendom, and defend the cause of the Reedemer against both infidels and heretics. Thus the future sovereignty of Juana in Castile became a grave obstacle in the path of those who were nearest to her. Between the ambition of Ferdinand and the welding together of a united Spanish monarchy stood his daughter Juana and Castile. Between the avarice of Philip and the control of the revenues of Castile stood his wife Juana. Between Charles, who had succeeded to his Burgundian dominions, and who was soon expected to possess the Austrian principalities and the Empire of his grandfather, and the establishment of his universal empire, stood the Spanish crown to which his mother was heiress. Hence father, husband, and son found the unhappy Juana a difficulty in the execution of their own special schemes. And yet, only to her son would the death of Juana have been of advantage. Were she to die, the fair estates of Castile would neither descend to Ferdinand her father, nor to Philip her husband, but to Charles. Thus the objects of the three fortune-hunters were not identical: the

death of the future queen of Castile would benefit the son, whilst her husband and her father had the keenest interest in preserving her life. If Juana could be kept alive, and yet be excluded from the exercise of her royal prerogatives, the ends of Ferdinand or of Philip might be attained. It is necessary clearly to grasp these preliminaries to understand what is to follow.

During the seventeen years that preceded her marriage with the Archduke Philip, Juana was brought up under the immediate eye of her mother Isabel. It has been the fashion with certain historians to represent this lady as a most devout and unselfish woman; one devoted to her church and the welfare of her children. Yet, a more vindictive or unscrupulous creature never concealed her baseness beneath the mask of religion. She usurped the throne of her niece, she was one of the chief agents in introducing the terrors of the Inquisition into Spain, she crippled the energies of her subjects by the severest taxation, and on all occasions she was found to be merciless in her rigour, and a demon in her spontaneous and unaccountable hates. After her death crowds assembled beneath the windows of her palace at Medina del Campo, to give vent to the curses and execrations they dared not utter in her lifetime. 'Her soul,' cried the mayor, amid the vindictive cheers of the mob, 'has gone direct to hell for her cruel oppression of her subjects!'

With such a woman as her friend and adviser, the handsome Juana passed the most impressionable years of her life. The slightest departure from the tenets of the Catholic faith was punished with rackings, burnings, and floggings; executions took place daily, the chief spectacles that met the eye were the *Autos da Fé*, and the one topic in every household was the espionage of the Inquisition. To a young girl not wanting in independence of thought or in sympathy, the reign of terror she saw around her caused the future heiress of Castile to raise her voice against the miseries occasioned by her mother's rule. Whenever any punishment especially savage was about to be dealt out to a victim, it was always inflicted for 'the love of Christ and His holy Mother,' until the name of religion became identified in the mind of Juana with all that was cruel and repellent in man. She refused to confess, to pray, to attend mass. She hated the black cassock of a priest, and rigidly shunned the society of the nuns who then crowded the chambers of the palace. Such

wilfulness and heresy were, however, not permitted to take root in the heart of the daughter of so pious a mother. The girl was forced to attend to her religious duties, and to pay at least outward homage to the creed of her ancestors. To prove to her that a princess of the blood was not exempt from the pains and penalties attendant upon heresy, we learn that even the *premia* had been applied to her.[1] What was the nature of this application? The *premia* was a form of torture then in use in Spain. The victim was hoisted in the air by a rope with heavy weights attached to the feet: it was not unusual for the judge, before applying the torture, to inform the sufferer that the operation often resulted in the limbs being broken or dislocated. It is not, therefore, surprising that there should have been, as we learn, on the part of Juana little of that affection which exists between mother and daughter.

Life was, in short, hateful to the girl, and to escape from the maternal tyranny she gladly consented to unite herself to a husband. Yet, alas! the change was scarcely for the better. The Archduke Philip was as cruel as he was despicable. He robbed his wife of her dowry, and deprived her of the necessaries of life, whilst he squandered vast sums upon his illicit attachments. With that strange devotion so often to be found in woman, these insults and adversities only incressed all the more the passion of Juana for her husband. She lived only to please him. His frequent absences were bitterly bewailed, whilst his return, which was often only to result in slights and bitter humiliation to the young wife, was eagerly welcomed. As we read of her entreaties, her prayers ever unheeded, her alternate fits of temper and caresses—the whole story, in short, of her sad domestic life—we are strangely reminded of her niece and of another Philip. Deserted, and a stranger in her palace at Brussels, the unhappy Juana was deprived of every consolation. She seldom communicated with her parents, for the remembrance of her home-life had embittered her relations with her mother. Beneath neglect and misery her health was gradually giving way. Religion, the comfort of so many troubled souls, was denied her, for she refused to believe in its efficacy. She attended, it was true, to the out-

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Queen Juana. Edited by G. A. Bergenroth. Marquis of Denia to the Emperor Charles V., Jan. 25, 1522.

ward forms and ceremonies of public worship, yet it was evident to all that she was only watching the mechanism of her creed, and had little faith in its animating spirit.

To the Queen Isabel, the institutor of the Inquisition and the champion of the Catholic faith, the news that reached her ears from Flanders touching the almost open heresy of her daughter, was very painful. Her devout Majesty deemed it right to be correctly informed as to the facts of the case, since she was resolved that no renegade should succeed to the proud throne of Castile. Accordingly, in the summer of 1497, she despatched one friar Tomas de Matienzo, sub-prior of the Convent of Santa Cruz, to Brussels to converse with and, if need be, to convert her unhappy daughter. The reception of the prior was far from cordial. Juana, as a married woman, was no longer subject to her mother's control, and as the wife of a foreign sovereign she was independent of the jurisdiction of Spain. She knew that the crown of Castile was assured her, and, whatever were the religious opinions she held, she had seen enough of the miseries south of the Pyrenees to feel sure that the cruelty of the Inquisition had not increased the love of her future subjects for the faith of Rome. Accordingly, she treated the envoy with distant reserve. Matienzo begged her to tell him something of her life, so that he could write home to her anxious parents as to her state, but Juana coldly replied that for the moment she had nothing to say. She, moreover, declined to inquire after any person in the whole of Spain, and contented herself with only briefly answering the questions put to her. For this coldness the young wife had a definite reason beyond the natural dislike of being spied upon. She had heard that the sub-prior was to receive her confessions. 'I can tell your Highnesses,' writes the friar to Ferdinand and Isabel,[1] 'that she was not gratified by my coming, and that with good reason, for before I had arrived certain persons—and I believe it was the Countess of Camin—wrote to her from Bilbao that I came as her confessor.' Juana was at once undeceived upon that point. 'He had not come,' said the friar, 'like an inquisitor to pry into her conduct, and he would not write or say a word except what came from her lips.' Upon this we are told that she became 'somewhat more quiet,' but none the less was the mission of the sub-prior an utter failure.

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers*, August 16, 1498.

Juana permitted her mother's envoy indeed to visit her, but in the interview nothing of any importance was disclosed. She had her priests and her oratory within the palace, but both appeared to be more for show than for use. 'I do not know,' writes the friar,[1] 'whether my presence or her want of devotion was the reason that she did not confess on the day of Assumption, although two of her confessors were in attendance.' At the end of a few days the friar came to the conclusion that the task set before him was hopeless. 'Nothing can be done here,' he sighs, 'either by letters or word of mouth, and all will turn into nothing.' Yet Juana seems to have conquered her prejudices and to have been at last gracious to Matienzo. She thanked him for the news he had brought her from Spain, and said she should be glad if he would tell her of her faults. 'Seeing her so humble,' writes the friar,[2] 'I forgive her all she has done before.' And to prove his forgiveness he told her, 'among other things, that she had a hard and pitiless heart, and was devoid of all piety, as is the truth.' Yet a few lines further on, in the letter he writes to her parents, he adds, 'She has the qualities of a good Christian!' But the correspondence of this good friar is full of contradictions. He complains of the coldness of Juana towards her parents in Spain, how she promises to write home, and yet does not write, and how she avoids all inquiries natural to a daughter; then almost in the same breath he states that she is grateful to her mother 'in telling her how she ought to live,' and that she is ever ready to cry when she thinks of the distance which separates them. He finds fault with her neglect of her religious duties, and declares that she is 'devoid of all piety'; and then asserts that in her palace at Brussels 'there is as much religion as in a strict convent. In this respect she is very vigilant, and deserves praise, although here, in Flanders, they believe the contrary.' Whilst in several other minor matters he is equally inconsistent.

If, however, from the letters of this worthy envoy we fail to obtain much insight into the spiritual state of the handsome Archduchess, we learn not a little as to her temporal condition. 'Here,' he writes,[3] 'her servants have two

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* August 16, 1429.
[2] *Ibid.* To Queen Isabel the Catholic, January 15, 1499.
[3] *Ibid.*

principal complaints against this lady: in the first place that they are badly paid; and, secondly, that she does not occupy herself with the government of her household.' The reply of Juana, however, to these charges is perfectly satisfactory. 'I told her of these accusations,' continues the friar, 'and she answered that she has often spoken with the members of the Council about the pay of her servants, but that they answer that more is due to the Flemings than to her servants. I asked her why she did not speak to the Archduke. She said, because he tells it directly to his councillors, and she receives great injury from it. As for the government of her household, she says they do not permit her to take part in it.'

Surrounded by those who hated her country—for there was no love lost between Fleming and Spaniard—and neglected by her husband, the situation of Juana was pitiable in the extreme. Her ladies-in-waiting and the officials of the Court were the creatures of the Archduke, and 'have so much intimidated this lady that she dare not raise her head.' Her poverty was also great. 'She is so poor that she has not a maravedi to give alms. This very year, when she was pregnant, she asked the State to give her the same grant as it was the custom to give to other ladies, and they responded to her demands with a grant of 60,000 florins, payable within three years; but, according to what is said, she does not get anything, because the receiver of the Archduke receives them, and they are distributed as favours.' The unhappy wife was treated as a mere puppet; grants of money were distributed by her authority but without her sanction; and papers relating to important official matters were brought to her, in the absence of her husband, for her signature, without their contents being disclosed to her. The sub-prior concludes his correspondence with his employers by recommending Ferdinand and Isabel to give some pecuniary help to their daughter, for 'her servants die of starvation, and that will continue until your Highnesses provide for them.' At the same time, he begs to be recalled, as he can be of no service, and is 'no longer wanted here.' He himself, he is forced to admit, is in a sad plight. He has spent all his money, and has pledged 'my person, my companion, and my servant,' as well as the 'animals' he brought with him. 'In this country,' the impoverished monk moans, 'they think it a greater honour

well to drink than well to live, and on what I pay here for my lodgings I could live in Castile.'

Whilst Tomas de Matienzo was thus endeavouring to bring the lost sheep to the fold, he had been assisted in his unsuccessful efforts by one who had especial claims upon the attention of Juana. Friar Andreas had been her tutor; he was a man of sincere piety, and he had heard with much pain that the confessors of his young pupil belonged to a class which was little considered. He had written frequently to the Princess-Archduchess, but she had vouchsafed him no answer. She was now expecting very shortly to be confined, and the friar thought the opportunity one not to be lost, and that his former charge might be in a more fitting mood to give heed to his advice. 'I am told,' he writes to Juana, after making mention of her sisters and of the delight with which they listen to his counsels,[1] 'that your Highness confesses to those sort of friars who live in Paris, and that you had given to one of them thirty florins to make good cheer, and that you live with those drunkards from Paris. My opinion is that your Highness should not confess except to a friar who lives according to the rules of his convent, who has not a pin of his own, and to whom your Highness cannot give anything, nor show him favour, but only to the convent in which he lives, which ought to be of the Observant Fathers.' He then recommends to her notice the father and friar who is to deliver the letter he is now writing to her. 'If he were not so young,' he continues, 'your Highness would do well to entrust your soul to his keeping, and not to that of those who, during many years, have not been subject to the rules of their convents, and who are swarming about in Flanders. He is a good preacher, and if your Highness would, in case of need, make use of his services at certain times of the year, I know that your Highness would be satisfied with his preaching.' Only religion, he asserts, can ensure happiness, and without it all the wealth and power of the world are as nought. 'God be thanked,' he says, 'your Highness may believe me that I am more happy in my monastery, living on bread and water, than your Highness with all you possess. I ask pardon that I am so bold with you whom I love so much, and serve by day and night before God. Have courage and be as cheerful as you can, have a pure conscience before God, and

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers*, September 1, 1498.

confess well and oftentimes. . . . I hope in God that He will deliver and preserve you well, and that you will give birth to a son, for I pray to God that He give you issue, and that the child be a son. Write me directly, so that I may offer him to God, and to our Lady, and to St. Domingo, and St. Peter the Martyr. If, with the help of God, you have given birth to a son, send me a frock or a shirt of his, for that has been promised to St. Peter the Martyr. . . . If your Highness does not answer me, I shall never write again, and this will be my last letter. God give you happiness and an easy delivery. So be it ordered by His mercy.' To the earnest pleading of Friar Andreas no reply was however given. In the days of her youth Juana had been compelled to listen to much ghostly counsel and advice, and, from what she had seen and heard, religion was to her only another word for the most fiendish intolerance, a degrading superstition, and laws based on neither justice nor mercy. She had had enough of priests and confessors in Castile; she could dispense with their teaching now that she was in Flanders, and her own mistress.

'If we read attentively,' writes Mr. Bergenroth,[1] 'the letters of the sub-prior and friar Andreas, we plainly perceive the influences of the education to which Juana had been subjected. By nature probably more intelligent than energetic, her character had had no room for healthy growth and free development under the narrow, hard, and oppressive rule of her mother. Fear, not love, predominated in her, and was the motive of her actions to a greater extent than could have been wished. But although she submitted to the domination of others, she was always conscious of the wrong done to her, and never permitted herself to be entirely conquered. Thus her life was a succession of attempts at rebellion, which, however, collapsed as soon as she was called upon to vindicate her independence by active measures. Although she was especially afraid of her mother, and would please her in small things which required no great exertion, yet, in matters concerning her conscience or such as demanded energy, she opposed to Queen Isabel a passive resistance and an inertness which it was impossible to overcome. The sub-prior, judging from his standpoint of a mere creature of the Queen, was probably not entirely wrong when he accused her of a "hard and pitiless heart," and yet she was equally

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers*, Preface.

right in indignantly denying it, for even her accuser was forced to confess that she was not in want of good reasons to defend her cause. That the differences between mother and daughter referred to religious questions as well as to politics can hardly be doubted. Her refusal to confess or to accept a confessor at the hands of Queen Isabel, the complaints of her former tutor of the perverting influence of the Parisian theologians, and the accusation of the sub-prior that she had no piety, admit of no other explanation.'

The failure of her envoy, and the obstinacy with which Juana persisted in holding her loose religious opinions, greatly irritated the heart of Isabel the Catholic. The Queen knew that her end was nigh, and she was ever brooding over the thought that she would be succeeded on the throne by one 'not well disposed towards the true doctrine.' She became melancholy, and Ferdinand, whose policy it was to widen the breach between mother and daughter, did all in his power to show the folly of the stipulation by which the King of Aragon was barred from interfering in the affairs of Castile. Isabel reflected upon the future, and, after much deliberation, resolved upon the course to be pursued. Juana was to be disinherited. That the heiress to the throne of Castile was imbued with heretical opinions was not however in itself sufficient to appeal to the Cortes to alter the succession. Nor could it be considered as a barrier to her accession that Juana had married a man who detested Spain, and that in consequence she might often have to be absent from her country and her subjects. Some graver reason for the ousting of the heiress from her rights must be suggested.

And now it was that it became darkly rumoured that the health of the Princess-Archduchess was not strong, that she was unfit for the business of government, and that at times she did not act as one of sound mind. In the family of Isabel there was the taint of insanity, and it did not therefore require much credulity on the part of a nation to give credence to a mother when she declared that her daughter had been disqualified by mental alienation to wear the crown and wield the sceptre. Even in these days, with all the facilities which steam and electricity afford to obtain information and expose fraud, men have been branded as mad who afterwards have been proved to be perfectly sane. How easy was it, then, in the early part of the sixteenth

century, when it took months to journey from Castile to Flanders, when what was done by the Court was unknown to the people, and when national intelligence was at a low ebb, to proclaim to a Parliament at Medina del Campo that a poor girl immured in her palace at Brussels was irresponsible for her actions! Yet the papers before us do not corroborate such a statement. The sub-prior who visited Juana frequently, who upbraids her for her want of piety, and who mentions her poverty and her dependence upon her arrogant and tyrannical household, never hints in the slightest degree at her insanity. He makes but one allusion to her personal appearance. 'She is very gentle,' he writes to her parents, 'and so handsome and stout, and so much advanced in her pregnancy, that it would be a consolation for your Highnesses to see her.'[1] Her former tutor in his letter to his pupil appeals to her as if she were a rational being; nor can we find amongst the documents now brought to the light at Simancas any confirmation of those stories of her derangement, both when she was a young girl at Medina and when she was a married woman at Brussels. At the same time, let us remember how strong was the temptation for unscrupulous men like Ferdinand and Philip to declare that Juana was insane.

With the aid of the Cortes, Isabel issued letters patent practically disinheriting her daughter. 'It may chance,' she decreed,[2] 'that at the time when our Lord shall call me from this life, the Princess Doña Juana, Archduchess of Austria, Duchess of Burgundy, my very dear and beloved first-born daughter, heiress and lawful successor to my kingdoms, lands, and seigneuries, may be absent from them, or, after having come to them and stayed in them for some time, may be obliged to leave them again, or that, although being present, she might not like or might be unable to reign and govern. If such were the case, it would be necessary to provide that the government should be nevertheless carried on in such a manner that my kingdoms should be well governed and administered in peace and justice as is reasonable.' Therefore, to prevent scandals and disunion, her Majesty now nominates her husband Ferdinand, 'in consideration of his great experience in government,' governor and administrator, 'instead of and in the name of the princess our daughter, until

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers*, August 1498.
[2] *Ibid.* November 23, 1504.

my grandson, the Infante Don Carlos, first-born son and heir of the said princess and her husband Prince Philip, has attained the age required by law for governing and reigning in these kingdoms.' And the better to confirm the position of her husband, Isabel, a few days before the issue of these letters patent, drew up a will in which she commanded both Juana and the Archduke her husband 'to be always obedient subjects to the King my lord, and never to disobey his orders; but to serve him, treat and revere him with the greatest respect and obedience, giving and causing to be given him all the honour which good and obedient children owe to their good father, following his orders, and carrying out his counsels.'[1]

Shortly after the above arrangement had been entered into, the Queen of Castile departed this life. On the very day of her death, the eager widower mounted a large scaffolding erected in the square before the royal palace, and announced to the crowd below that he had taken the crown of Castile from his head and given it to his daughter Juana, but that he would continue to reign in her name as 'governor and administrator of Castile for life.' In the Cortes which met at Toro, Ferdinand delivered an able speech from the throne, and his powers were confirmed by the representatives of the kingdom. So far, everything had tended to satisfy the ambition of the monarch of Aragon: he had played his cards with success, and the game seemed now in his own hands. But there soon appeared on the scene one who had no intention of seeing himself quietly ignored, and his just claims set aside in this arbitrary fashion. Within his palace at Brussels the Archduke Philip had watched the movements of his father-in-law with little of that reverence and obedience which Isabel had enjoined upon him. The designs of the avaricious Ferdinand did not deceive the husband of Juana, and Philip at once determined to checkmate them; by diplomacy first, then by the sword if necessary. Accordingly he assumed the title of King of Castile, and addressed a protest from Flanders against the usurpation of Ferdinand of Aragon.[2] He complained that ever since the death of Queen Isabel, the King, his father-in-law, had seized every opportunity to make himself master of the dominions of Castile, to the great injustice of his daughter, the lawful heiress, her husband,

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers*, November 19, 1504.
[2] *Ibid.* King Philip to Jehan de Hesdin. Date not known.

and her children. Yet this usurpation had not been effected openly: 'for never is a great evil committed but under colour and dissimulation of some good.' To avoid the indignation of the grandees and the people, Ferdinand had not styled himself King of Castile, but its perpetual governor and administrator—a distinction without any real difference, because in very truth he was King, 'for he has disposed of everything according to his will, precisely as if he were the King.' And in addition to the injury the father had already inflicted upon his daughter, Ferdinand of Aragon had not scrupled to support his policy by the circulation of the foulest lies. He had declared, in order to colour his usurpation, that 'the Queen Juana was mad, and that in consequence he was entitled to govern in her stead,' at the same time adding, in order to prejudice the people of Spain against the Archduke Philip, that she was kept in prison by her husband in the Low Countries, 'together with other lies and tales.' In conclusion, the Archduke stated that it was his wish to treat Ferdinand with all respect and reverence; but he could not tamely submit to see his wife and children deprived of their just rights before his very eyes.

Thus we see from this paper that, whilst it suited the interests of Ferdinand to brand his daughter with the stigma of insanity, such charge was indignantly repudiated by the Archduke Philip, and classed with the 'other lies and tales' then being circulated by his respectable father-in-law.

The dispute between Ferdinand and Philip with regard to the throne of Castile continued for several months without any definite result. Early in the spring of 1506, however, the Archduke resolved to end the contest one way or the other, and, accompanied by his wife and children, crossed the Pyrenees with the avowed purpose of taking possession of Castile by force of arms. At this time Spain was divided into three parties, each ready to fight for the cause it affected. There was the party which supported the claims of the King of Aragon, there was the party which was ready to welcome the cause of the Archduke and the Archduchess, and there was a third party led by the Constable of Castile, eager to drive both Ferdinand and Philip out of the kingdom, and to set up Juana as the rightful Queen. As soon as the news reached Ferdinand of the invasion of his son-in-law, his rage knew no bounds; 'he wanted to fly at King Philip with

capa y spada, his cloak to cover him, and his sword to plunge into the breast of the hated intruder.' But caution and a keen eye after his own interests had always been the chief characteristics of the wily old King of Aragon; and as he saw that, as Philip advanced farther and farther into the country, the people flocked to his standard and proclaimed themselves ready to swear fealty, Ferdinand bethought himself that it would be wiser to enter into an alliance with his foe than into hostilities. A union between himself and Philip would checkmate the tactics of the Constable, for, of the three parties into which Spain was then divided, the one which supported the lawful heiress to the throne was the most formidable. With the crown placed upon the brows of Juana, Ferdinand would be soon expelled the kingdom, whilst Philip, who had made himself objectionable to a large portion of the Spaniards, would after a short reign inevitably share the same fate. Thus the interests of the father-in-law and the son-in-law were to a certain extent identical; both wanted Castile, and to both the accession of Juana would be dangerous. Ferdinand had every confidence in his own diplomacy, and felt that, in an interview with Philip, the victory would not rest with the young Archduke. Accordingly he despatched Cardinal Cisneros with a message of love to his son-in-law, begging for a personal meeting, during which he hoped they might be able to arrange their differences.

The request was granted. At an early hour on the morning of June 27, 1506, the rivals met at the little village of Villafafila. Ferdinand, as became one of so simple and guileless a nature, was attended only by a few of his most faithful servants mounted on donkeys; Philip, on the contrary, was escorted by an imposing body of horse. After the preliminary courtesies had been gone through, Ferdinand invited his son-in-law to follow him into the village church, the better to escape observation and the prying ears of listeners. The two rivals entered the building alone, and remained some time in earnest conversation. Through the portals of the little church the courtiers saw Ferdinand speaking with considerable animation, whilst Philip with his arms folded listened attentively, and occasionally bent his head as if in acquiescence. To the grandees of Aragon it seemed evident that their subtle old King 'was once more achieving one of his many intellectual triumphs.' On issuing from the sacred edifice, Ferdinand acquainted those who eagerly surrounded

him with the arrangement that had been entered into. To the surprise of all, the victory remained with the apparently pliant and submissive Philip. The King of Aragon had consented, by a treaty 'of the most intimate friendship and alliance' with Philip, to cede all his claims to the government of Castile to his 'most beloved children,' and pledged himself not in any way to interfere with their authority. Side by side with this treaty, which, ere the ink of the signatures had had time to dry, was thus publicly divulged, was another document which Ferdinand and Philip had drawn up, the contents of which were not then disclosed. In this second paper the incapacity of Juana is plainly declared. It is stated that she is not 'inclined on any condition to occupy herself in the despatch of any business concerning the Royal prerogatives and government, or in any other business; that, even if she were inclined to do so, it would be to the total destruction and perdition of their kingdoms.' At the same time, to prevent any of the evils which might arise from 'her infirmities and sufferings, which for the sake of her honour are not expressed,' it had been concluded between Ferdinand and Philip that, should the Queen Juana attempt to meddle in the government, 'neither we nor the said most serene King our son shall suffer it, but on the contrary shall be unanimous in preventing it.' Thus Philip was *de facto* King of Castile.[1]

What was the object of Ferdinand in thus readily consenting to deprive himself of the rights in Castile accorded to him by his wife Isabel? The question is easily answered. We can now guess what was the nature of the earnest conversation that took place in the village church of Villafafila. Ferdinand had there assured Philip that his wife was insane; that it was to both their interests to support the rumour of her insanity; and that in Philip's open denial of the fact in Flanders he had proved himself his worst enemy. With the Queen Juana incapacitated for government, the control of the revenues of Castile passed into the hands of Philip, and he thus became actual master of his kingdom. The temptation was too great to be resisted, and Philip, who had lived in constant intercourse with his wife without ever making mention of her madness, suffered himself, for his own base reasons, to be persuaded by Ferdinand, who had

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Additional treaty between Ferdinand and Philip, June 27, 1506.

not seen his daughter for the last three years, that Juana was of unsound mind and unfit for government. Why, then, it may be asked, should Ferdinand thus consent to deprive himself of his dominions for the benefit of a son-in-law whom he hated? He had committed an act of rascality without any apparent advantage to himself!

Not so. In a public document, the unhappy Queen Juana had been declared—not merely by her father, who had for months past stoutly maintained the fact, but by her husband, who, from his relationship, must have known the truth—a mad-woman. Such a statement coming from such a source must be credited. The Queen admitted to be insane, the government of her realm must devolve upon a regent. It had been agreed that Philip was to act in this capacity; but *should any accident happen to Philip*, his successor would undoubtedly be his father-in law. Thus between Ferdinand and the resumption of his duties as administrator of Castile there only stood Philip. As a proof of his sincerity in transferring the government to his son-in-law, Ferdinand determined to banish himself from the kingdom and to visit Naples. Before his departure, and to propitiate his followers, he signed a protest pretending that the renunciation of his own and his daughter's rights had been wrung from him by Philip by force; but, in order not to lack information as to the conduct of affairs in Castile during his absence, he had appointed one Mosen Ferrer, his gentleman of the bed-chamber, as ambassador at the Court of Philip. This official was instructed to take care of the interests of Ferdinand, and to do all in his power to promote friendship between Philip and the Catholic King. So carefully were the interests of Ferdinand studied, that before the exile reached the shores of Naples, Philip had been sent to his last account through the then not unusual agency of poisoning. Ferdinand returned at once to Castile, and assumed his former position as governor and administrator of the realm. He had not been put to much inconvenience by acceding to the clauses of the treaty of Villafafila.

And now dark rumours began to be circulated as to the Queen Juana. It was said that the evils which had been so long anticipated had declared themselves. The shock which the death of her husband had occasioned had completely shattered her nervous system. She sat wrapped in silence for days together, taking no interest in anything

around her, and denying herself even necessary food and rest. It had been considered advisable to keep her closely watched, so that during one of her paroxysms no hurt might befall her. The body of her husband had been embalmed, and she refused to be separated from it. Wherever she went, it accompanied her; she addressed it as if it had been alive; and she felt herself assured, in spite of the death she had witnessed, and the drugs and spices with which the corpse was filled, that it would soon be restored to life. In every city in Castile and the Low Countries there was but one general expression of pity for the poor lady whom grief had deprived of her senses. No one doubted that she was in very truth mad. About eccentricities and delusions there might be some dispute; but when it was known that the unhappy Queen denied the death of her husband, and that she had been seen in her travels accompanied by the corpse, there was left no room for discrediting public report. A woman who believed in the suspended animation of an embalmed body must indeed be sadly bereft of her reason.

By one powerful sovereign these rumours were disregarded. Henry VII. of England had been a widower for the last three years. He had been anxious to console himself for his loss, and had passed in review before him all the unwedded dames who were fit to mate with a monarch. But Henry was one of those earnest single-minded lovers who are intent only upon one object. He had no prejudices in favour of birth, or beauty, or youth, provided the lady to whom he proposed to give his hand was in the enjoyment of a handsome dowry. Money, however, she must have; with the rest he could dispense. Now, amongst all the heiresses of Europe, the Queen of Castile was the wealthiest. It was true that her sister Katherine was now the widow of Henry's first-born: but the King of England saw no reason why one sister should not be his wife, though the other happened to be his daughter-in-law. He had heard that the health of Juana unfitted her to re-enter the state of matrimony; but this was a mere matter of detail not worth serious consideration. The dowry of Castile was a splendid prize, and amply atoned for any physical or moral shortcomings. Henry wrote to Ferdinand, begging permission to pay his court to the handsome Juana. The King of Aragon was too much the slave of the same influences as his brother

of England not to estimate at its right value the nature of this proposal. Nor had he signed the treaty of Villafafila and then intrigued against Philip merely to benefit another. If any one knew the wealth of Castile and thoroughly appreciated it, it was the father of the widowed Juana.

Ferdinand, however, had no wish to make an enemy of our seventh Henry, and his reply to Doctor de Puebla, the Spanish ambassador in England, was couched in very courteous terms. 'Concerning the marriage of the King of England my brother,' he writes,[1] 'with the Queen of Castile my daughter, I am pleased with all which you write on that subject. . . . As soon as I arrive at Castile, I shall be very careful to ascertain whether the Queen my daughter is willing to marry; and if she is, I shall do all in my power to make her marry the said King my brother, and no one else. Tell all this in my name to the King my brother, and assure him that, as soon as I see the Queen my daughter, I shall let him know as quickly as possible what she thinks of it. He may feel sure that he has already gained my good will.' He writes in a similar strain to his daughter Katherine, Princess of Wales, who appears to have warmly encouraged the idea of the marriage. 'The King of England may rest assured,' he says,[2] 'that he has my good will already, owing to the love I bear him, and to his excellent personal qualities, as well as because, if the Queen my daughter is to marry, I know no prince in the world who would be so acceptable to her, to myself, or to my grandchildren, and who would offer so great advantages for preserving all our states during my life and after my death, as the said King my brother, especially as he is determined in such a case to settle all affairs to my satisfaction. As he is so virtuous, so prudent, and so powerful, it would be a great comfort and advantage to me to have him during my lifetime for a son; and I am perfectly sure that he would do all he could to preserve and increase my honour and states, as well as those of the Queen my daughter, and not try to injure them, as he who is now dead has done.'

Encouraged by the Spanish ambassador and by the Princess Katherine, Henry ardently pressed his suit. He

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Ferdinand to Puebla, June 8, 1507.

[2] *Ibid.* Ferdinand to Katherine, June 8, 1507.

wished to send an embassy to Castile; he would go over in person himself; suspense was intolerable. He became at last importunate that Ferdinand should give him a decided answer. It had been circulated in England that Juana was not of sound mind, but to Henry her malady had been no obstacle, nor does the affliction appear to have been objected to by the Council. 'If the Queen were to marry the King of England,' writes the Spanish ambassador to his master,[1] 'whether she be sane or not, I think that having such a husband as the King of England she would sooner recover than with any other, and your Highness would have the regency sure and undisputed. And if her infirmity should prove incurable, it would be no inconvenience if she were to live here. For it seems to me they do not much mind her infirmity, since I told them it does not prevent her from bearing children.' The King of Aragon now thought it advisable to damp this ardour on the part of his would-be son-in-law. He had spoken truly when he had said that he would never consent to Juana wedding 'with any one else than the King of England my brother,' but he had no real intention of her marrying at all. He was perfectly content with his position as regent, and with the complete control he exercised over the revenues of Castile, thanks to the afflicted condition under which he had given out his daughter laboured. The malady of Juana had served her father with many an excuse before now to extricate him from a difficulty; it must again be employed for the same purpose. For the present, he said, the marriage could not take place, and all ideas on the subject must be postponed.

'You must know,' he writes to Puebla, after desiring him to assure Henry that unless the King of England weds Juana no one else will,[2] 'that the said Queen my daughter still carries about with her the corpse of King Philip, her late husband. Before I arrived they could never persuade her to bury him, and since my arrival she has declared that she does not wish the said corpse to be buried. On account of her health, and in order to content her, I do not contradict her in anything, nor wish that anything be done that could excite her; but I shall endeavour to

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Puebla to Ferdinand, April 15, 1507.

[2] *Ibid.* Ferdinand to Puebla, end of 1507 or beginning of 1508.

persuade her by degrees to permit the corpse to be buried. When I arrived she had made up her mind that on the anniversary of his death the usual honours should be paid to the King her husband; and until the ceremonies of the end of the year were performed, I did not like to mention the marriage to her. When the ceremonies were over I touched on this matter, in order to know whether she was inclined to marry, without, however, mentioning any person. She answered, that in everything she would do what I advised or commanded, but that she begged me not to command her to give an answer to my question until the corpse of her husband should be buried. That done, she said, she would answer me. Considering these circumstances, I do not urge her until the said corpse shall be buried, because I think it would produce an unfavourable impression. I have sent to Rome for a brief, in order to try whether she could thereby be persuaded to bury the corpse sooner.' Of this matter we hear no more, for whilst these and similar excuses were being made by the cunning Ferdinand, Henry had been gathered to his fathers, and had passed into that future where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

From the contents of the Simancas papers which have now been published, we are able to solve all the mysteries contained in this painful story. We now learn that at the very time when Ferdinand was pretending to be so anxious about consulting the wishes of his daughter as to marriage, and was assuring Puebla that the unhappy widow was so irrational as to request the grandees and those who visited her to pay royal respect to the corpse of her husband, Juana was in close confinement. It was evident from the clauses of the treaty of Villafafila that strong measures would be taken to prevent the unhappy Queen from acting as a free agent, and from evidence which cannot be disputed it is now certain that the miserable woman, at the instigation of both her father and her husband, was shut up in prison shortly after Ferdinand and Philip had come to terms as to the future government of Castile. Before quitting Spain for Naples, the King of Aragon had debated the question with his faithful servant, Mosen Ferrer, whether it would not be safer to lock the Queen up in some dungeon. How this suggestion was acted upon is clear from the statements of the servants of Juana, made years afterwards, and at a time when they had nothing more to fear. Writing from Valla-

dolid, September 4, 1520, the Cardinal of Tortosa declares to the Emperor Charles V. that 'almost all the officers and servants of the Queen say that her Highness has been oppressed and detained by force in that castle (Tordesillas) during fourteen years, as though she had not been sane, *whilst she has been always sane, and as prudent as she was when first she married.*' Fourteen years, reckoning back from the September of 1520, brings us to the same month of 1506, that is to say, to a date when Philip was still alive. In a second letter to the Emperor, the Cardinal states that, according to public rumour, the imprisonment of the Queen under false pretences was imputed as much to Philip as to Ferdinand.[1]

The story of Juana's weird attachment to the corpse of Philip, about which so much was made at the time, appears also, by the revelations of these Simancas papers, capable of a very simple construction. Philip died at Burgos, and it was his wish that his remains should be interred at Granada. It had been arranged at the same time that Juana was to be kept in close confinement in the castle of Tordesillas. Now, as Tordesillas lies on the road from Burgos to Granada, it is not straining after a conclusion to suppose that the same escort which attended upon the Queen, whether to save expense or from more sinister motives, was also bidden at the same time to conduct the remains of Philip. If this were the case, the story of Juana travelling about with the body of her husband is easily accounted for. We must also remember that the unhappy woman was not a free agent; it had been the object of Philip, and it was now the object of Ferdinand and his creatures, to represent the Queen of Castile as insane. What course more calculated to further the ends they had in view than to compel Juana to travel about with her husband's corpse, to have it placed in a conspicuous part of the *cortége*, so that all the world might draw from this morbid affection of the widow conclusions most prejudicial to her interests?

It is in evidence that such a scheme was carried out at a later date; was it not thought of then because the trick had answered so well before? In the August of 1518 it was considered advisable for the captive Queen to be re-

[1] *Papiers d'Etat du Cardinal Granvelle*, vol. i. pp. 48 *et seq.* *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Cardinal of Tortosa to Charles V., Sept. 4, 1520; Nov. 13, 1520; also Preface of Bergenroth.

moved from Tordesillas to Aranda. At once orders were given for a funeral cart to be in readiness, in which the body of Philip was to be placed to accompany the procession.[1] Yet there had been no necessity to disturb the dead. Owing to the vault of Granada being unfinished, the corpse of Philip had remained for many years in the church of the convent of Santa Clara at Tordesillas, only a few yards from the castle in which the widow was confined. We have heard how devoted Juana was to the form of her dead husband, how she could not bear to be parted from it, and how she thought it would soon return to life. But what are the real facts of the case? We learn that, though Juana often visited the convent of Santa Clara, yet she never expressed the least desire to see the tomb of Philip; that she frequently spoke of her late husband, but 'never thought that he was alive or would wake from his long-protracted slumber,' and in fact only alluded to his death 'just as any other widow would have mentioned the decease of her husband.'[2] Why, then, should orders have been given to remove tte corpse and to place it in a conspicuous funeral cart, were it not to prove to the world that in spite of the years that had intervened, the unhappy Queen was as insane as ever, and still refused to be parted from the remains of her cherished husband, as she had twelve years ago refused when journeying from Burgos? We think there can be little doubt that there was an evil object to serve in the arrangements which made Juana travel to her prison at Tordesillas accompanied by the coffin of the late King of Spain.

Within the dreary walls of the palace, washed by the waters of the Duero, the unhappy Queen was now to pass the rest of her days. One wing of the building was set apart especially for her use. Though, according to the Cardinal of Tortosa, 'she had always been sane,' the wretched creature was watched night and day by a staff of twelve women relieved by turns. She was permitted no intercourse with the outer world, and whenever she approached the windows of her asylum—for such it was—which looked on to the river, she was roughly ordered back.

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Marquis of Denia to Charles V. August 10, 1581.

[2] *Ibid.* Date of month not known. 1519.

Escape was impossible; communication with those who might have befriended her was impossible; and as she watched the grim visages of the attendants who ever guarded her, all hopes of release died within her. For the first twelve years of her confinement, and until the death of him who had so belied the name of father, she was placed under the tender mercies of Mosen Ferrer, the man who it was believed had been the poisoner of her husband. From such a gaoler what treatment could be expected? The demise of Ferdinand and the accession of his grandson Charles to the throne of Spain rendered it necessary to re-investigate the state of affairs in the palace at Tordesillas. During the absence of the young King, who was then busy in Flanders and unable to pay a visit to his new dominions, Cardinal Cisneros was appointed viceroy of Castile. Instructions were sent by his Grace to the Bishop of Mallorca to continue all in office who had been appointed by Ferdinand to watch the Queen, and to make a report of what he saw.

A brief examination of the treatment which had been adopted towards Juana was sufficient to acquaint the Bishop with the fact that Mosen Ferrer was a most unfit person for the post he occupied. He at once informed the Cardinal that great cruelty had been committed towards the poor lady, and advised the removal of her present guardian. The suggestion was immediately acted upon: Mosen Ferrer was suspended from his office because he 'was suspected of endangering the health and life of her Highness.' In vain the dismissed official remonstrated at the treatment he received. He had not, he said, expected such reward for his services, nor did he think that such an affront would be done to his 'old white hairs' by treating him in that manner. It was impossible, he argued, for him to be the bad man he was represented, else so good and wise a King as Ferdinand would not have reposed the confidence he had in him. Was he not himself an Aragonese, and could it be imagined that he would ill-treat one who was the Queen of Aragon? It was from no fault of his that the poor lady was afflicted, and since it was not in his power to restore her to health, he was not to be blamed. The plausible apologist, however, admits that 'to prevent her from destroying herself by abstinence from food as often as her will was not done, he had to order that she was to be put to

the rack to preserve her life.'[1] After such an avowal, few will feel inclined to reprove the Cardinal for the course he adopted.

It might have been imagined that one of the first acts of a son would have been to visit his mother, and to verify for himself the truth of the painful reports he had heard. But Charles, bent upon his design of forming a universal empire, had the same iniquitous reasons for keeping Juana a close prisoner as had Ferdinand his grandfather and Philip his father. He wrote to Cardinal Cisneros that it was very necessary to watch the Queen, that she was to be treated well, and that some one would soon be sent from Flanders to succeed Ferrer; then he dismissed the subject, and became far more interested in the condition of the German infantry, his cavalry, light horse, and men-at-arms, and the defenceless state of the coast around Malaga.[2] At the expiration of two years—thereby proving his solici tude for his mother's welfare—the cold-blooded calculating son appointed the Marquis of Denia, a Spanish grandee of the first class, 'governor and administrator of the household of the Queen my mother, who lives at Tordesillas, with power to command and govern all persons belonging to the royal household, as well as the magistracy and commonalty of the town.'[3]

The letters of the Marquis of Denia, thanks to the diligence of Mr. Bergenroth, now lie before us, and we can study for ourselves, as if perusing a diary, the whole of the sad story of Juana's imprisonment. The correspondence of the Marquis divides itself into two classes—the one for the public eye, the other for Charles himself. In the first the contents of the letters are such as might be expected; allusions to the 'infirmity' of the Queen, her incapacity to attend to her own affairs, the medical treatment she receives, and the like; matters which Charles could show to his privy councillors and ministers, and thereby prove the truth of the report as to the condition of his mother, whilst at the same time bearing witness that all that the love and anxiety of a son could suggest had been adopted. It is, however, with the correspondence of the second class that we have to deal. On appointing Denia to his post as guardian

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Mosen Ferrer to Cisneros, March 6, 1516.
[2] *Ibid.* Charles to Cisneros, April 30, 1516.
[3] *Ibid.* Charles to Denia, March 15, 1518.

of the Queen, Charles had addressed to him the following positive order:—'*You shall neither talk nor write to any person about the affairs of her Highness, except to myself, and always send the letters by trustworthy messengers. That is necessary; although it seems superfluous to give this order to so intelligent a person and to one so much attached to my service as you, nevertheless I have thought it advisable, because the case is so delicate and of so much importance to me.*'[1] These instructions were implicitly followed.

We have already heard that Juana, on her first arrival at Tordesillas, was regarded by her attendants as sane, and we know that after her long imprisonment she died bereft of reason and a prey to the most distressing delusions. When we are informed of the treatment that she had to undergo—she, a young woman born to all that women envy and men respect—a Queen in her own right, fond of admiration and of the homage that beauty exacts, not lacking in intelligence, yet deprived of all pursuits that preserve and enrich the mind—such a result is not surprising. It was because she had been originally of sound mind, that, being watched and controlled and grossly humiliated, she was rendered insane. Though sovereign of one of the wealthiest countries in Europe, she was only allowed by her son some 28,000 scudos a year—equivalent to about 5,000*l.*—for the expenses of her household, a sum, we are told, 'considerably below the income of many of her subjects.' Out of this allowance she had to pay for the maintenance of her daughter, the Princess Catalina, who was permitted to share the mother's confinement, and a portion of the salary of the Marquis of Denia, together with 'all he wanted for the sustenance of himself and his family.' Consequently the wretched Juana, in addition to her other sufferings, was often crippled by poverty. The grant was paid into the hands of her treasurer, nor was she permitted to have the smallest sum in her own possession. Indeed, of what use was money to her, since she was never permitted to be at large to spend it? She might, however, have bribed her attendants, and hence, perhaps, it was that her purse was always kept empty. Woman-like, she was fond of ornaments, and in the lifetime of her father she had received occasionally gems and jewellery

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Charles to Denia, April 19, 1518.

which had much delighted her. Her miserable son not only refused to continue to her such presents, but took away from her even the jewels she possessed. Leading the life she did, her health frequently gave way, yet only in the most urgent cases was a physician ever sent for. It was not considered advisable that anyone belonging to the world outside should be made acquainted with what took place within the palace.

To preserve the strictest secresy as to the condition of his charge was one of the greatest anxieties of her guardian. The women who attended upon Juana appear to have given Denia great trouble. They were always wishing to go out of the palace gates, to take walks, to visit their friends, and to attend marriages, christenings, and funerals. When the wife of the Marquis reprimanded them, they mutinied and openly insulted her. The soldiers on guard had strict orders to allow no persons to quit the gates, but these terrible damsels so intimidated the sentries that in their case the rules were always suspended. The Marquis himself was powerless in their hands; he could neither keep them within bounds nor silence their tongues. 'They are a bad lot of women!' he groans. It must have indeed fared ill with poor Juana when, by any word or deed of hers, she ruffled the tempers of this angelic band. Denia states his reasons why he objects to the attendants of the Queen gadding about. 'The consequence of their visiting,' he writes to Charles,[1] 'is that they cannot forbear talking to their husbands and relations and friends, and gossiping of things which ought not to be known, for, indeed, secresy is a necessity. Members of the privy council have written to me things which they cannot know except through the licentiate Alarcon, the husband of one of these women, Leonor Gomez, who never can hold her tongue. None must know what passes here, and least of all those of the privy council. . . . It is not good to have married women, and, least of all, wives of privy councillors.'

Why should there have been the necessity of such secresy? Why should the privy council, especially, be kept in the dark? On the contrary, if the story of the Queen's malady were true, the more talk there was about the unhappy inmate of the palace the better would the interests of Charles be served. Juana, it had been alleged, was a mad-

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Denia to Charles, July 30, 1518.

woman, incapable of looking after her own affairs, and deprived on that ground of her kingdom. She had been declared insane by Ferdinand, by Philip, and now her son Charles had joined in the cry. The more, therefore, the world was acquainted with the truth of this charge, the readier would malicious rumours be silenced. Ah! but if the woman was not mad? If, through the chatter of her attendants, all Aragon and Castile were informed that a great fraud had been practised, that their Queen had been unjustly deposed, that she was as rational as any of her subjects, and that the reports as to her insanity were only so many cruel and infamous lies? These certainly would have been ugly statements for Charles, not yet firmly seated on the throne, to hear and perhaps to refute. The Marquis of Denia, from his point of view, was undoubtedly right in wishing to prevent 'those bad women' from gossiping.

Another matter also occasioned the Marquis much anxiety. As we have seen, the creed of her forefathers had always sat somewhat lightly upon Juana, but since her confinement at Tordesillas she had entirely neglected her religious duties. She refused to attend mass, to go to confession, or to study her breviary. She may have thought that a religion which exhibited its toleration by committing to the flames all who did not accept its teaching, and its sense of justice by cruelly imprisoning a helpless woman under false pretences, was one utterly unworthy of belief or adherence. To the devout mind of the Marquis of Denia this indifference on the part of his charge was most painful. He wrote to Charles upon the subject, and begged for advice as to the course to be pursued. The affectionate son, who had spoiled his mother of her revenues and had shut her up in horrible captivity, was deeply hurt at the news. He gave orders that the guardian of the Franciscan friars and the general of the Predicant friars, who were frequent visitors at Tordesillas, should see the Queen, and employ all their casuistry to convert her; he also directed that mass should be said in her presence. An altar was accordingly erected in the corridor of the palace, since Juana declined to have one fitted up in her own apartment, and the Marquis was hopeful that by persuasion and intimidation the prejudices of the Queen would at last be overcome.

'We are daily occupied,' he writes to Charles, 'in the affair of saying mass. It is delayed in order to see

whether it could not be done with her consent, for that would be better, but with the help of God her Highness shall hear it soon.' For the space of six months Juana resisted; then a reluctant assent was wrung from her. Accompanied by her little daughter and two friars, she entered the impromptu chapel in the corridor. She knelt down, repeated the prayers, and was sprinkled with holy water. But when they brought her the 'evangelium' and the 'pax' she could not conquer herself sufficiently to accept them, and made a sign that they should be given to her daughter. Was her assent to attend these and subsequent ceremonies obtained by fair means or by foul? In one of the letters of Denia to Charles there is a very suspicious statement. 'I have always thought,' he writes, 'that her Highness being so indisposed as she is, in punishment for our sins, nothing would do her more good than some *premia*, although it is a very serious thing for a vassal to think of employing it against his sovereign.' We know what the *premia* signified, and no one will deny that it was 'a very serious thing' to ask a son for permission to have his mother put to the torture. Charles replied, laying down no special instructions, but leaving the matter to the Marquis, in whom he had every confidence. In a further communication Denia expresses as his opinion that in applying the *premia* to the Queen it would be 'a service rendered to God and to herself,' that 'persons in her disposition require it' for their own good, and that her mother, the pious Isabel, had herself felt bound to inflict it upon her. It is therefore not improbable that when this tender guardian found argument and persuasion useless to remove the prejudices of his charge, he summoned to his aid the terrors of torture. From the papers before us we perceive how opposed was the Queen to the ceremonies of the Romish Church, how she endeavoured to prejudice her daughter Catalina against them, and how to the very last her soul was considered by the faithful in great danger.[1]

Entirely removed from all intercourse with the world, Juana was kept in utter ignorance of what was stirring outside her walls. She had not been informed of the death of Ferdinand, her father, and continued to write to him as if he were still on the throne. 'I have told the Queen our lady,' writes Denia to Charles, as an excuse for keeping up

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Denia to Charles, July and September 1518; January 1522; May 1525.

this delusion, 'that the King, my lord her father, is alive, because I say that all that is done and displeases her Highness is ordered and commanded by the King. The love which she has for him makes her bear it more easily than she would if she knew that he is dead. Moreover, this is of great advantage in many other respects to your Highness.' Kindly, single-minded guardian! excellent, noble-hearted son! On the death of Ferdinand, Charles had at once assumed the government of Spain. For the sake of silencing the gossip of the world he was obliged to pay a short visit to his mother. Juana was informed that the sole object her son had in coming into Spain was to beg Ferdinand, who had been months in his grave, to treat her less cruelly! The Emperor Maximilian had died, yet the poor Queen was kept in ignorance of the fact, and encouraged to carry on a correspondence with him, as if his Majesty had still been amongst the living. Similar falsehoods were also told her of persons that had been long deceased. What was the purpose of these deceptions? 'The answer is not difficult to find,' says Mr. Bergenroth: 'the story of the Queen carrying the corpse of her husband with her, and believing that he still lived, had served its purpose many years, but was now worn out. A new proof of insanity would have been very welcome. If, then, it could be shown that she disbelieved the death of her father and of the Emperor, and, still better, if she could be induced to write a letter to one who was dead, Charles would be provided with a piece of evidence of incalculable value.' Charles and his agents were regardless of the consequences of their conduct; for, to use the words of one who had attended upon the Queen, 'they wished her mad.'[1] It is difficult to understand, in perusing the letters relating to the imprisonment of Juana, why the poor woman was not despatched by a speedier process. Her husband had been put out of the way by poison; why should her own life have been preserved? Murder would have been far more merciful than this living death of solitary confinement.

A brief interval of release was now to break upon her weary captivity. Exasperated by the spoliations of the Flemings, by the taxation which pressed heavily upon the people, and by the continued absence of their King, the

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Denia to Charles, 1518; October 1519.

commons of Castile rose up in revolt. Under the leadership of Juan Padilla the angry mob marched towards Tordesillas with the intention of rescuing the Queen from her oppressors. The palace was a solid building, and garrisoned by old and proved soldiers. Had it attempted resistance, the Castilians would in all probability have been forced to raise the siege, but now great fear seized upon all who had been in attendance upon the Queen. Outside the walls was a mighty crowd, and the officers of the household knew what punishment was in store for them if the truth leaked out as to the treatment Juana had received at their hands during the last few years. With the cunning of treachery, they thought they could save themselves by laying all the blame upon their master. Denia was denounced as a monster, and his conduct towards the Queen commented upon in no measured terms. The soldiers refused to fight for so base an agent, and vowed that they would at the first summons deliver the palace over to the enemy. Denia was, however, made of sterner stuff than so easily to be intimidated. He entered the apartments of Juana, and told her that the commons were rebels of the most dangerous character, who wanted to carry her off to some dungeon, and, therefore, she would do wisely to send an order forbidding them to enter Tordesillas. The Queen saw through the designs of her crafty guardian, and refused to sign the despatch required; she had less to fear from those outside her palace than from those who were inside. Foiled in this attempt, Denia paid a visit to the Infanta Catalina, and he soon wrung from the frightened girl the order he could not obtain from her mother. A letter was despatched to the captains of the revolutionists, in the name of Juana, stating that the Queen was ill, was unfit to receive visits, and that she would deeply resent their marching upon Tordesillas against her express desire. The leaders of the commons declined to be deterred from their object; several members of the town council forced themselves into the presence of the Queen, and informed her of 'a great many things which had happened since the death of her father the Catholic King,' thus exposing the falsehoods told her by the Marquis. The following day Juan Padilla occupied Tordesillas with his troops, and Denia, treated as a prisoner, was forbidden to quit the fortress.

We now see how false were the reports as to the Queen's

mental state. During the months which intervened between August 24 and December 5, 1520, Juana was perfectly mistress of herself in the palace. The Marquis and Marchioness of Denia had been dismissed, and the other attendants soon followed their fate. The Queen had been deeply agitated at learning the news of her father's death and other family matters which had been concealed from her, but gradually she recovered herself and became able to undertake the duties imposed upon her. The members of the Junta requested permission to have an audience and lay before her their grievances. She replied with as much good sense as if she had been all her life a practical statesman: 'They may come here, and I shall be glad to concert with them what is serviceable for my kingdoms. I shall be pleased with what is good and sorry for what is bad, and I hope in God that all will end well.' The Junta arrived, and the Queen listened to the discourses of the various deputies with much attention. They earnestly besought her 'to take courage to rule and govern and command your kingdoms, for there is no one in the world to forbid or impede you; being the most mighty Queen and lady in the world, you can command in everything, and should not forsake all your kingdoms and subjects who are ready to die for you and in your service.' Her reply was clear and dignified. 'I love all the people very much,' she said, 'and am very sorry for any injury or damage they may have received; but I always had wicked persons about me who told me falsehoods and lies and deceived me with double dealing, whilst I always wished to stay where I could occupy myself with those affairs which concerned me. . . . I am much pleased with you because you are to employ yourselves in remedying all that is bad. May your consciences be smitten if you do not do it!' She then said that she would occupy herself with the affairs of the country, and appointed a committee of four 'of the wisest amongst you' to assist her in the work of government.[1]

The struggle in Castile now resolved itself into a contest between the commons and the grandees; and both parties bade for the support of the Queen. The object of the commons was to rid the country of the Flemings, to abolish the Inquisition, and to substitute Juana for her absentee

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Conversation of Juana with the Junta, September 1 and 24, 1520.

son. The Spanish nobles, on the other hand, had greatly enriched themselves, since the death of Isabel, at the expense of the State, and their spoliations had been winked at both by Ferdinand and Charles, who had been glad to gain the adherence of the grandees upon any terms. Should the Queen be raised to the throne and become subject to the influence of the commons, the peers knew that they would have to disgorge their wealth and fall from their high estate; thus self-interest prompted them to support the cause of the son against the mother. To openly advocate the party of Charles would, however, have thrown the Queen entirely into the hands of the commons, and have inflamed all the more the hate of the country against the Flemings; the grandees therefore played a double part: they pretended to be most loyal to Juana, whilst they embraced every opportunity of repeating the old story that she was insane. Had the Queen decided at once to vote for the policy of the commons and to sign the constitution demanded by the Junta, all resistance would have been at an end, and the poor captive would have been restored to the sovereignty from which she had been so long deprived. Cardinal Adrian, who had been the tutor of Charles, was then one of the viceroys of Spain, and from his letters to his master we see how powerful was the position of the commons, and how the revolutionists only wanted the consent of Juana to be masters of the situation. 'Your Majesty may believe,' he communicates to Charles,[1] 'that if the Queen signs, without any doubt the whole kingdom will be lost and will throw off the royal obedience to your Majesty. Thus may you in mercy see in what condition and how doubtful is your royal kingdom of Spain and the danger of postponing your royal arrival in Spain.' 'Your Majesty would lose this kingdom,' he writes again, 'if her Highness should sign. She has often promised to do it, and if a few good men had not dissuaded her from signing, she would have done so long ago.' Over and over again the anxious Cardinal states in his letters that the fate of Spain rests in the Queen's hands, and that by one stroke of her pen she could deprive her son of his usurped dominions.

Why, then, did Juana persistently refuse the great opportunity offered her? In those days, when the people

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Adrian to Charles, November 13 and 17, 1520.

were looked upon as serfs and as an inferior order of beings, 'specially created,' as a grandee had said, 'from the beginning of things to be the servants of the nobles,' the daughter of Ferdinand of Aragon may be excused for not placing implicit faith in the pretensions and professions of the democracy. In sympathy and by hereditary prejudices, Juana was the most bigoted of aristocrats. She had always been accustomed to associate the grandees with the government of Spain, and the lower classes with the obedience of subjection. The position was now reversed: the mob had entered her palace and had usurped the functions of government. Could she trust them? Could she fly in the face of the traditions of her country? Would she not have more to fear from the hate and jealousy of the ousted nobles than from the people? Her doubts were cleverly increased by Cardinal Adrian and those of the Imperial faction who were in her confidence. Nor, with the love of a mother, would she listen to a word said against her son. When the commons complained that Charles had prejudiced her cause by assuming the title of King, she tried to excuse him by pretending that it was the custom in Spain that the eldest son of the Queen should enjoy the title. When they accused him of past misdeeds she cried, 'Do not disunite me from my son; all that is mine belongs to him, and he will take good care of it!'[1] Was ever maternal faith more deep, maternal love more blind? In spite of the cruelties and rebuffs she had received at the hands of the infamous Charles, she still remembered that he was her son; and hope still sprang up within her that his heart would turn towards her and make her future happier than her past.

Upon this affection the friends of the Emperor now traded. They informed her of the 'unspeakable grief' that the conduct of the rebels had occasioned her son by attempting to force Her Majesty to act contrary to the spirit of the constitution. Charles had the fullest confidence in the loyalty of the grandees, and it would be well if Juana imitated his example. There was not a noble in Spain who would not sacrifice his property and life in the 'holy and just' cause, to set at liberty the Queen and rescue her from the tyranny of the 'barbarians.' The revolutionary party were only desirous of placing her upon the throne to rob the

[1] *Supplement to the Spanish State Papers.* Hurtado to Charles, December 10, 1520.

State of its revenues, and to make her the tool for their wicked deeds. Thus they argued; and so torn by conflicting doubts, Juana knew not which side to espouse. She refused day after day the entreaties of the commons to sign the necessary proclamation; now she was too ill, then she would confer with the ministers of the crown, then she would sign it to-morrow, and so on, until the patience of the Junta was well-nigh exhausted by her excuses. Still, she did not let the people abandon all hope; if she did not consent to all they asked, she was not opposed, she said, to their schemes. Meanwhile, this delay was most useful to the grandees; it gave them time to collect their forces and to march upon the enemy.

And then came the result of all this indecision. The army of the nobles advanced towards Tordesillas, the commons were defeated, and the last chance of freedom had been thrown away. The grandees victorious, Juana was once more placed in strict confinement, and once more confided to the tender mercies of the Marquis and Marchioness of Denia. She never had another opportunity for escape. For five-and-thirty years she remained in close immurement. Gradually her reason gave way. She believed she was possessed of evil spirits; she imagined she saw a great cat lacerating the souls of her father and her husband; her habits became finally those of the hopelessly insane. Shortly before her death a lucid period intervened. To spare her children the shame of having been sprung from an infidel mother, Juana was forced to take the sacrament. She died April 12, 1555, between five and six in the morning, 'thanking our Lord that her life was at an end, and recommending her soul to Him.'

Such was the life of the ancestress of the Austro-Spanish dynasty. 'It goes far,' writes Mr. Bergenroth, 'to reconcile the humblest with the lowliness and hardships of his position; but we do not know which of the two to pity the more, Queen Juana or Charles. The only alternative left to him was to choose between uprooting all human feeling from his breast and of renouncing everything that makes life worth having, or of accusing himself, in the midst of all his Imperial grandeur, of being a mean and miserable delinquent. That was the price he had to pay for his plan of universal monarchy. It would be high at any time, but naturally was highest when right, virtue, and honour were cheapest.'

A LOVE MATCH.

For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
Midsummer Night's Dream. Act i. sc. i.

Was ever woman in this humour wooed?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
Richard III. Act i. sc. ii.

THAT man proposes and God disposes is an old saying. We set on foot our cleverest designs, we plot our careful combinations, we elaborate our most diplomatic intrigues, the end seems certain to be attained, when the unforeseen, which so seldom enters into our calculations, suddenly appears to frustrate our schemes and overthrow our policy. How often have alliances been cemented which were to control the world, marriages contracted which were to unite the interests of rival nations, and treaties ratified which were to result in the greatest advantages to the signing parties, and yet, through the perverse hand of Fate, have come to naught! An unexpected revolution shatters an alliance, a sudden death without issue disturbs all the calculations that have attended upon a political marriage, whilst commercial jealousies or national antipathies may at any moment render a treaty of less value than the parchment upon which it has been engrossed. Nothing is more curious in the study of history than to watch how far-seeing statesmen have schemed to settle the future, and how the course of events has caused their astutest designs to fall through. What has become of those intermarriages for which cabinet ministers schemed and nations fought, and which were to unite under one crown rival powerful kingdoms? What has been the fate of those 'Holy Leagues' and 'Holy Alliances' brought about with such diplomacy, which were to check the progress of the faith of the Reformer? What has been the history of those kingdoms suddenly established by the might of the sword,

and which, to the keenest politicians, seemed permanently settled among the family of nations? How often has it been predicted, by men who have had the reputation of reading aright the future, that the passing or rejection of a measure would usher in the ruin of a country, and that the star of her glory would set for ever? How limited is man's foresight when we think of the collapse and failure that have attended upon some of his most brilliant diplomatic triumphs! 'He is indeed bold,' said the late Lord Palmerston, 'who will dare to predict what may happen even ten years hence.'

To this list let us add another diplomatic failure. Early in the sixteenth century the greatest genius of his age had planned a scheme by which his country was to be mistress of Europe, and force all who had conspired to degrade her to bite the dust. The League of Cambray had been signed. England had been shut out from all share in continental politics, and Europe lay prostrate at the feet of a powerful triumvirate. The master mind of Wolsey grasped the situation, and slowly and steadily worked out the end he had in view. Spain, the Low Countries, the Empire, Venice and the Vatican might sneer at England, speaking as a lonely island in the northern seas; but when in union with France she were to assert her voice, who would then dare to withstand her power, or gainsay her influence? To effect an alliance between the two countries was therefore now the one aim of Wolsey's efforts.

At the Court of our eighth Henry there lived the sister of the King, a young girl of some seventeen years, and a universal favourite. Though slightly short for a Tudor, the Princess Mary is described by contemporaries as the greatest beauty of her day. 'This last Sunday in Lent,' writes an unknown correspondent to Margaret of Savoy, the clever daughter of the bankrupt Emperor Maximilian, 'the man of few pence,' as he was called, 'I saw the Princess Mary dressed in the Milanese fashion; and I think never man saw a more beautiful creature, or one possessed of so much grace and sweetness.' Similar testimony is borne by Gerard de Pleine, President of the Council of the Prince of Castile. 'I would not write to you about the Princess,' he says to Margaret, 'until I had seen her several times. I assure you that she is one of the most beautiful young women in the world. I think I never saw a more charming creature. She is very

graceful. Her deportment in dancing and in conversation is as pleasing as you could desire. There is nothing gloomy or melancholy about her. I am certain if you had seen her you would never rest until you had her over. I assure you she has been well educated.'

So charming a specimen of her sex was not allowed to remain long in the cold shade of spinsterhood. Scarcely had Mary passed the boundary when the girl bids farewell to the child, than she had been betrothed to the Prince Charles, whose filial conduct we have just recorded, afterwards the famous Charles V. 'The sister of the King of England,' writes Peter Martyr, 'was betrothed to Prince Charles on condition that he should marry her when he had passed the age of fourteen.' In spite of the boyishness of her *fiancé* Mary appears then to have been far from averse to her future husband. 'It is certain, from everything I hear,' says De Pleine, 'that she is much attached to the Prince, of whom she has a very bad picture, and never a day passes that she does not express a wish to see him, *plus de dix fois, comme l'on m'a affirmé.* I had imagined that she would have been very tall, but she is of middling height, and, as I think, a much better match in age and person for the Prince than I had heard or could have believed before I saw her.' The love, however, if it ever existed, was all on one side. Charles was a delicate, sickly lad, and already showed signs of the cold calculating disposition which afterwards characterised him. He was unlike all other boys. In an age when skill in all athletic exercises was considered part of the education of a gentleman, Charles took little interest in active sports, and only saved himself in the eyes of the Emperor Maximilian from being considered a bastard by occasionally going out hunting. His mother's delicacy of health had apparently cast its shadow over him, and caused his disposition to be singularly sedate and melancholy. A lad in years, he was already a man. He attended closely to his studies; he watched, with the precocity of one whose mind has developed at the expense of the body, the details of public business; he never broke out into any of the escapades of youth, and severely took his attendants to task if they failed to follow his rigid example; he was always taciturn and absorbed in thought, and his reflections were seldom occupied with matters which did not tend to advance his own interests. At the age of fifteen, it is said, he was his own

prime minister, and got out of bed at midnight to reply to the despatches of his ambassadors.

Neither the Prince nor those who advised him were inclined to hasten the marriage. Charles was already of the age required, but it was not considered advisable, owing to his feeble constitution, for him to enter at present into the state of matrimony. His Council, fearful that their authority would be undermined by the alliance with England, did all in their power to fence off the evil day. Both Maximilian and Ferdinand were doubtful as to the wisdom of the engagement with Mary; they had recently entered into a secret alliance with France, and one of the articles of the new treaty was the union of the Prince of Castile with a French Princess; hence, not being off with the old love before they were on with the new, they pursued a course vacillating and disingenuous. Wolsey, with his eyes intent upon events across the Channel, was of opinion that the interests of England could be better served than by a union with the Low Countries. The handsome Mary was consoling herself at Windsor for all this postponement by flirting with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the most splendid subject of his day; whilst the boy-Prince was far more occupied with his dreams of future power and wealth than with the English beauty to whom his hand had been pledged. King Henry was the only one anxious to see the contract fulfilled.

And now, whilst delays and excuses were waiting upon this ill-starred betrothal, an event occurred which was to turn the current of the past intrigues into another channel. Lewis XII. of France had been made a widower, and scarcely was the body of Anne of Britanny consigned to the tomb, than Wolsey was busy with his schemes for effecting an alliance between England and France. Negotiations were entered into between the astute prelate and the Duke of Longueville, who, since his captivity in England, after the Battle of Spurs, had lived much in the society of the Court, and had written to his master in glowing terms of the beauty of Mary. The matter was kept, on its first being broached, a profound secret. Henry gave his assent to the scheme. Lewis, though old enough to be Mary's father, was charmed with all he had heard of the Princess, and soon became a far more ardent lover than the calculating boy of Castile. '*Le bon vieillard,*' writes a correspondent to Margaret of Savoy, with the coarse frankness of his age, '*veult avoir la jeune*

garce, pour essayer s'il pourra encoires avoir ung fils.' Whether pressure was put upon Mary to obtain her consent to the claims of this new suitor we know not. She may have thought that between a sickly boy of fourteen and a feeble man of fifty there was little to choose; what, however, chiefly induced her to accept the hand of the more elderly of her two lovers was the promise made to her by Henry, that if she would only comply with his wishes in this instance, on the next occasion of the kind she should be at liberty to act as she pleased. From what afterwards transpired, there can be no doubt that Mary at this time was deeply enamoured of the handsome Suffolk, and since she must bestow her hand either upon Charles or Lewis, the most welcome husband was the one from whom she would the most speedily be released. The Prince of Spain, though a delicate lad, might yet continue to live many years; whilst Lewis, ill and worn out, could not be expected to remain much longer upon the throne. Accordingly, Mary listened to the wishes of her brother, and agreed to become Queen of France. She wrote politely to Lewis that, 'for the honour which it has pleased you to do to me, I hold myself ever indebted and obliged to you, and thank you as cordially as I can,' and that she had 'the very singular desire' to see him and to be in his company. At the royal manor of Wanstead, in the presence of a large company, she signed a public declaration of her engagement to the most Christian King, and appointed Charles, Earl of Worcester, to act as her proxy in France. She was conducted across the Channel by a splendid retinue, and met Lewis at Abbeville. The marriage took place early in October, and the beauty of the young Queen—a beauty, as Peter Martyr remarks, without the adventitious aids of art—soon won the hearts of her new subjects.

> Noble dame, bien sois venue en France:
> Par toi vivons en plaisir et en joye.
> Francoys, Angloys, vivent a leur plaisance;
> Louange à Dieu bien qu'il du nous envoye!

The alliance dazzled all Europe, and it seemed as if the policy of Wolsey were to be crowned with success. The most cordial feelings subsisted between the two nations—Englishmen crowded the reception rooms at the Tournelles, Frenchmen were made welcome at Windsor and York Place; the once rival monarchs were now bosom friends, and there was nothing that Lewis would decline to perform for his

'deare brother.' From a second-rate kingdom under the dictation of Ferdinand of Aragon, England had at once risen to the highest rank in the family of nations. The vanity of the hour had silenced the dictates of the heart, and Mary, not yet accustomed to the lofty station of a Queen, was an amused observer at tournaments and pageants, delighting in wearing her magnificent jewellery and her 'gowns after the French fashion,' her 'gowns after Milan fashion,' her 'gowns after the English fashion;' her bonnets, esquillettes, and manteaux and hoods. All was bright and merry and prosperous; but only for a brief period. Then the end came, and the schemes that man had planned were dashed to the ground, at the very moment when the blossom was so full of promise. Lewis, after a brief period of some eighty days' domestic felicity, was suddenly called to his rest, and the English alliance was at an end.

A new order of things was ushered in. Instead of the valetudinarian Lewis, there was now seated on the throne of France a young ambitious sovereign, eager for conquest and ready to plunge all Europe into war. England had much to fear. She had made an enemy of Francis of Valois by imperilling his succession through the marriage between Mary and Lewis. She had offended Prince Charles by cavalierly repudiating his betrothal. She had been intriguing against Ferdinand to obtain Castile. The old Emperor was still her ally, but Maximilian was ever ready to sell himself to those who paid him best, and could not be trusted. 'War,' writes Mr. Brewer,[1] 'glomed in all directions and in all forms. Who was to ride the storm and manage the elements? That was the question which every man asked, and each one answered in his own way.' And yet it might have been so different! Had Lewis but lived a little longer, had his widow but given birth to a son, had the designs of man not been foiled by the will of God, the policy of Wolsey might have been, instead of the triumph of an hour, one so lasting and enduring as to be inseparable from the annals of French history.

To indulge in vain regrets was, however, now useless. The first step to be taken was to congratulate the French King on his accession, and to humour him, so that he might deal handsomely with the young Queen-dowager. At the

[1] *State Papers.* Henry VIII.—1515-1518. Edited by the Rev. J. S. Brewer. Preface.

head of an imposing embassy the Duke of Suffolk was introduced to Francis at Noyon. His reception was most cordial. Francis inquired affectionately after the health of Henry and Catharine, and expressed his gratification at this renewal of the friendship between the two countries. According to the tedious etiquette on such occasions, West, afterwards Bishop of Ely, delivered a long Latin oration on the virtues and qualities of a good ruler, and concluded with the hope that the future conduct of the King of France would be in harmony with the promises he had made when Duke of Angoulême. In reply Francis thanked the deputation for their good wishes, and alluded in becoming terms to the death of his predecessor. They had good reason to be sorry, he said, with courteous hypocrisy, 'forasmuch as the late King had married the Princess Mary, of which marriage he was a great cause, trusting that it should have long endured.' In the name of his master Suffolk then thanked the King for the kindness he had shown to Mary during the sad time of her bereavement, calling to his mind 'how lovingly he had written to Henry by his last letters, that he would neither do her wrong, nor suffer her to take wrong of any other person; but be to her as a loving son should be to his mother.' Francis answered that 'he could do no less for his honour, seeing that she was Henry's sister, a noble Princess married to his predecessor,' and he hoped that she would write to England, 'how lovingly he had behaved to her.'

With mutual compliments the public audience ended; all had passed smoothly, and beneath the formal courtesies there was a sincerity for which neither side had been prepared. Shortly after the dismissal of the embassy Francis sent privately for Suffolk. 'My lord of Suffolk,' said the King, bruquely, as the Duke entered his bedchamber, 'there is a bruit in this my realm that you are come to marry with the Queen, your master's sister.' Confused at this sudden announcement of his fondest hopes, and mindful of the difficulties that could be thrown across the path of his love, Suffolk stammered forth that the report was unfounded. He begged the King not to imagine for a moment that he would dare to come into a strange realm and there marry a Queen without the permission of the sovereign. 'I assure your Grace,' said he, 'that I have no such purpose; nor was it ever intended on the King my master's behalf, nor on mine.' Francis, however, soon silenced the protestations of the enamoured

Duke. 'Since you will not be plain with me,' said he to Suffolk, 'I must be plain with you. Her Majesty herself has informed me of your mutual attachment, and I have promised on my faith and truth and by the troth of a King to do my best to help her.' Then to prove that he was no stranger to the flirtations of the past, the King smilingly alluded to certain secrets which had passed between the lovers, causing the detected Suffolk to blush crimson. 'The which I knew no man alive could tell them but she,' he writes to Wolsey; 'and when he told them I was abashed, and he saw it and said, "Be not disturbed, for you shall say that you have found a kind friend and a loving; and because you shall think no wrong of her, I give you in your hand my faith and troth, by the word of a King, that I shall never fail her or you; but to help and advance this matter betwixt her and you with as good a will as I would for mine own self."' Such generosity at once appealed to the heart of Suffolk. He was loud in his protestations of gratitude, and begged Francis to use his good offices with Henry, for 'that I was lyke to be undone if the matter schold coume to the knollag of the Kyng me masster,' he writes in his awful spelling. The French King, however, assured the anxious lover that he need have no fears as to the future; that he, his Majesty, would befriend him, and that on their arrival at Paris the Duke should see the Queen, and then both he, the King, and she, his love, would write letters with their own hands to Henry, 'in the best manner that could be devised.' The Duke was enchanted that the man whom he had considered as the greatest opponent of his suit should have been transformed into his staunchest advocate. 'I find myself,' he writes thankfully to Wolsey, 'much bounden to God, considering he that I feared most is contented to be the doer of this act himself.'

That Suffolk was deeply smitten with the charms of Mary was no secret to her royal brother, for between Henry and the Duke there existed the warmest friendship. From a simple commoner the King had raised Charles Brandon to the highest dignity in the peerage, had made him his constant companion, and had thus excited the jealousy of the Council and the old aristocracy against the favourite. Both men were of the same age, both were captivated by the same tastes, and both excelled in martial exercises. 'The Duke of Suffolk,' says Giustinian, 'is associated with his Majesty *tanquam intelligentiam assistentem orbi*, which governs,

commands, and acts with authority scarcely inferior to the King himself.' Of the question of marriage between the Duke and his sister, Henry had neither openly approved nor disapproved. He was content to let matters take their course, but by placing no obstacle in the way he seems tacitly to have consented to the union; he was, however, sternly opposed to any steps being taken without his full knowledge. He had promised Mary when she left him 'at the water side,' that if, to oblige him, she would marry Lewis this time, she should be permitted on the next occasion to do 'as she list.' If therefore she now 'listed' to marry Suffolk in preference to a more brilliant suitor, he would not actually thwart her inclinations, though he would not as yet decidedly encourage them. Nor had he been displeased at the deferential conduct of the duke in the matter. 'Joyous I am as any creature living,' writes Wolsey to Suffolk, whose suit he stoutly furthered at every opportunity, 'to hear as well of your honourable entertainment with the French King, and of his loving mind towards you for your marriage with the French Queen, our master's sister, as also of his kind offer made unto you, that both he and the said French Queen shall effectually write unto the King's grace for the obtaining of his good-will and favour unto the same. The contents of which your letter I have at good leisure declared unto the King's highness, and his grace marvellously rejoiced to hear of your good speed in the same, and how substantially and discreetly ye ordered and handled yourself in your words and your communication with the said French King, when he first secretly brake with you of the said marriage. And therefore, my lord, *the King and I* think it good that ye procure and solicit the speedy sending unto his grace of the letters from the said French King, touching this matter. *Assuring you that the King continueth firmly in his good mind and purpose towards you, for the accomplishment of the said marriage, albeit that there be daily on every side practices made to the let of the same, which I have withstanded hitherto, and doubt not so to do till ye shall have achieved your intended purpose; and ye shall say by that time that ye know all that ye have had of me, a fast friend.*'[1]

On his arrival at Paris Suffolk at once hastened to the Hotel de Clugny, where Mary was then, according to the

[1] A draft only of this letter is amongst the State Papers; the words in italic are inserted by Wolsey himself.

etiquette required of a royal widow of France, mourning her loss, attired in white, and stretched upon a couch in a darkened chamber, illuminated only by wax tapers—hence the epithet of *la Royne Blanche*, which was now attached to her. Suffolk was no stranger in the apartments of the young Queen. During the brief period between the marriage of Mary and her widowhood the handsome Duke had been constant in his attendance upon her. He had been her companion at pageants and tournaments; he was a frequent guest at the table of Lewis; his horses and splendid retinue were familiar objects to all the Parisians, whilst his society seems to have been as acceptable to the elderly King as it was to the youthful bride. 'And as to the reception and good cheer which my cousin of Suffolk tells you that I have given him,' writes Lewis in the last letter he was ever to send to Henry, 'and for which you thank me, it needs not, my good brother, cousin, and compeer, that you should render many thanks, for I beg you to believe that, independent of the place I know he holds with you and the love you bear him, his virtues, manners, politeness and good condition deserve that he should be received with even greater honour.' And yet, dangerous as this intimacy at first sight appears between a young married woman linked to a husband who, in the opinion of some, was only a husband in name,[1] and a man to whom it was known she was fondly attached, so loyal and discreet was their friendship that scandal was silenced, and the carping Parisians had to look elsewhere for a victim.

Suffolk had only returned to London a few days before the death of Lewis, and his appearance was now doubly welcome to the Queen after their brief separation and in her isolated state. He did not allow the interview to last many minutes before he asked the question which, during the hours of his journey from Noyon, had been much agitating him. With the hurt pride of a lover he desired to know how it was that Mary had permitted herself to divulge to Francis those little confidences which had passed between them, and which he had never expected a third person to share. The Queen hesitated, and then, on the question being

[1] 'King Lewis of France being dead advises that if the Queen of France be with child she be kept from danger. If she be a maid, "*as I think verily she is*," to obtain possession of her person.'—Sir Robert Wingfield to Henry VIII., January 14, 1515 *State Papers*, Henry VIII.

repeated, confessed that Francis had been 'importunate with her in divers matters not to her honour,' which made her 'so weary and so afeard' he would endeavour to effect the ruin of Suffolk that, in order to be relieved of the annoyance of his suit, which was not to her honour, she had thought frankness the best policy, and had said to the King, 'Sir, I beseech you that you will let me alone, and speak no more of these matters, and if you will promise me, by your faith and truth, and as you are a true Prince, that you will keep it counsel and help me, I will tell you all my whole mind.' On his promise of secrecy Mary avowed her attachment to Suffolk, that she considered herself as his betrothed, and that the objections which her brother, by the advice of his Council, might raise, were the only barrier to their union.

From this conversation the accomplished editor of the 'State Papers of Henry VIII.' draws what appears to us the most untenable of inferences. That so careful and sound a man as the late Mr. Brewer should have done such violence to common sense by so ludicrously misinterpreting a plain simple statement, is inexplicable. Shortly after her husband's death Mary wrote to Henry, complaining of the conduct of Francis in endeavouring to control her future movements. In this letter she states that the French King visited her and asked if she had made any promise of marriage, at the same time assuring her that if she would be plain with him, he would promote such marriage, whether it were to take place in his realm or out of it. Thus pressed, Mary confessed the good mind she bore to Suffolk, and admitted that she 'answered the French King thus in order to be relieved of the annoyance of his suit, which was not to my honour.' She concludes by begging Henry to favour her wishes, lest 'Francis may renew his suit.' From this letter Mr. Brewer forms the most awful conclusions. According to him, the Queen, in alluding to the importunities of the French King is complaining that her honour, in the sense of her physical purity, is in danger. The words 'honour' and 'suit' employed by Mary are taken to signify that Francis, with an audacity which not even that lax age would have tolerated, was paying offensive court to the woman whom he had hitherto always treated with chivalrous respect and devotion. Mr. Brewer is indignant, as well he might be if his reading is correct, at the 'intolerable,' 'ungenerous,' and

'unmanly' conduct of the French King in thus seeking the ruin of a defenceless girl to whom he was then specially in the position of friend and protector. If this accusation can be supported, the terms 'intolerable' and 'unmanly' certainly do not err on the side of severity, for a baser or bolder repudiation of all trust cannot be imagined.

But can the accusation be supported? Is it not emphatically contradicted by the course of subsequent events? The conduct of Mary throughout her brief reign, though it was evident to all that the marriage had been on her part one of political necessity, had been, as we have said, so discreet and dignified as to win the homage and admiration of all. The most depraved man would scarcely, 'within the first week of her widowhood,' as Mr. Brewer puts it, lay siege to the virtue of a woman whose whole past career utterly contradicted his chances of success, and from whom he had never received the slightest encouragement. Francis of Valois was no stern moralist; he was married to an ugly wife, and he consoled himself, according to the fashion of his day, and perhaps of a later period, elsewhere; but he was not a satyr, and he certainly was not an idiot. To Mary—his young mother-in-law, as he laughingly called her, since she was stepmother to his wife, the Lady Claude—he had always been, as he had told Suffolk, 'a loving son,' one who 'would neither do her wrong nor suffer her to take wrong of any other person.' Besides, can we imagine that one so vicious as Francis is represented to be by Mr. Brewer on this occasion, would not only be deterred from his purpose by the mention of the name of a rival, but have at once done all in his power to promote that rival's success? Would not such a man, especially one in the position of a sovereign, have had his unholy passion all the more inflamed by so candid a confession, and have used the power he possessed to crush the hopes of the more favoured suitor? Nor is this all. Mary wrote not only once but several times to her brother, complaining of the persecutions of Francis, vowing that she would never marry anyone but Suffolk, and begging for permission to come to England. To some of her letters no answer was returned, but to none of them was the answer given that she desired. However severely we may judge Henry, can we doubt for one moment that, had he interpreted his sister's grievances as Mr. Brewer has interpreted them, he would not only have removed Mary

instantly from Paris, but have hotly avenged the insult done to his name at the point of the sword?

And yet is not the whole of this matter as clear as daylight? If we read that the importunities of Francis were not to Mary's 'honour,' as meaning that they were not to her advantage, to her dignity, to her sense of self-respect—an interpretation of the word perfectly legitimate at the present day, but much more so in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—everything is at once explained. The 'suit' that Francis so eagerly preferred was not for himself but for others. The fact was that the French King was most anxious that Mary should marry in France; by such a proceeding he would avoid the necessity of returning her trousseau and marriage portion, and possibly might escape the payment of the revenue to which, as Queen-Dowager of France, she was entitled. This intention of Francis was so well known that it became the talk of every capital in Europe; it was said that Mary was not to quit France, but was to content herself with a husband chosen for her by her dutiful 'son-in-law.' Spinelly, the English agent in the Low Countries, writes that 'the French Council are resolved not to give up the Queen, but to marry her after their own mind.' Aware that the young widow could not be expected to remain inconsolable for the loss of an elderly husband to whom she had never pretended to be attached, Francis took the earliest opportunity of pressing upon her—not his own offensive suit—but the suit of others. The claims of the Duke of Lorraine were first brought forward, but when it was ascertained that he was affianced to the daughter of the Duke of Bourbon, the eager French King took up the cause of the Duke of Savoy, and so persecuted Mary with his wishes upon the subject that it had resulted in the young woman's throwing herself upon the generosity of Francis, and confiding to him the whole history of her secret attachment to Suffolk. As became a man eminently kindly and considerate, the King agreed to waive his own personal views on the question, and to use his influence to further the wishes of the Queen. If we look upon the conduct of Francis in this light, it is perfectly consistent and intelligible. For certain somewhat mean reasons he desires that Mary shall marry in France; he knows that so beautiful a prize will not long remain unclaimed, and he determines to be first in the field; he recommends so pertinaciously one suitor and then another, that at

last the distressed widow complains to her brother of the annoyance the French King occasions her.[1] She is so persecuted with the importunities of Francis, that she begs Henry openly to sanction her engagement with Suffolk, in order that she may be free from them. No answer is returned to her entreaties, and then to prove to Francis that it is idle for him to advocate the cause of another, she owns that Suffolk possesses her heart, and that he only shall be her future husband. But if we are to accept Mr. Brewer's interpretation as correct, the course pursued by Francis is incomprehensible. Why, at the very time when he is accused of pressing upon Mary his own 'intolerable, ungenerous, and unmanly' attentions, he should be found recommending first the Duke of Lorraine, then the Duke of Savoy, and then others, to her notice we cannot imagine. It is certainly the strangest mode of paying dishonourable court to a woman. If Mary had been insulted by Francis, as Mr. Brewer alleges, would she have so lowered herself, after the confession of her attachment to Suffolk, to petition the very man who had acted so ignobly towards her to espouse her cause and use his influence to lessen the displeasure of her brother? It appears so plain that the Queen is alluding to Francis as the advocate of another and not of himself, that it is to us inconceivable that any one should have been found to distort her meaning.

Throughout the whole of this affair Henry was perfectly at his ease. He no more troubled himself with the designs of Francis than he did with the gossip that reached his ears from his agents and envoys. He had the fullest confidence in his sister and in Suffolk. Mary some weeks back had pledged herself in a letter to Wolsey that she would contract no alliance without the approval of her brother, whilst Suffolk, on the eve of his starting at the head of the mission to France, had sworn upon oath that he would not take advantage of his position to obtain any undue influence over the Queen-Dowager, nor tempt her to plight to him an unsanctioned troth. The King was perfectly content with these two solemn assertions, and watched with amusement the eagerness of the suitors for his sister's hand and fortune. The Duke of Savoy had been rejected. The same fate had befallen the Prince of Portugal and the Duke of Bavaria. Even the penniless and worn-out Maximilian had been tempted by the rich prize to enter the lists. He had

[1] *State Papers*, Henry VIII., February 15, 1515.

declared, not long since, to his daughter Margaret, that 'he would never marry again for beauty or money, were he to die for it.' But heiresses so charming and with such prospective advantages (for as yet uncertainty was attached to Henry's issue) as *la Royne Blanche* were seldom in the market, and the stout resolve of the bankrupt Emperor was unable to withstand the temptation. He was struck by a portrait of Mary which was shown him, and 'kept his eyes fixed upon it for a full half-hour or more.' Satisfied as to the beauty of the young widow, his next step was to commission his daughter Margaret of Savoy 'to write to the King of England to get the lady into his own hands, urging his Majesty of England that if she be married in France and were to die without heirs, his kingdom would be exposed to great hazards.' He was, however, no more favoured than his predecessors. It was Suffolk and only Suffolk that Mary had resolved to wed. Again she wrote pressing her brother for his decision. She reminded him that she had consented at his request, and for the peace of Christendom, to marry Lewis of France, 'though he was very aged and sickly,' on condition that if she survived him she should marry whom she liked. She declared that Suffolk had all her heart, and to none else would she be united; rather than give her hand to another she vowed she would seek the refuge of a convent. 'For if you will have me married,' she threatened, 'in any place saving whereas my mind is, I will be there whereas your Grace nor none other shall have any joy of me; for I promise your Grace you shall hear that I will be in some religious house, the which I think your Grace would be very sorry of, and your realm also.' [1]

In the then divided state of the Privy Council—the one party in favour of a union with Germany, the other in favour of a union with France—it had been sufficient for Wolsey to further the suit of Suffolk to cause the Duke of Norfolk and those who acted with him to warmly oppose the intended marriage. Mary was right when she wrote to Henry that her lover 'had many hinderers about his Grace.' Not an opportunity was rejected by which these 'hinderers' could gain their ends. They employed all their arts to poison the ear of the King against the wishes of Suffolk. A princess of the blood royal, one who had been deemed worthy to wear the crown of France, a woman who was, perhaps, the richest

[1] *State Papers*, March 1515. No. 228.

heiress in Europe, and whose beauty was as remarkable as her wealth, would be a fitting consort for the proudest monarch; why then throw away all such charms and advantages to encourage the pride and ambition of an upstart? They even endeavoured to convince the Queen-Dowager herself that the man on whom she had lavished all the treasures of her heart was unworthy of her love. A friar named Langley was despatched to Paris to worm himself into the confidence of Mary. This worthy declared to the Queen that 'he would show her divers things which were of truth, and of which he had perfect knowledge, desiring her to give him hearing, and to keep the same to herself.' He then bade her beware of Suffolk and Wolsey of all men, for that they had dealings with the devil, and 'by the puissance of the said devil' kept Henry subject to their wills. Nor was this all. Sir William Compton, one in high favour with the King, had been laid up with a bad leg; this, said the friar, was entirely due to the diabolical art of Suffolk, 'for he knew the premises well, and could not doubt it was the Duke's doing.'[1] This strange envoy was, however, not very successful in his mission, for we are told that 'the Queen gave him small comfort, and he departed.' It soon became evident that, in spite of all opposition, Mary was resolved upon one of two courses—either to marry Suffolk or to take the veil. The latter alternative was distasteful to her brother, and he therefore now thought it wiser to give his consent to an arrangement which it seemed he was powerless to prevent. He accordingly sanctioned the union of his sister with the man of her choice, but accompanied this permission with a stipulation which proved that, in spite of his prodigality, 'bluff King Hal' was a true son of the grasping patron of Empson and Dudley.

On her marriage with Lewis, Mary had been presented by her husband with sets of jewels of dazzling magnificence. The elderly King had given them to his young wife gradually and in instalments, in the hope that his generosity might make amends for his age and debility, and be the means of inspiring something like affection for him in her heart. 'My wife shall not have all her jewels at once,' he said, laughing, 'for I wish to have many and at divers times kisses and thanks for them.' Never was bride adorned with such brilliants. The Earl of Worcester said they were 'the goodliest

[1] *State Papers*, February 8, 1515.

and richest sight of jewels that ever he saw.' These gems and Mary's service of gold plate, together with her dowry, became now the objects of much diplomatic haggling. Henry demanded their restoration, and entrusted the disagreeable task to Suffolk, with the price of Mary's hand as the reward of his success. Wolsey wrote to the Duke, advising him 'substantially to handle that matter, and to stick thereunto: for I assure you the hope that the King hath to obtain the said plate and jewels is the thing that most stayeth his Grace constantly to assent that ye should marry his sister; the lack whereof, I fear me, might make him cold and remiss and cause some alteration, whereof all men here, except his Grace and myself, would be right glad.'[1]

Into the details of this mean negotiation we need not enter. Each party tried to outwit the other. In reference to the dower there could be no dispute, but the question of the gems was more complicated. The English insisted on the delivery of all the jewels which Lewis had given and promised to give to Mary. The French, on the other hand, declared that the jewels had been presented to Mary, not as the wife of Lewis, but as Queen of France; she could use them if she stayed in the country, but they could not be removed from the realm. Suffolk, who was a gentleman, and whose lack of education made him no match for the sharp-witted Parisians in such a job, was heartily sick of the whole transaction. He thought certain of the demands of Henry unreasonable, and he did not scruple to express his opinion; he vowed that Paris was 'a stinking prison,' and he implored Henry 'to call him and the Queen his sister home.' But such entreaties were useless. Until 'hall Mary's stouf and jowyelles' had been placed in the King's hands, he would not think of the union of the lovers. Wolsey, who was the truest of friends to the amorous pair, and the most constant of correspondents, begged them still to have patience, and to persevere till the transaction had ended as the King desired.

Weeks passed, and yet the negotiations appeared no nearer to a satisfactory issue than at their commencement. Mary was in despair. She wrote frequently[2] to 'the Kynges grace me brodar,' stating that all her plate and jewels when she had gotten them should be at 'his commandment;' she

[1] *State Papers*, February 1515. No. 203.
[2] *Ibid.* March 1515. Nos. 227, 228, 229.

besought him 'to write to the French King and all your ambassadors here, that they make all the speed possible,' and she expressed in the most affectionate terms her wish once again to meet him, 'for my singular desire and comfort is to see your Grace *above all things in this world.*' Henry replied kindly, but the gist of his letters was always the same: he would not send for her, nor would he sanction her alliance, until all that he demanded had been carried out. To the lovers, if their union depended upon the consent of the King, marriage seemed hopeless.

But was it absolutely necessary for the consent of Henry to be obtained? Mary was her own mistress, she was independent of all pecuniary aid from her brother, she had a perfect right to please herself; were she to dispose of her hand to a subject, it was not the first time that a princess of England had united herself to one beneath her in rank. Why then tarry for the permission that might never be given? Why let the heart grow sick with the hope that was ever deferred? These reasons, which appeared so sound and plausible, whilst passion was clouding reflection, at last carried the day. Suffolk, mindful of his oath to the King, had hesitated, but his scruples were speedily silenced when the imperious Mary told him that unless he agreed to be united with her in four days, she would never look upon his face again. The temptation was irresistible. At an early hour, and in the strictest privacy, before only a few witnesses —amongst whom, however, was Francis—in the chapel of the Hôtel de Clugny, Mary became the wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

And now that the deed was done, reflection once more exercised its sway, and the husband and wife stood aghast at their rashness. Suffolk at once took up his pen, and wrote in something more than his usual bad spelling a humble missive to the King, which he enclosed to Wolsey. He began by propitiating the avarice of Henry. He was aware that he had claimed his reward before his task had been performed, still he had done his best to obtain all the ex-Queen's stuff and jewels, and, though he failed in his effort for no fault of his, yet his wife 'is content to give your Grace what sum you shall be content to axe, to be paid on her jointure, and all that she has in this world.' He then stated the reasons which had induced him to marry without the royal permission. 'When I came to Paris,' he said, 'the Queen

was in hand with me the first day I came, and said she must be short with me and open to me her pleasure and mind. And so she began and showed how good lady she was to me, and if I would be ordered by her she would never have none but me.' Her trouble, he continued, was great, for she had heard that she was to be taken to England to be married to Prince Charles in Flanders. She wept bitterly at the thought—'Sir, I never saw woman so weep'—and vowed that she would be torn in pieces rather than wed the Spaniard. Then she declared that unless he, Suffolk, married her at once, she would never give him the like proffer again. And so, rather than lose all, added the Duke, he thought it best to comply, and thus they were privately married. He concluded by humbly throwing himself upon the royal mercy, for it never had been wish of his 'to offend your Grace in word, deed, or thought.'

This appeal was supported by the following letter (also under cover to Wolsey) a few days afterwards, from the wife herself to the King 'me broder,' when she had been informed that he was furious at the step she had taken :—

'Pleaseth your Grace (she wrote),[1] to my greatest discomfort, sorrow and disconsolation, but lately I have been advertised of the great and high displeasure which your Highness beareth unto me and my lord of Suffolk for the marriage between us. Sir, I will not in any wise deny but that I have offended your Grace, for the which I do put myself most humbly in your clemency and mercy. Nevertheless to the intent that your Highness should not think that I had simply, carnally, and of my sensual appetite done the same, I, having no regard to fall in your Grace's displeasure, I assure your Grace that I had never done against your ordinance and consent, but by reason of the great despair wherein I was put by the two friars . . . . which hath certified me in case I came to England your Council would never consent to the marriage between the said lord

[1] *State Papers.* March 1515. No. 229. 'This touching and eloquent letter,' says Mr. Brewer, 'is written in Mary's laborious holograph, with very little correction. I have no doubt that it was copied from an original, dictated or overlooked by Wolsey, as on another occasion. The style is too guarded and the tone too humble for Mary, who certainly believed that she had a perfect right to dispose of her own hand as she pleased; not to insist upon casual expressions here and there which are not those of a young woman who had very little practice in writing.'

and me, with many other sayings concerning the same marriage; so that I verily thought that the said friars would never have offered to have made me like overture unless they might have had charge from some of your Council; the which put me in such consternation, fear, and doubt of the obtaining of the thing which I desired most in this world, that I rather chose to put me in your mercy by accomplishing this marriage, than to put me in the order of your Council, knowing them to be otherwise minded. Whereupon, Sir, I put my lord of Suffolk in choice whether he would accomplish the marriage within four days, or else that he should never have enjoyed me; whereby I know well that I constrained him to break such promises he made your Grace, as well for fear of losing me, as also that I ascertained him that by their consent I would never come into England. And now that your Grace knoweth the both offences of the which I have been the only occasion I most humbly, and as your most sorrowful sister, requiring you to have compassion upon us both, and to pardon our offences, and that it will please your Grace to write to me and my lord of Suffolk some comfortable words, for it shall be the greatest comfort for us both.

'By your loving and most humble sister,

'MARY.'

The powerful aid of Wolsey was now earnestly invoked. Suffolk announced to him what he had done and, with something of the Adam-like meanness which gives all the blame to the woman for the act that has been committed, says, 'the Queen would never let me be in rest till I had granted her to be married, and so, to be plain with you, I have married her heartily.' He feared the King's displeasure and begged the prelate to assist him. 'Let me not be undone now,' he entreats, 'the which I fear me shall be without the help of you. Me Lor, think not that ever you shall make any friend that shall be more obliged to you.' The better to soften the King he forwarded Wolsey a diamond with a great pearl—'a dymond wyet a greth pryell'—which he desired him to give Henry. 'Ryquyer hem (he writes in his awful orthography) to take et aworth, asuarryng hes Grace y^t^ whan soo ewar sche [Mary] schall have the possesseun of the resedeu y^t^ he schall have the chowse of them accordyng unto her formar wret

tyng. Me Lord sche and I bowth rymyttys thes mattar holle to your dysskraseun, tresting y^{t} in hall hast possebbyll wye schall her from you some good tydynges tocheng howar afyeres.'[1]

But good tidings he did not hear. None knew better than Wolsey how sternly Henry resented any independence of action on the part of those who were subject to him, and the prelate did not attempt to conceal the anxiety which the conduct of the rash pair occasioned him. It was with a sorrowful heart, he said to the Duke,[2] that he wrote to him; for he had heard with 'no little discomfort and inward heaviness' how that 'you be secretly married unto the King's sister, and have accompanied together as man and wife.' He had felt it his duty to communicate this matter at once to the King, 'who at the first hearing could scarcely believe the same to be true: but after I had showed to his Grace that by your own writing I had knowledge thereof, his Grace, giving credence thereunto, took the same grievously and displeasantly, not only for that ye durst presume to marry his sister without his knowledge, but also for breaking of your promise made to his Grace, in his hand, I being present, at Eltham: having also such an assured affiance in your truth, that for all the world, and to have been torn with wild horses, ye would not have broken your oath, promise, and assurance, made to his Grace, who doth well perceive that he is deceived of the constant and assured trust that he thought to have found in you, and so his Grace would I should expressly write unto you.'

As for Wolsey himself, he 'feels so encumbered therewith' that he cannot devise nor study the remedy thereof. 'Cursed be the blind affection and counsel,' he cries, 'that hath brought you hereunto! fearing that such sudden and unadvised dealing shall have sudden repentance.' He knows not what remedy to suggest whereby they can make their peace, but as what has been done cannot be undone, he thinks that perhaps the best course to pursue is to appeal to the avarice of the King. He therefore advises Mary to agree to pay yearly 4,000*l.* out of her dower to her brother, and also to hand over to him 'the plate of gold and jewels which the late French King had,' together with the whole of the dote that shall be restored to her by France.

'This (he concludes) is the way to make your peace:

[1] *State Papers*, March 5, 1515. [2] *Ibid.* No. 224.

whereat if ye deeply consider what danger ye be and shall be in, having the King's displeasure, I doubt not both the Queen and you will not stick, but with all effectual diligence endeavour yourselves to recover the King's favour, as well by this mean as by other substantial true ways which by mine advice ye shall use, and none other, towards his Grace, whom by corbobyll drifts and ways you cannot abuse. Now I have told you my opinion, hardily follow the same, and trust not too much to your own wit, nor follow not the counsel of them that hath not more deeply considered the dangers of this matter than they have hitherto done.'

The position of Suffolk was one of extreme embarrassment. His marriage was still a secret, yet he felt from the natural condition into which his wife had fallen, that it was a secret that must soon be divulged. He had incurred the heavy displeasure of his sovereign, and the only measures that had been suggested to him whereby he could once more bask in the royal favour, he felt himself powerless to carry out. Willingly would he have given the gems and fortune of his wife to Henry, but as yet in his negotiations with the French he had been unable to obtain either. He was ignorant, he wrote to Wolsey, though he had done his best in the matter, whether Mary 'had her right or had been outwitted by the subtlety of the French ministers.' The unhappy man knew not what plan to adopt to extricate himself from his dilemma. He begged 'some word of comfort from Henry,' but still the King maintained the sternest silence. When the marriage became known to the Council in England, the enemies of Suffolk loudly called for vengeance upon the man who had dared to unite himself to the sister of his sovereign without first having obtained the royal consent. Affairs were now at a dead-lock, Suffolk could neither treat with the King of England nor with the King of France. His position was intolerable. His intimacy with his wife whilst his marriage was as yet unknown greatly compromised Mary in the eyes of the Parisian world. The husband was most anxious that a second marriage ceremony should be gone through, and this time with all publicity. 'My Lord,' he implores Wolsey, 'at the reverence of God help that I may be married as I go out of France, openly, for many things of which I will advertise you by mine next letters. Give me your advice whether the French King and his mother shall write again to the King for this open

marriage; seeing that this privy marriage is done, and that I think none otherwise but that she is with child.' It was, however, Lent, and no licence could be obtained without a dispensation, and such a course it was considered would offend many of the rigid Catholics in England. Foiled in this effort, both husband and wife now begged permission to return to England. For a whole month no notice was taken of their prayer; then early in the April of 1515 leave was given to the couple, whose honeymoon had been clouded with such anxieties, to depart.

The future that awaited the wedded pair was uncertain. How would Henry greet his sister? She was not returning empty-handed; but had she sufficient to purchase the affection of her money-grubbing brother? What would be the fate of her idolised husband? Would the King be mindful of the old friendship that had so warmly existed between him and the Duke, or would his anger and outraged authority gain the mastery over the royal heart? Was the influence of Wolsey strong enough to defeat the animosity of the Council? These were the questions that were freely discussed by the agitated couple as they journeyed from Montreuil to Calais. Arrived at the seaport, they took up their quarters at 'the King of England's house.' Here Suffolk experienced a foretaste of the feeling that he had excited by his rash step, for we learn from a 'Paper of Intelligence' among the State Papers that 'the Duke of Suffolk did not dare leave the King of England's house, as he would have been killed by the people for marrying Queen Mary.'[1] This incident awoke all the former fears of both husband and wife, and Mary, now in great terror and in deep humility, bethought herself of occupying the hours of her enforced seclusion by again appealing to the King.

'My most dear and most entirely beloved Brother (she writes), in most *humble manner* I recommend me to your Grace. Dearest brother, I doubt not but ye have in your good remembrance, that whereas for the good of peace and for the furtherance of your affairs ye moved me to marry with my lord and late husband, King Lewis, of France, whose soul God pardon, though I understood that he was very aged and sickly, yet for the advancement of the said peace, and for the furtherance of your causes, I was contented to conform myself to your said motion, so that if I should fortune to

[1] *State Papers*, April 1515. No. 399.

survive the said late King, I might with your good will marry myself at my liberty without your displeasure. Whereunto, good brother, ye condescended and granted, as ye well know promising unto me that in such case ye would never provoke or move me but as mine own heart and mind should be best pleased, and that wheresoever I should dispose myself ye would wholly be contented with the same. And upon that your good comfort and faithful promise I assented to the *said* marriage; else I would never have granted to, as at the same time I showed unto you more at large. Now that God hath called my said late husband to His mercy and that I am at my liberty, dearest brother, remembering the great virtues which I have seen and perceived heretofore in my Lord of Suffolk, to whom I have always been of good mind, as ye well know, I have affixed and clearly determined myself to marry with him; and the same I assure you hath proceeded only of mine own mind, without any request or labour of my said Lord of Suffolk, or of any other person. And to be plain with your Grace, I have so bound myself unto him, that for no cause earthly I will or may vary or change from the same. Wherefore my good and most kind brother, I now beseech your Grace to take this matter in good part, and to give unto me and to my said Lord of Suffolk your goodwill herein; ascertaining you, that upon the trust and comfort which I have for that you have always honourably regarded your promise, I am now comen out of the realm of France, and have put myself within your jurisdiction, in this your town of Calais, where I intend to remain till such time as I shall have answer from you of your good and loving mind herein; which I would not have done but upon the faithful trust that I have in your said promise. Humbly beseeching your Grace for the great and tender love, which ever hath been, and shall be between you and me, to bear your gracious mind and show yourself to be agreeable hereunto, and to certify me by your most loving letters of the same; till which time I will make mine abode here, and no further enter your realm.'

She concludes by appealing to her brother's weak point:—

'And to the intent (she continues), it may please you the rather to condescend to this my most hearty desire, I am contented, and expressly promise and bind me to you by these presents to give you all the whole dote which was delivered

with me, and also all such plate of gold and jewels as I shall have of my said late husband's. Over and besides this I shall, rather than fail, give you as much yearly part of my dower to as great a sum as shall stand with your will and pleasure. And of all the premises I promise upon knowledge of your good mind, to make unto you sufficient bonds.' It would be difficult to find in the whole history of correspondence a letter in which sisterly affection, unblushing calculation, and unselfish devotion to a husband are more strangely blended.

Two days before the despatch of this appeal, Suffolk, whilst at Montreuil, had again written to the King to show him mercy, and not to let him fall into the hands of the enemy.

'Most gracious Sovereign Lord (he begins),[1] so it is that I am informed divers ways that all your whole Council, my Lord of York excepted, with many other, are clearly determined to "tympe" your Grace, that I may either be put to death or be put in prison and so to be destroyed. Alas, Sir! I may say that I have had a hard fortune seeing that there was never none of them in trouble but I was glad to help them to my power, and that your Grace knows best. And now that I am in this none little trouble and sorrow, now they are ready to help to destroy me. But, Sir, I can no more but God forgive them whatsoever comes on me; for I am determined. For, Sir, your Grace is he that is my sovereign lord and master, and he that has brought me up out of nought; and I am your subject and servant, and he that has offended your Grace in breaking my promise that I made your Grace touching the Queen, your sister: for the which I, with most humble heart, I will yield myself unto your Grace's hands to do with my poor body your gracious pleasure, not fearing the malice of them; for I know your Grace of such nature that it cannot lie in their powers to cause you to destroy me for their malice. But what punishment I have I shall thank God and your Grace of it, and think that I have well deserved it, both to God and your Grace; as knows "howar" Lord, who send your Grace your most honourable heart's desire with long life, and me most sorrowful wretch your gracious favour, what sorrows soever I endure therefore.' These appeals were not in vain. The anxious pair were informed that they had nothing further to fear, and on

[1] *State Papers*, April 22, 1515.

receiving the welcome news at once took their departure for England.

The rest is soon told. The Queen and the Duke were publicly married at Greenwich amid much rejoicing. The story of their secret marriage in France was never divulged to the nation at large, but confined only to the few of the Council who had heard of it; whilst Sir William Sidney was despatched to Paris to beg Francis, in the name of the King of England, that 'for the honour of the French Queen and for avoiding all evil bruits' he would keep the fact of the private marriage at the Hôtel de Clugny 'hereafter secret to himself, without making any creature privy thereunto, like as the King shall do for his part.' Suffolk had, however, to pay pretty dearly for the honour of being brother-in-law to a sovereign. A formal document had been drawn up between Henry on the one side, and Mary and Suffolk on the other, in which it was stipulated that Mary was to pay over to her brother the sum of 24,000*l.* out of her French rents, by annual payments of 2,000*l.*, together with the dowry of 200,000 crowns which Francis pledged himself to return to her, and all the plate and jewels which she had received on her first marriage, as well as all those gems which Lewis 'at divers times,' for her 'kisses and thanks,' had enriched her with. By this generous and fraternal arrangement Henry avoided not only making any settlement upon his sister, but received instead a handsome addition to his income and to his regalia. Well might the old chronicler Hall write:—

'Against this marriage many men grudged, and said that it was a great loss to the realm that she was not married to the Prince of Castile: but the wisest sort was content, considering that if she had been married again out of the realm, she should have carried much riches with her; and now she brought every year into the realm 9,000 or 10,000 marks.'

The 'wisest sort' had every reason to be content.

The romance in this love tale does not, however, end with the marriage of its hero and heroine. Research has discovered further matters of a highly sensational character. It appears that the Duke of Suffolk, when he plighted his troth to the fair Mary in the chapel of the Hôtel de Clugny, had already been married. At an early age he had been engaged to a young damsel, Ann Brown by name; but such a union being then distasteful to him he obtained a dispensa-

tion, and the marriage did not take place. Left a free agent, Charles Brandon now offered his hand to Margaret Mortymer, *alias* Brandon, his first cousin once removed, and not his aunt, as Mr. Brewer calls her, since her father and Charles Brandon's grandmother were brother and sister. He was accepted, and lived with her for some time. Tired of his wife, he now anticipated the policy of his royal master and petitioned the English courts for a divorce, on the ground that his union was null and void, as Margaret and he were within the second and third degrees of affinity. His claims were allowed, and the marriage was pronounced illegal. Returning to his first love, the fickle Brandon shortly afterwards became the husband of the Ann Brown to whom as a boy he had been engaged and whom he had jilted. By her he had a daughter, whom he entrusted on the subsequent death of the mother to the care of Margaret of Savoy, with whom he had in years by-gone indulged in a deep flirtation. After a union of thirteen years with the ex-Queen of France, Suffolk began to entertain suspicions as to the validity of his marriage and the legitimacy of his issue. He applied to the Pope for a Bull annulling all objections which might hereafter be raised against his union. His request was granted. A Bull was executed, supplementing all defects and omissions in the English ecclesiastical courts, and pronouncing the marriage with Mary of France valid, and the issue of the Duke both by his present wife and the late Ann Brown legitimate. At the same time measures were taken to provide against the divorced Ann Mortymer attempting to establish her claims, by the insertion of a special clause subjecting any who should seek to invalidate this decree to ecclesiastical censures. The Bull is dated Orvieto, May 12, 1528.

After their union the names of Mary and Suffolk cease to come prominently before the public. We read of them occasionally being present at some court banquet or other festivity, but their time was chiefly spent in happy seclusion at their country seat in Suffolk. Their marriage was blessed with three children—Henry, so named from his godfather, Henry VIII., who died unmarried; Frances, the mother of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey; and Eleanor, who married Henry, Earl of Cumberland. After a union of nearly eighteen years, Mary passed away, after a short illness, June 26, 1533. She was buried with all pomp in the abbey

church of St. Edmondsbury. On the dissolution of the monasteries the abbey was condemned, and the remains of the Queen-Duchess were removed to St. Mary's church in the same town and placed beneath the altar. A small tablet commemorates the fact :—

'Sacred to the Memory of Mary Tudor, third daughter of Henry VII. of England, and Queen of France : who was married in 1514 to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. She died in his lifetime, 1533, at the manor of Westhorpe in this county : and was interred in the same year in the monastery of St. Edmondsbury : and was removed into this church after the dissolution of the Abbey.'

THE SWEATING SICKNESS.

He who cures a disease may be the skilfullest, but he that prevents it is the safest physician.—THOMAS FULLER.

TOWARDS the beginning of the sixteenth century a terrible malady made its first appearance within our island, causing the greatest danger to life wherever its pestilential breath infected the multitude. The origin of the evil was supposed to be wrapped in mystery; the disease was looked upon as one of those visitations which have so often been attributed to an offended Providence instead of to the true causes of their existence—the ignorance and negligence of a people as to the first principles of sanitary science. Illumined by the light of modern teaching, we can entertain but little doubt that the dreaded sweating sickness—the *Sudor Anglicus*—which created such havoc throughout England in the reigns of Henry VIII. and his son, was entirely due to the almost Eastern condition of things then apparent in our system of drainage and ventilation. The houses, even of the great, harboured filth and dirt which were allowed to remain unremoved, and thus to exhale their noxious gases in fatal freedom. The narrow streets were the receptacles for all garbage, whilst open sewers on either side slowly rolled their contents towards a polluted river. Pure water for drinking purposes was scarcely to be had; the brewers monopolised the springs for their trade, whilst the conduits, which even a century before the accession of bluff King Hal had been insufficient for the wants of the people, now simply mocked the requirements of the town. Meat was cheap, and the English were notorious for their robust appetites. It is not, therefore, surprising that men breathing in their own homes and out of doors a fetid atmosphere, with their blood heated by heavy consumptions of animal food, should fall easy victims to a pestilence which their own offensive habits

had helped to engender and encourage. The subject did not escape the notice of one of the keenest observers of his day.

'I am frequently astonished and grieved (writes Erasmus to Wolsey's physician) to think how it is that England has been now for so many years troubled by a continual pestilence, especially by a deadly sweat, which appears in a great measure to be peculiar to your country. I have read how a city was once delivered from a plague by a change in the houses, made at the suggestion of a philosopher. I am inclined to think that this also must be the deliverance for England. First of all, Englishmen never consider the aspect of their doors or windows; next, their chambers are built in such a way as to admit of no ventilation. Then a great part of the walls of the house is occupied with glass casements, which admit light but exclude the air, and yet they let in the draught through holes and corners, which is often pestilential and stagnates there. The floors are in general laid with white clay, and are covered with rushes, occasionally removed, but so imperfectly that the bottom layer is left undisturbed, sometimes for twenty years, harbouring expectorations, vomitings, ale-droppings, scraps of fish, and other abominations not fit to be mentioned. Whenever the weather changes a vapour is exhaled which I consider very detrimental to health. . . . I am confident the island would be much more salubrious if the use of rushes were abandoned, and if the rooms were built in such a way as to be exposed to the sky on two or three sides, and all the windows so built as to be opened or closed at once, and so completely closed as not to admit the foul air through chinks; for, as it is beneficial to health to admit the air, so it is equally beneficial at times to exclude it. The common people laugh at you if you complain of a cloudy or foggy day. Thirty years ago, if ever I entered a room which had not been occupied for some months, I was sure to take a fever. More moderation in diet, and especially in the use of salt meats, might be of service; more particularly were public ædiles appointed to see the streets cleaned and the suburbs kept in better order.'

The sweating sickness made its first appearance in England a few days before the battle of Bosworth.

'In the year of our Lord 1485 (writes a Dr. Caius, a Welsh physician, who had made the disease his special study), shortly after the seventh day of August, at which time King

Henry VII. arrived at Milford, in Wales, out of France, and in the first year of his reign, there chanced a disease among the people, lasting the rest of that month and all September, which for the sudden sharpness and unwont cruelness passed the pestilence. For this commonly giveth in four, often seven, sometime nine, sometime eleven, and sometime fourteen days, respite to whom it vexeth. But that immediately killed some in opening their windows, some in playing with children in their street doors; some in one hour, many in two, it destroyed; and, at the longest, to them that merrily dined it gave a sorrowful supper. As it found them, so it took them: some in sleep, some in wake, some in mirth, some in care, some fasting and some full, some busy and some idle; and in one house sometime three, sometime five, sometime more, sometime all; of the which if the half in every town escaped, it was thought great favour. This disease, because it most did stand in sweating from the beginning until the ending, was called *The Sweating Sickness*; and because it first began in England, it was named in other countries "The English Sweat."'

In the summers of 1506, 1517, and 1528 this curious epidemic reappeared, and it again broke out at Shrewsbury, where it raged from April to September, 1551, spreading afterwards throughout the whole kingdom. We read that in 1619 great dread of its return prevailed, but happily the fears of the country proved groundless.

One of the strange features of this disease was its partiality for Englishmen. Wherever Englishmen congregated, there it attacked them, 'following them, as the shadow does the body, in all countries, albeit not at all times.' In Calais, Antwerp, and Brabant it generally singled out the English residents and visitors, whilst the native population escaped unaffected. The chief victims were the robust and the powerful, whose sound digestions permitted them to indulge in the pleasures of the table; 'thin-dieted' men it rarely attacked. The illness began with a fever, followed by severe internal struggles, which caused a profuse perspiration to break out. If the constitution proved strong enough to expel the poison, the sufferer escaped. One of the chief results of the malady was to cause such an utter prostration of the nervous system that the patient often yielded without a struggle; 'seeing how it began fearfully to invade them, furiously handle them, speedily oppress them, unmercifully

choke them, and that in no small numbers; and such persons so notably noble in birth, goodly conditions, grave sobriety, singular wisdom, and great learning.'

The State Papers of the reign of Henry VIII. are full of allusions to the epidemic. When it first appeared every precaution was taken to cut off infection. The inhabitants of houses in which the disease had broken out were ordered to keep within doors, to hang out wisps of straw, and when convalescent to carry white rods. The peers and richer gentry put down their establishments, and hastened, as best they could, to isolate themselves from their neighbour. 'Tell your master,' said Wolsey to the chaplain of the Earl of Shrewsbury, 'to get him into clean air, and divide his household in sundry places.' Fairs were put down; the country, panic-stricken, was indifferent to amusements; and business was in a great measure at a standstill. No one knew whether his own turn might be the next. The palace was no more exempt than the cottage. A man was in perfect health one moment, the next he felt a little feverish, and in a few hours he was dead. An open window, accidental contact in the streets, a beggar asking for alms, might disseminate the infection, and a whole family be laid low by the terrible visitor. Where the sickness once appeared men preferred to take refuge in flight; and the traveller, as he passed through England, often entered a village in which every house was deserted. The rapidity with which the hale and hearty were struck down added all the more to the reign of terror that then prevailed. Ammonius, the Latin secretary, the friend of Erasmus, was dining one day with an acquaintance; they had arranged to meet on the morrow and ride to Merton to escape the infection. The next morning, before his friend had time to get out of bed and dress himself, a messenger arrived to announce the death of Ammonius. He had been carried off in eight hours.[1]

'This sweat (writes Du Bellay, the French Ambassador to Montmorency), which has made its appearance within these four days, is a most perilous disease. One has a little pain in the head and heart; suddenly a sweat breaks out, and a doctor is useless; for whether you wrap yourself up much or little, in four hours, and sometimes in two or three,

[1] *State Papers*, Henry VIII. Vol. 1515–1518. Preface. Rev. J. S. Brewer.

you are despatched without languishing, as in those troublesome fevers. However, only about two thousand have caught it in London. Yesterday we saw them as thick as flies rushing from the streets and shops into their houses, to take the sweat, whenever they felt ill. I found the Ambassador of Milan leaving his lodgings in great haste because two or three had been suddenly attacked. In London, I assure you, the priests have a better time of it than the doctors, except that the latter do not help to bury. If the thing goes on corn will soon be cheap. . . . The King keeps moving about for fear of the plague. . . . Of 40,000 attacked in London, only 2,000 are dead, but if a man only put his hand out of bed during twenty-four hours it becomes as stiff as a pane of glass.'

Various remedies were employed, and it may amuse modern pharmacy to study a few of the prescriptions then made out to check the ravages of the pestilence. 'Take endive,' says one, 'sowthistle, marygold, m'oney, and nightshade, three handfuls of all, and seethe them in conduit water from a quart to a pint, then strain it in a fair vessel, then delay it with a little sugar to put away the tartness, and then drink it when the sweat taketh you, and keep you warm; and by the grace of God ye shall be whole.'

'My Lord (writes Lady Whethyll to Lord Darcy), in my best manner I recommend me unto your Lordship, and very sorry I am of your great heaviness. My Lord, the cause of my writing to you at this time is to advertise your Lordship of a proved medicine; that is, to take treacle and vinegar and temper them together, and put thereto some running water to allay the vinegar with, and take three or four good spoonfuls fasting, you and all yours, four or five mornings, and fast an hour after it; and by the grace of God ye shall find it shall do great good; and then, my good Lord, I beseech our Lord to preserve you and all yours, and send you as good health as I woll myself. This medicine have I proved myself.'

Herbs of all kinds—rue, wormwood, sage, balm, rosemary, dragons, burnet, sorrel, elecampane, pimpernel, &c.—enter largely into the prescriptions; as do crushed eggs, treacle, vinegar, and 'unicorns' horn,' 'if it be possible to be gotten.' Nor were the prayers of the Church to be omitted:

'Another very true medicine is to say every day, at seven parts of your body, 7 Paternosters and 7 Ave Marias,

with 1 Credo at the last. Ye shall begyn at the ryght syde, under the ryght ere, saying the *Paternoster qui es in cœlis sanctificetur nomen tuum*, with a cross made there with your thumb, and so say the Paternoster full complete, and 1 Ave Maria, and then under the left ear, and then under the left armhole, and then under the left thigh-hole, and then the last at the heart, with 1 Paternoster, Ave Maria, with 1 Credo; and these thus said daily, with the grace of God is there no manner drede hym.'

To avoid falling victims to the sickness, all persons were enjoined 'to keep fro outrage and excess in meat and eke drink, ne use no baths, ne sweat not too much, for all these openeth the pores of the body and maketh the venomous airs to enter, and destroyeth the lively spirit in man and enfeebleth the body.' The diet was to be very simple. 'They should not eat much flesh, but chickens sodden with water, or fresh fish roasted to eat with vinegar. Pottage of almonds is good, and for drink tysan, or in the heat small ale. If they wish wine, give them vinegar and water; white wine is better than red.' [1]

When the epidemic was at its height, all remedies and precautions seemed useless to arrest its progress. It spread through the little villages as well as through the large towns. The noble in his secluded mansion was as liable to infection as the most miserable pauper. Ladies in waiting and pages of the Household fell victims to the sickness whilst in the performance of their duties at the palace. Some of the foreign ambassadors, who had attributed the disease entirely to English over-feeding and English timidity, were seized with the terrible fever, and on partial recovery hastened to quit the infected kingdom. The health of Wolsey was permanently undermined from four severe attacks. The Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Dorset, and young Lord Grey, were not permitted to escape the contagion. The King, like many men whose courage is undoubted, was terribly concerned about his own health; he would die like the bravest on the field of battle, but to perish ingloriously from an infectious illness was an end which made him as fearful as the most craven. He shifted his Court from Richmond to Reading, then from Reading to Abingdon, then to Woodstock, or Wallingford, or Farnham, according as the sickness

[1] *A Book of Receipts*, Additional MSS., British Museum, *State Papers*, Henry VIII. Vol. 1515–1518.

dogged his steps. The peers and members of Council hastily quitted London, and left the State to take care of itself. One man, however, remained true to his post. In spite of failing health and repeated attacks, Wolsey continued to attend diligently to his duties as chief minister and Lord Chancellor. Henry, safe in the seclusion of Woodstock, praised the Cardinal for his wisdom and diligence, and vowed that 'there was no man living who pondered more the surety of the Royal person and the commonwealth of the realm,' but at the same time he begged him to repair to Woodstock; 'for here is clear air,' writes the Court physician to his Eminence, 'which his Grace thinketh you will like very well.'

'Myne awne good Cardinall (addresses the King to him in his own hand), I recomande me unto yow with all my hart, and thanke yow for the grette payne and labour that yow do dayly take in my bysynes and maters, desyryng yow (that wen yow have well establysshyd them) to take summe pastyme and comfort, to the intente yow may the lenger endure to serve us; for allways payne can nott be induryd. Surly yow have so substancyally orderyd oure matters bothe off thys syde the see and byonde, that in myne oppynion lityll or no thyng can be addyd. . . . The Quene my wyff hathe desyrd me to make har most harty recommendations to yow, as to hym that she lovethe very well, and bothe she and I wolde knowe fayne when yow wyll repayer to us. No more to yow at thys tyme, but that wyth God's helpe I trust we shall dysapoynte our enymys off theyre intendyd purpose. Wryttyn with the hand off your lovyng Master,

'HENRY R.'

But there was one who had fallen a victim to the sickness, in whom Henry felt a far keener interest. The great beauty of the Court, whose wondrous grey eyes were then playing such havoc in the too susceptible heart of the monarch, had been suddenly seized with the malady, and was now lying ill of fever. When the news reached Woodstock that the incomparable Anne Boleyn had not been spared by the epidemic, but was now in a critical condition, the grief of the royal lover was intense. Henry could not have been more concerned if he himself had been the victim.

'There came to me' (he writes to her in one of his love-

letters preserved among the State Papers—he wrote to her sometimes in French and sometimes in English), 'there came to me in the night the most afflicting news possible. I have to grieve for three causes: first, to hear of my mistress' sickness, whose health I desire as my own, and would willingly bear the half of yours to cure you. Secondly, because I fear to suffer yet longer that absence which has already caused me so much pain. God deliver me from such an importunate rebel! Thirdly, because the physician I trust most is at present absent, when he could do me the greatest pleasure. However, in his absence I send you the second: I beseech you to be governed by his advice, and then I shall hope soon to see you again.'

A few days later he continues the correspondence:—

'My doubts of your health have disturbed and troubled me extremely, and I should scarcely have had any quiet had I not received some news of you. But as you have felt nothing of it hitherto, I hope you are as well as we are. . . . I think if you would retire from the Surrey side, as we did, you would escape all danger. There is another thing for your comfort, that few or no women have suffered from it: what is more, none of our Court, and few elsewhere, have died of it. [A more unblushing falsehood royal lips never uttered!] Wherefore I beg of you, my entirely beloved, to put away fear and not be too uneasy at our absence; for wherever I am I am yours. . . . I hope for your speedy return. No more for the present, for lack of time, except that I wish you in my arms, to banish your unreasonable thoughts.'

And then he signs himself 'Ma H. R. AIMABLE.'

Seldom a day was allowed to pass without the fair invalid receiving a letter or gift from her 'H. R. *aimable*.' 'The cause of my writing at this time, good sweetheart,' he writes to her on one occasion, when she was rapidly becoming convalescent, 'is only to understand of your good health and prosperity. . . . And seeing my darling is absent, I can no less do than send her some flesh representing my name, which is hart's flesh for Harry, prognosticating that hereafter you must enjoy some of mine. . . . No more to you at this time, mine own darling, but that awhile I would we were together of an evening.' As the correspondence proceeds, and absence causes the heart to grow the fonder, Henry becomes more and more enamoured. From the respectful address of 'mistress,' or 'mistress and friend,' he

deepens into 'mine own sweetheart,' 'darling,' 'mine own darling,' and other expressions of endearment, somewhat too plain and glowing for these civilised days. Would it not have been better for the unhappy woman had she never risen from that bed of sickness to share the dazzling glories of a throne and to trust to the fickle fondness of her 'H. R. *aimable*'?

It has been computed that during the five visitations of the Sweating Sickness over thirty thousand persons were enrolled amongst its victims.

A HOLY MISSION.

The holy Legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.—*King John.*

Among those exiles who during the turbulent days of the Reformation found a home in the Eternal City, none occupied a more conspicuous position than Reginald Pole. On his father's side descended from Cadwallader, the last of the British kings, there ran in his veins the proud blood of the Plantagenets from his mother, the ill-fated Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, the daughter of George, Duke of Clarence; thus by birth he was one of the most illustrious of the English subjects of his time. From his youth he had been a severe student, with the intellectual tastes of his class; and there had proceeded from his pen works which had made his name honoured amongst the men of letters on the Continent. In a dissolute age, scandal could find no fault in him; destined for the Church, his life was pure, and had been throughout consistent with the sacred calling to which he was to belong. Educated at Oxford, and afterwards at Padua, he had thrown his whole soul into the cause not so much of Catholicism as of the Papacy. He was broad and tolerant in interpreting certain of the doctrines of the Church of Rome—indeed, he had even been accused of heresy—but he permitted no discussion as to the position and authority of the Pope. He was a Papist first and a Catholic afterwards. Sovereigns who adhered to the creed of Rome, but refused to admit the authority of the Vicegerent of Christ within their dominions, were deemed by him as outside the pale of the faith, and fit only for the curses of excommunication.

As an Ultramontane and an Englishman, Reginald Pole had specially interested himself in the affairs of his country. To the Reformation he had no reason to be grateful. He

had opposed the divorce of Henry VIII., had written a bitter treatise against it, and had been branded as a traitor, and a price set upon his head. His mother and brother had been imprisoned in the Tower, and had ended their days on the scaffold. He saw England, the country of his birth, declaring, through her Convocation and her Parliament, that a Catholic king, within his own dominions, was independent of the Papal power, and supreme over all causes and persons ecclesiastical and civil. His cherished tenet had been discarded by his countrymen, and the consequences that such repudiation entailed had not been slow to assert themselves. He saw England placed under the ban of excommunication, and the Catholic religion cast down from its lofty pre-eminence; for Englishmen refused to profess a creed which forced them to acknowledge as Head of the Church a vindictive and brutal sensualist. He saw Protestantism and Atheism walking hand in hand over the ruins of the one true faith; he saw the monasteries and nunneries emptied of their inmates, and their wealth and lands seized by the State; he saw the poor wandering about, ignorant where to turn for relief, not knowing what to believe, and ending by swelling the ranks of the seditious and disaffected. On all sides, plunder, debauchery, and treachery were laying low proud England, and making her a byword and reproach wherever her name was mentioned. 'The shadows cast by the Reformation are already darkening the land,' exclaimed the enthusiastic Ultramontane.

So thought Pole, as he lived amongst his Italian friends and discussed the future of his country. His devotion to the cause of the Papacy had not gone unrewarded. He had been raised to the dignity of a cardinal; he had been employed on various important political missions; he had played an important part at councils and theological meetings; he had even been a candidate for the tiara. Yet, though for years he had never seen the shores of his country; though his friends were Italian cardinals and prelates; though he held office under a foreign power—he never forgot that he was an Englishman, and that the land of his birth had the first claim upon his devotion and sympathy. 'There is not a better English heart,' wrote Sir John Masone, our ambassador at Brussels, to Queen Mary shortly after her accession,[1] 'within the realm than Cardinal Pole's;

[1] *State Papers, Foreign*, May 5, 1554; edited by W. B. Turnbull.

and if things were as he wishes, her Majesty would govern in a blessed estate. He always praises ripe, temperate, and modest proceedings. I wish to God the whole realm knew him as the Bishop of Norwich and I do, and had that opinion of him as in effect all states of Christendom have.' As the prayer of St. Paul was that all Israel might be saved, so the chief petition in all Pole's devotions was that excommunicated England might be restored to the unity of the Roman Church and repent her of her past transgressions. The one fixed object of his life was, that through his instrumentality this union might be effected. He kept himself in constant communication with the leaders of the English Catholic party, he embraced every opportunity of stemming the tide of English Protestantism, and he showed by his polemical treatises, his sermons, and his prayers, that he had, above all things, the spiritual welfare of his country sincerely at heart.

At the accession of Edward the Sixth the hopes of the Cardinal had run high. The King was young, his opinions were not formed, he was free from the prejudices of his father —why should he not return to the fold and stamp out the heresy from his kingdom before it had taken fixed root? The Cardinal wrote to the Privy Council. He had suffered much, he said, during the last reign, but he bore no malice; he forgot and forgave the past. The Supreme Pontiff had always looked upon England with a fatherly eye, and to prove this affection his Holiness was now willing to send a Legate with full powers to reconcile Edward VI. to Rome. Willingly would he, said Pole, if wished, accept the holy office. No notice was, however, taken by the members of the Council of this letter; but so hostile were they to its contents, that the bearer of it had to fly for his life. Nothing discouraged, Pol now wrote to the young King; but with no better success. Edward had been educated in hatred of that Church which had excommunicated his father, and was staunchly in favour of the new rel gion; the rejection of the Papal authority suited the stout feelings of English independence; whilst the lords and gentry who had been enriched by the spoliation of the monasteries had no intention of re-establishing the old religion, and thus being compelled to disgorge their illicit wealth. It was evident to Pole that it was now idle to force measures; he must bide his time and study a more favourable opportunity. The young King was

sickly, and it might be that within a few years, before he had time or health to provide a successor to the throne, he would quit the world and leave the kingdom to his sister Mary, whose devotion to the Holy See none could doubt. The Cardinal withdrew himself from public affairs, and retired to the convent of Magguzzano, on the banks of the Lago di Guarda. Here for the next few years he studied, wrote, and said masses for the conversion of heretic England, only varying his seclusion by occasional visits to his friend Julius the Third, who then wore the tiara.

Then the event occurred for which Pole had so long hoped. Edward the Sixth, who soon after his accession had given his subjects no expectations of a long reign, had, after a lingering illness, been gathered to his fathers. Mary, though hindered for a time by the intrigues of Northumberland in favour of Lady Jane Grey, claimed the crown, and was welcomed by the people. When the news of the accession of his cousin reached Pole in the solitude of his monastery, his joy was unbounded. At last the dream of his life was to be realised! England was to return to the faith of her ancestors, and the blessing of the Holy Father was once more to illumine the land; the cold maimed rites of Protestantism were to give way to the splendid ceremonial of the one true Church; processions, with their banners, incense, and white-robed priests, were again to walk the streets with the Host held on high for adoration; monasteries and nunneries once more were to spring up from the ruins that now strewed the ground; the poor would now know where to seek for shelter and relief; the priests were to be really the ordained servants of the altar, and no self-elected intruders; England was again to be Catholic and Popish! The enthusiastic Cardinal already saw himself the ambassador of Rome, blessing his countrymen and receiving their homage.

He at once penned an epistle to the Pope informing him of the good news. 'I cannot delay congratulating your Holiness,' he wrote;[1] 'the nature of the event appearing to me such, that since many years nothing has occurred in Christendom on which one could more reasonably congratulate any Christian mind, and especially that of your Holiness, this being a manifest victory of God over the long-cogitated

[1] *State Papers relating to English affairs existing in the Archives of Venice.* Edited by Rawdon Brown. August 7, 1553. The letters of Pole in these volumes are of great importance.

malice of man corroborated by such great forces and means for the attainment of his perverse ends. And God of His goodness, to render His proceedings more illustrious, has chosen to annihilate in one moment all these long-cherished projects by means of a woman, who for so many years has suffered contrary to all justice, being in a state of oppression shortly before this took place, and who is now victorious and called to the throne; thus affording reasonable hopes that together with her there will be called to reign in that island justice, piety, and the true religion, which have hitherto been utterly crushed, and that the kingdom will return to its obedience in like manner as its alienation was the commencement and cause of its utter ruin.'

Pole was summoned to Rome. His birth, his devotion to the cause of Katherine of Aragon, his talents, his loyalty to the Holy See, all pointed him out as the one man to watch over the spiritual interests of England. He was appointed Legate from the Apostolic See, with full powers to effect a reconciliation between Rome and the heretic island. He wrote to Mary. He blessed the 'right hand of the Lord' for having placed so faithful a daughter of the Church upon the throne. Her accession without bloodshed only proved how powerfully she was protected by the Almighty, and how the Holy Spirit had willed that the malice of her enemies should be defeated. Therefore, having received such especial favour from the Divine goodness, she was more than ordinarily bound, he said, to see that her kingdom returned to its former obedience to the Apostolic See, and that the true religion of the Apostolic Church were fully restored. For in this point of obedience to the Church, warned Pole, consisted the establishment of her crown and the entire welfare of her kingdom. He then informed her that he had been appointed Legate, to congratulate her 'on the victory of God in this cause.' He had always been conscious, he wrote, of 'her gratitude towards God and the internal affection of her heart for obedience to the Divine laws and institutions, including the obedience to the Apostolic See which Her Highness, above all others, is bound to favour, as for no other cause did the King her father renounce it, than because the Roman Pontiff persevered in favouring her cause and would never consent to his strange and iniquitous desire.' He concluded by wishing to hear from her 'the time and mode which she would wish him to observe in performing the embassy to her from the Vicar

of the Lord, for her own comfort and the benefit of the realm.'[1]

A few days later he wrote to her again on the subject, stating especially how anxious he was to see the Queen 'render the title of the primacy of the Church on earth to whom the Supreme Head both of heaven and earth has given it. . . . Of how great importance and moment this is, both for England and the Church of God, your Majesty, without the perusal of books which treat this matter, may read, I say, in the much clearer testimony of the blood of those who you knew were considered the first in the kingdom for their fame of true doctrine and religion.'[2] His anxiety that England before all things should swear fealty to the Pope, and remove the scandal of a woman having to sign herself as 'Head of the Church,' was grievous in the extreme. Stephen Gardyner, the Bishop of Winchester, had been released from his prison in the Tower, and was now on the Council. Pole wrote to him to advise the Queen aright in this momentous matter. No greater opportunity, hinted the Cardinal, could be offered the liberated prelate for serving his God and his country, than for him now to use all his energies to restore to the Roman Church her just title of supremacy, and to do so regardless of any worldly consideration. Until His Holiness was considered as Head of the Church in England all else was idle.[3] Yet it was not until early in the year 1555 that Pole's prayer was answered and the Act of the Royal Supremacy repealed.

The truth was, that, desirous as Mary proved herself to be to restore wholly and fully the Catholic faith, she was now completely in the hands of her advisers, and had to act with much caution. She ruled a people who were divided in their sympathies; who were divided between Protestantism and Catholicism, between the daughter of Katherine of Aragon and the daughter of Anne Boleyn. It was true that Mary was on the throne, but her position was insecure, and she was surrounded by enemies. To offend her subjects at the very outset of her reign by any act which would arouse their national or religious prejudices

[1] *State Papers relating to English affairs existing in the Archives of Venice.* August 13, 1553.
[2] *Ibid.* August 27, 1553.
[3] *Ibid.* August 28, 1553.

would be most injudicious. She was therefore counselled to proceed warily, and at this time she was in a mood to accept advice.

Meanwhile Pole had quitted his retreat on the banks of the Lago di Guarda, and was on his way to his destination. 'If the moment has not yet come,' he wrote to one of his Italian friends,[1] 'for me to go straight to England, yet is the time mature for me to be in the neighbourhood, to enable me to assist the Queen's good intention.' His first resting-place was at Trent, where he was received 'most lovingly and with every sort of courtesy.' Here a letter awaited him from Mary. It was addressed to her 'good cousin and most blessed Father in Christ.' The Queen expressed her thanks to the Cardinal for the counsel contained in his letters: 'For which advice,' she wrote,[2] 'even were you not joined to me by nature as you are, I would nevertheless be bound to return you most cordial acknowledgments, assuring you that—through the assistance of the grace of God, to whom I feel very much bound to render the most humble thanks for this—I never was, and hope of His mercy I never shall be, opposed to your good and spiritual exhortation as contained in your letters.' Yet Mary hinted there were difficulties in the way of following the Cardinal's advice. Most desirous was she to show her obedience and due devotion towards the Church of Christ and her spiritual mother the Catholic and Apostolic Church. still was she unable at present, by any fitting means, to manifest the whole intent of her heart in this matter. 'But so soon,' she continued, 'as it shall be in my power, by any suitable and possible mode, to declare to the world my due and sincere intention, I will not fail in announcing this to my good cousin.' Having full trust in the miraculous mercy of God, she felt sure, she said, that the present Parliament would abolish 'all those statutes which have been the cause of all England's afflictions;' and when that time arrived, she would then apply to the Pope for a general pardon. She concluded by praying Pole to beg his Holiness to continue his multiplied goodness towards her, and ever to prove her friend.

From Trent the Cardinal proceeded on his way towards Augsburg; and, on nearing that town, was induced by its

[1] *State Papers relating to English affairs existing in the Archives of Venice.* September 8, 1553.
[2] *Ibid.* October 8, 1553.

Bishop to stay at the monastery of Dillingen, on the banks of the Danube. Here he remained a few days; but anxious to have an interview with the Emperor Charles the Fifth, the cousin of Mary, who, he heard, was then at Brussels, he started off somewhat hurriedly to Flanders. He had not travelled many miles, when he was met by Don Juan de Mendoza, the imperial minister, accompanied by a splendid retinue. The Emperor had several reasons why it was inexpedient for Pole to visit England at the present time. The Spanish match was under discussion, and Charles was most anxious that the English people should not be unnecessarily irritated until the marriage had taken place. The question of the revival of the Catholic religion had caused the position of the Princess Elizabeth to become very formidable. Mary was not popular. The people, hating the Spaniards and the authority of the Pope, were ready at the slightest provocation to break out into revolt. The arrival of Pole in the capacity of Legate, whilst this feeling was uppermost, could only result in evil—the marriage between Philip and Mary would be broken off by the angry English, and the nation strengthened in its Atheism and its Protestantism. Such were the reasons which the imperial ambassador at the court of Mary had given to his master for the deferring of Pole's mission, and Charles determined to act upon them. The Emperor cared very little whether England was Catholic or not; but he cared very much whether she was to be his ally or the opposite in his war against France. Mendoza was therefore at once despatched to stay the progress of the Cardinal. The envoy greeted Pole with every homage that courtesy could inspire, and then delivered his orders. It was the wish both of the Emperor and of the Queen of England, he said, that the Legate should not proceed farther on his journey. The time was not meet either to propound proposals of peace between the Empire and France, or to assert the authority of the Papacy in England. Important matters had to be first settled before the mission of his Grace could be entered upon. The Spanish marriage must have taken place, and England assured, before she did homage to the Holy See, that the Pope would not interfere with the secularisation of Church property. At present the opportunity was not fitting, and it was the request of his Imperial Majesty that the Legate should return to Dillingen until the hour was more propitious for the object his Grace

had at heart. With these views Pole far from agreed. Aware, however, that without the assistance of the Emperor his mission would be futile, he felt he had no alternative but to retrace his steps to the convent, and await the 'fitting opportunity.'[1]

Still, he had no intention of tamely submitting to this rebuff. He was an Englishman, and he believed he knew better than any foreign potentate what was the best course to pursue to gain the hearts of his countrymen. Full of zeal, intent upon one end, and listening only to the opinions of the English Catholics, he felt assured that he had but to land at Dover and hold on high his Legate's cross for the people to flock around him and repudiate their heresy. He believed that England was still the England of the days when he was an undergraduate at Magdalen and preparing for the Church. He was ignorant of the liberalism that during the interval of his exile had impregnated all classes, making the power and pretensions of the Papacy to stink in the nostrils of Protestant and infidel England. His pen was always his great solace, and now he wrote to the Emperor. The more he considered this stoppage, he said, the less did it seem to him in accordance with the honour of the Apostolic See and with the obligation of Queen Mary to God and to her own advantage. To delay the obedience of England to the Church was most unwise. The principal foundation of Mary's right to the crown rested on the legitimacy of her mother's marriage, which depended on the Papal dispensation. Hence, by abrogating the authority of the Pope, the right of the Queen to the English throne was in like manner abrogated, and by deferring the establishment of the Papal authority the establishment of Mary's right of succession was also deferred. It therefore seemed that the 'maturity of the time' depended entirely on the arrival of the Papal Legate in England to confirm the Queen's claim to the crown. He therefore begged his Imperial Majesty to find means for speedily removing any impediment to this journey, so that he, Pole, might come to Brussels forthwith to fulfil his legatine office 'for the preservation of peace and the unity of the Church, to the honour of God, the general benefit of Christendom, the

[1] *State Papers relating to English affairs existing in the Archives of Venice.* Pole to the Pope. October 27, 1553.

personal advantage of the Queen of England, and the increase of the honour of the Emperor.'[1]

To Mary he wrote in a more imperative strain. It ill became her, he lectured, to dissemble this cause of the union and obedience of the Church and to hide the light that Christ had given her to illumine the whole kingdom under a bushel for dread of turmoil. He who had so miraculously assisted her in the past would assuredly assist her in the future. England had thrown herself overboard from St. Peter's ship; but God and the Apostolic See had shown her the mode of escaping from the waves by re-entering the vessel. Those who remained out of the ark and were overwhelmed by the flood at the time of the Deluge never, he warned, incurred greater danger than those whose souls were now flooded by increasing cupidity and depraved opinions. Nor must her Majesty suppose herself in less danger because in her mind she had never departed from the ark or from her obedience to the Church, though she had consorted with those who plunged overboard. Before her accession such an excuse might have been accepted, but the accusation now became all the graver, since, being saved herself, she ought to save others, just as the pilot of a ship should put his hand at once to the helm, but if he delayed, hesitated, and consulted in the mean while, the crew perished, Her Majesty had received from God the spirit of counsel; let her be guided by it, and not by the mere instincts of nature. It was of far more importance for her kingdom to become the spouse of the Church than for herself to be united to the most powerful potentate. He hoped to hear from her that he was to proceed on his way.[2]

This letter had the desired result. Mary wrote to the Bishop of Norwich, her ambassador at Brussels, commissioning him to receive the Legate and to introduce him to the Emperor. She also requested him to deliver a message in her name to Pole to the effect that she hoped in the Divine goodness soon to see the Cardinal in his native land, when she should be able more freely and fully to unbosom herself to him and that his coming would give her very good comfort.[3] A few days later the Legate received a letter from

[1] *State Papers relating to English affairs existing in the Archives of Venice.* October 28, 1553.
[2] *Ibid.* December 1, 1553.
[3] *Ibid.* January 25, 1554.

the Emperor inviting him to Brussels, saying that 'the sooner he went thither the better would his Majesty be pleased.' On the receipt of this grateful intelligence Pole immediately set out on his travels. As he approached Brussels he was met by the Duke of Savoy and a vast retinue of the Flemish nobility and clergy, and conducted to his quarters within the town. The following day he had a long interview with the Emperor, but the result of the conversation was not satisfactory. The Empire was not averse to peace with France, explained Charles, but it was not content with the terms that had hitherto been proposed, 'provided means be found,' said he, 'for making a peace fair and durable. I never intend to exclude the negotiations.' And, as regarded England, Pole now saw for himself, without the convincing arguments of the Emperor, that the hour had not yet come for him to cross the narrow seas and absolve the heretic. The people had risen against the Spanish match; Wyatt, with his disaffected troops, was marching upon London; Mary was in supreme danger. For weeks Pole scanned the news with the keenest anxiety; then, to his joy, he saw that all occasion for fear was over, and that the Queen was more solidly established on the throne than ever. Wyatt had failed; sentence of death was freely passed upon the rebels; opposition had been silenced.

And now the great desire of the heart of Mary was to be accomplished. Philip, to whom she had been united by proxy some weeks before, landed at Dover, and his love-sick wife was folded in his cold and mercenary embraces. The Legate, watching the turn of events from his lodgings at Brussels, wrote to the husband congratulating him and wishing him all prosperity. He had, said Pole,[1] a double claim to be heard, being Legate from the Pope for the purpose of reconciling England to the Church, and of establishing peace between the Empire and France. This union between England and Spain encouraged him to hope for the best. The Queen, to whom the crown belonged by hereditary right, had always looked with a favourable eye upon his Spanish Majesty, admiring his endowments and prerogatives, but especially his inherited title of 'Catholic.' And she had now summoned him to be joined in the most holy bond of matrimony for the defence and maintenance of that Catholic faith

[1] *State Papers relating to English affairs existing in the Archives of Venice.* July 11, 1554.

which had been so harassed in England. At the same time, the Cardinal wrote to Mary reminding her that her kingdom was as yet outside the pale of the Church, and that she should not rest till England had made her peace with the Holy See. He was there to receive her and her subjects, let them not turn a deaf ear to the Divine summons.

Still, months sped on, and no humble request was despatched to Brussels to bid the Legate cross the sea and accept the penitent submission of the wanderers from the fold. No messenger knocked at his door, no letter came addressed to him. Pole was mortified and was waxing impatient. If Mary were sincere in her wishes, no obstacle now stood in her way. Her throne was safe, her kingdom settled, the Spanish match consummated; no State reasons could be alleged why it was advisable to delay any longer reconciliation with Rome. Pole again took up his pen and wrote to Philip. It was now a year since, he complained,[1] that he commenced knocking at Philip's gate, but as yet no one had opened its doors to him. Were the King to ask, 'Who knocks?' he would receive the reply, 'I am he who, in order not to exclude your consort from the palace of England, endured expulsion from home and country and twenty years of exile.' Were he only to say this, did it not make him seem worthy to return to his country and have access to the King? But since he was not acting in his own name, nor as a private person, he knocked and demanded in the name and person of the Vicegerent of the King of Kings and the Pastor of men, namely, the successor of Peter, or rather Peter himself, whose authority, heretofore so flourishing and vigorous in England, was now ignored and rejected. We know, he said, how the Mary of Holy Writ welcomed the apostle released by an angel from his prison when he knocked at the door, but could the same be said of Mary the Queen? Was it fear or joy that forbade her to open the door, above all, now that she had heard the voice of Peter, and knew for certain that he had been long knocking? Well did he know that the Queen rejoiced—but she also feared; had she not feared, she would not have so long delayed. If she rejoiced in Peter's release, if she acknowledged the miracle of her accession, what prevented her from giving him admittance when he came to the gate, and return-

[1] *State Papers relating to English affairs existing in the Archives of Venice.* September 21, 1554.

ing due thanks to God, 'especially now that Herod was dead' and she had inherited his whole empire?

The Cardinal therefore wrote to Philip, 'a most religious prince,' and begged him to remove the fears of his consort and to lead her in the right path. Other ambassadors, said Pole reproachfully, have had the door opened to them, while alone to the Legate it had remained closed. It was for King Philip to consider whether, being a Catholic prince and one who had inherited the title of 'Defender of the Faith,' it became him to receive all foreign ministers who approached him to offer congratulations, whilst the Legate of St. Peter's successor—that Legate, too, who had been sent to confirm his Majesty on his throne—was denied admission. Might it not be feared lest Christ should take offence at the immediate reception of the ambassadors of all other princes, whilst His own ambassador remained waiting without? The reception of Christ's Legate should have taken precedence of all; as in every building the foundation stone was entitled to the first place. The kingdom could not be secure unless based on obedience to the Church, which, when abolished, discord at once arises and the prosperity of the realm vanishes. Therefore it was imperative upon his Majesty to receive forthwith him who had been sent by God and His Vicar.

This letter brought matters to a crisis. If Pole were ever to land in England, the present moment was as opportune for the purpose as any other. A messenger was accordingly dispatched to Brussels to arrange certain details. The Legate was to pledge himself not to interfere with such Church property as had been secularised in the last two reigns; and as it was considered advisable that he should enter England, not as a Legate, but as a Prince of the Church and an Englishman, he was to comply with this decision. These points settled, Pole prepared for his journey.

Lord Paget and Sir Edward Hastings, the Master of the Horse, crossed the Channel to escort him to England. The envoys were charmed with the Cardinal. 'Whensoever he shall be in England,' they wrote to their Queen.[1] 'believe that country shall fare the better for him, for he is the man of God, full of all godliness and virtue, ready to humble himself to all fashions that may do good.' From Brussels to Calais his Eminence travelled by easy stages, 'for his weak

[1] *State Papers, Foreign,* November 13, 1554; edited by W. B. Turnbull.

body,' said Paget, 'can make no great journeys, and his estate also is to be considered.' At Calais he was received by the governor with every honour; the bells rang, the men-of-war in the harbour fired salutes, and an enthusiastic crowd cheered his name and mission in front of his lodgings. The next day, the weather being propitious, Pole crossed over to Dover, and having rested the night, took horse, escorted by a powerful cavalcade of neighbouring gentry, to Canterbury. As the Legate passed slowly along that undulating highway, trod by the feet of so many pilgrims, which leads to the famous cathedral town, not a hostile glance was levelled at him, not an irreverent remark was heard. Some looked on in silent curiosity; others knelt in the roadway and bent their heads beneath the blessing hand; from the throats of most of them rose the cry, 'God save your Grace,' for, cardinal or no, he came of the proud stock of the Plantagenets, and in those days Englishmen thought far from lightly of the names which were then historical in the land. From Canterbury Pole rode slowly on to Rochester, where he became the guest of Lord Cobham. At Gravesend was moored the Legate's barge, splendid in its trappings, and with the silver cross, which Pole had now received permission to exhibit, conspicuous at its prow. The Cardinal sailed down the Thames, the river being crowded with gaily dressed craft, and, after a voyage of three hours, landed at Whitehall Stairs, where he was received by Philip and Mary with every appearance of homage and affection. Lambeth Palace, now that Cranmer had been deposed, was assigned him as his quarters.

St. Andrew's Day had been fixed for the solemn ceremony of restoring backsliding England to the Apostolic fold. When the appointed time arrived the greatest excitement prevailed, and it was remarked that many of the lower classes who hung about Lambeth and the Palace gates were in tears. Those who spoke disparagingly of what was about to take place were in the minority, and but few dared to give open expression to adverse opinions. The tone of the people was reverent and charged with deep emotion. Parliament met in the early dusk of a November afternoon at Whitehall. On a raised dais sat the King and Queen under a canopy of cloth of gold, with the Cardinal on their right, his chair slightly in advance of the royal seat. Facing the distinguished three, crowding every inch of the great hall, were the nobles and the commons,

with such spectators as had obtained permission to attend. When silence had been restored, Gardyner, now Lord Chancellor, at the bidding of their Majesties, opened the proceedings. He read from a written paper, and his words were to the effect that England, represented by her Parliament, expressed her deep repentance for her past schism and disobedience, and implored the Apostolic See to receive her again into the bosom and unity of Christ's Church. The perusal finished, all eyes were fixed upon Pole. The moment that he had so long prayed for in his cell by the waters of the Lago di Guarda had at last arrived; the end for which he had defied sickness and fatigue had been attained; the goal of his ambition had been reached; and before him stood the once proud, rebellious England, penitent and submissive, begging grace for her misdeeds. His heart was full, and his voice trembled as he spoke a few prefatory words from his chair. England, he said, should indeed be grateful to the Almighty for bringing her to the unity of the Church and to the obedience of the See Apostolic. As in the days of the Primitive Church she had been the first to be called from heathenism to Christianity, so now she was the first of protestant peoples to whom grace had been granted to repent her of her past heresy. If heaven, he exclaimed, rejoiced over the conversion of one penitent sinner, how great must be the celestial joy over the conversion of an entire nation! Then he rose from his seat and lifted his right hand.

The moment of reconciliation had arrived; the whole audience fell on their knees and awaited in the stillest silence, broken only now and then by the smothered sob of an emotion that could not be controlled, the removal of the ban of excommunication. 'Our Lord Jesus Christ,' said the Legate in tones that filled every corner of the chamber, 'who has through His most precious blood redeemed and washed us from all our sins and iniquities, that He might purchase unto Himself a glorious spouse without spot or wrinkle, whom the Father has appointed Head over all His Church; He by His mercy absolves you, and We, by Apostolic authority given unto us by the Most Holy Lord Pope Julius the Third, His vicegerent on earth, do absolve and deliver you and every of you, with this whole realm and the dominions thereof, from all heresy and schism and from all and every judgment, censure, and pain for that cause incurred. And We do restore you again into the unity of Our Mother the

Holy Church, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' His words ended, there rose up, from the relieved yet awe-stricken congregation, 'a spontaneous and repeated shout of Amen, amen.'[1] Their Majesties now made a move, followed by their subjects, to the Palace chapel, where the organ pealed forth the jubilant strains of the *Te Deum.*

Alone in his chamber at Lambeth, with a heart full of gratitude that the great object of his life had been permitted to be realised, Pole took up his pen to inform his master of the success of his 'Holy Mission.'[2] He described in detail the chief features of the ceremony. 'It took place,' he said, 'in full Parliament, in the presence of the sovereigns, with such universal consent and applause, that when at the close I gave absolution by blessing the congregation, there was a spontaneous and repeated shout of "Amen, amen."' He bestowed exuberant praise upon Philip and Mary. Philip, though the husband and therefore the head of the spouse, yet treated his wife with such deference as to appear her son, 'thus giving promise of the best result.' As for Mary, 'she has spiritually generated England before giving birth to that heir of whom there is very great hope.' How grateful should we all be to God, to the Pope, and to the Emperor, he exclaimed, for concerting so holy a marriage!—'a marriage,' he cried, his enthusiasm clouding his common sense, and causing him to degenerate into terrible blasphemy, 'a marriage formed after the very pattern of that of Our Most High King, who, being Heir of the world, was sent down by His Father from His throne to be at once the Spouse and the Son of the Virgin Mary, and be made the Comforter and the Saviour of mankind. So in like manner the greatest of all the princes upon earth, the heir of his father's kingdom, departed from his own broad and happy realms, that he might come hither into this land of trouble, to be spouse and son of this virgin; for, though husband he be, he so bears himself towards her as if he were her son, in order that he may reconcile this nation to Christ and the Church.' Could parallel be more revolting than the comparison of Philip, cruel and licentious, with the Redeemer of mankind!

England had sworn fealty to the Pope; still, the object

[1] *State Papers relating to English affairs existing in the Archives of Venice.* Pole to the Pope. November 30, 1554.
[2] *Ibid*

of the Legate was twofold—to have the Papal supremacy acknowledged, and to stamp out the heresies that had sprung up in the English Church. A kind and amiable man in private life, Pole was severity itself where the favourite tenet of his creed was concerned. He would use all his persuasive powers to convert the heretic from his errors; but if such a one persistently refused to turn towards the light, let him at once be put away and cast into outer darkness. In the memorable Marian persecutions Cardinal Pole took a leading part. His voice was ever in favour of mercy, provided there seemed a prospect of a recantation from the heretic; but when no such hope was held out, no judge was sterner or more inflexible than the Legate. Hard and intolerant as he was on these occasions, his conduct was but the logical result of a sincere belief in his creed. Outside the pale of the Catholic Church he thought there was no salvation; to bring all within the fold was therefore the object of every true son of the Church; those who created schism and disseminated heresies were guilty of the most awful of all crimes—the eternal destruction of immortal souls. To the man who destroyed the body the penalty of death was dealt out; was he who damned the soul to be more mercifully treated? In the eyes of Pole, a heretic was the greatest enemy of God and man. 'For be you assured,' said he, when lecturing the citizens of London upon their sympathy with the Protestant martyrs, 'there is no kind of men so pernicious to the commonwealth as these heretics be; there are no thieves, no murderers, no adulterers, nor no kind of treason to be compared to theirs, who, as it were, undermining the chief foundation of all commonwealths, which is religion, maketh an entry to all kinds of vices in the most heinous manner.' The conduct of Pole during the short period he held office in England reveals the true nature of the creed of Rome where its actions are unfettered by the civil power. As a consistent Catholic, possessing the opportunity of enforcing his principles, the Legate could not, and ought not to, have acted otherwise.

On the condemnation of Cranmer, Pole was raised to the see of Canterbury. He was consecrated March 22, 1556, in Grey Friars Church, and on the following day took the oath of allegiance to the Pope. The new archbishop, attaching much importance to the receiving of the pall from Rome, declined to enter upon his duties until such article had

arrived, and thus, as it were, had expressed the full Papal approval of the appointment. His Grace had not long to wait. A few days after his consecration Pole, 'accompanied by many lords and barons, and by some of the members of the Council,' repaired to Bow Church, and there with all solemnity received the pall. On the conclusion of the ceremony he was asked by the parishioners if he would deign 'to commence by giving some spiritual food to those souls which God had committed to his charge.' The Legate at once complied with their request. There were some, doubtless, among his congregation, he said,[1] who would listen to him out of curiosity or to criticise his words, but to such he would observe that any other learned and elegant scholar might satisfy them vastly better than he was able. Still, he was sure there were also some who would listen to him for the fame of the Word of God, and these he was ready to satisfy, for never should the words of Holy Writ be applied to him: 'The young children ask bread, and no man breaketh it unto them.' Neither would he imitate those masters who, eating white bread themselves, give black and unsifted to their servants. He would give them the same as he himself ate, and this bread was nothing but the Word of God, which, received in the form and sense in which it was offered, produced miraculous effects and bore the fruit of life for him who embraced it.

After alluding to the cause of his coming into England, 'for the sake of reconciling this kingdom to God, from whom it had so miserably severed itself, like a limb from its head,' he proceeded to explain the ceremony and significance of the pall which he had just received. 'So long ago,' he said, 'as in the time of the primitive Church, when any one was consecrated as archbishop, by which consecration a power was conferred of such a nature as to be supreme after that of Christ's Vicar on earth, yet it was not lawful to exercise such power until after having received this *pallium*, which, being taken from the body of St. Peter and placed on the archbishop elect, merely signified that, as his power and authority proceeded from that body, so likewise in all his actions he was bound to render a corresponding obedience, like that of members to their head. Thus our Holy Mother Church, ever guided by the Holy Spirit, ordained this

[1] *State Papers relating to English affairs existing in the Archives of Venice.* May 3, 1556.

ceremony, lest the archbishops, having such great authority and detaching themselves from their head, they might cause much turmoil and disorder in the Church, instead of acknowledging this power as held neither of themselves, nor of others, but solely of Christ's Vicar, who is the Roman Pontiff, so that by this regulation the unity of the Church might be preserved for ever. And though in bygone times it was greatly disturbed by certain archbishops and patriarchs, it has nevertheless been seen for a notable example that those who acted thus, together with the countries committed to their government, have been by God most severely punished.'

After having delivered this lecture upon the pall, the reception of which had so often led to disputes between England and Rome, the preacher then descanted upon the charms of peace. There was only one way, he said, of obtaining true peace. It was not to be found in the science of philosophers, in the wealth of the rich, in the honours and pleasures of the great. Solomon tasted all the most exquisite delights that man in this world could enjoy, and yet at the end he said openly that everything was but vanity and vexation of spirit. True peace and felicity were only to be found in the fear of God and the execution of His holy commandments. And such peace was open to all classes to obtain, for the only things necessary were to embrace Christ our Saviour, who was our true peace, and to obey the teachings of the Church. 'The which peace,' said Pole, with tears in his eyes, 'will quiet your hearts, illumine your minds, and cause you to despise the vain and transitory affairs of this world, making you journey in the way of the Lord, possessing in yourselves the light of life eternal; and when listening to the Word of God, should you perchance ever doubt of any point, you should ask its explanation with all humility, as did the glorious Virgin, and not with a disposition to judge the Word of God as it was judged by Eve, interpreting it according to your own sense, but rather that, by knowing the will of God, you may be better enabled to execute it. And to whom will you apply for this information? Surely, to none others than to those whom God has appointed through His spouse the Church, with which it will ever remain till the end of time, namely, to your curates and ordinaries; and immediately on hearing in what sense you ought to take it conformably to the doctrine of the Holy Catholic Church, then ought you to be ready to execute what

you know to be the will of God, in like manner as did the glorious Virgin, who said, *Ecce ancilla Domini, fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum*; and do you thus make a sacrifice of your hearts to God and be ready to keep His holy commandments, and then He will come to you, and dwell with you, bringing you the true internal peace, together with the treasure of His wisdom, giving you in this world extreme happiness, and in the other, life and peace eternal; which may God grant to all for ever and ever. Amen.'

'I confess to you honestly,' wrote Marco Faitta, the Cardinal's secretary,[1] to Yppolito Chizzola, a priest of Venice —who, by the way, was accused at Rome of Lutheranism— 'and in all truth, that the greater the grace with which his Right Reverend Lordship delivered this brief sermon thus unprepared, by so much the less is that with which I have described it, omitting moreover many things which I did not write down at the moment, because I was unable to follow so rapidly as he preached.' On the conclusion of the sermon the Cardinal went to dine with the Earl of Pembroke, 'this being the first time he has eaten abroad, and the said Earl treated him very honourably.'

Legate and Archbishop, a prince of the Church and the constant adviser of the throne, Pole had obtained, of honour and dignity, almost all that the world had in its gift. He was now during the absence of King Philip virtually supreme in the kingdom. 'The Cardinal,' writes Giovanni Michiel, in his interesting report on the state of England, to the Venetian Senate,[2] 'at present is in his fifty-seventh year, and on him rest the weight and government of the kingdom, both spiritual and temporal, in both of which capacities he has certainly not disappointed, nor does he disappoint the expectation entertained of his integrity, sincerity, and great worth; so that the cause why he failed to obtain the Popedom heretofore,[3] when so nearly elected, is clearly manifested, God having reserved him for this other especial purpose, were it solely to bring back England to her obedience to the Church and to relieve the country from schism. For in truth the result procured at his hands could not have

[1] *State Papers relating to English affairs existing in the Archives of Venice.* May 3, 1556.

[2] *Ibid.* May 13, 1557. Giovanni Michiel arrived in England, as ambassador from the Republic of Venice to Queen Mary, May 22, 1554.

[3] In November and December, 1549.

been attained through those of any one else, it being the universal opinion that in the whole world no other person could be found with so many qualities as he possesses, for besides his dignity and station, his learning and goodness are infinite; and what matters much to move these people, his nobility was so great; but then, to gain the English entirely (and in this consisted everything), he was their countryman and spoke their language. In this joint pontificate and reign he therefore goes from day to day, continuing his edification with wonderful improvement, through the imitation and example afforded by his actions and his life, which all who know him know to be utterly undefiled by any sort of passion or worldly interests, as in what concerns his office he is not influenced either by the authority of princes, or by the ties of blood, of friendship, or of any other sort, being most strict with everybody and unparalleled. For these qualities therefore, in proportion as he is beloved and revered by the King and Queen and universally, so is he in secret envied and hated by some of those who rule, because they are no longer able to advance themselves by authority and favour, as they were accustomed to do formerly, having to submit and refer everything to him, so that they are compelled to act with great caution, much more so than was their wont; as otherwise a mere hint given by him to the Queen about the misconduct of any one of them, would suffice to deprive him of his authority and grade, and to have him severely punished according to his demerits. Such is the force of his testimony and the trust reposed in him. From this his so great and extraordinary authority, it may with truth be said that he is both king and prince, though he exercises it so graciously and modestly as if he were the least of them, not choosing in any way to interfere, not even in public affairs, unless in such as are especially assigned to him, referring himself for the others, and leaving them to those they concern.'

From this high estate the Cardinal was now to fall, and to take to heart, at the moment when his prosperity was the most dazzling, the words of his own recent discourse, that 'vanity of vanities, all was vanity.' Seated in the chair of St. Peter was now no longer the friendly Julius, but a pontiff who had always proved himself the bitterest enemy of the English Legate. John Peter Caraffa had been elected, solely by the influence of France, to wear the tiara as Paul IV.,

and consequently his sympathies in the political disputes of the hour were utterly and wholly on the side of France. War, in spite of the diplomatic efforts of Pole to cement a peace between the two countries, had broken out between Spain and France, and England had been gradually drawn into the struggle. The Pope hotly espoused the cause of France, and openly showed himself the foe of the Empire. He accordingly declared that it was impossible for him to be represented in a country with which he was at war, and cancelled the Cardinal's commission.

Mary was almost beside herself at this step; she was now aware of the infidelities of her husband, and of his insolent indifference towards her; she was detested by the nation on account of her bigotry; the only two consolations she possessed were her religion and the companionship of the Legate, who, during the absence of Philip, had been appointed her counsellor and adviser. And now to her awful dismay the Pope, for whom she had sacrificed her subjects' affection, had become her enemy, and the one friend she owned in her solitude was to be deprived of his chief dignity! She wrote a letter of remonstrance to the Vatican, alluding to the services she had rendered the Holy See, and stating how necessary it was in the present condition of England that a Legate with supreme authority should be on the spot to direct and control affairs; she concluded by imploring Paul to reconsider his decision, and to grant her request. Her petition was strongly supported by the Council, who spoke in the highest terms of Pole, and at the same time informed the Supreme Pontiff that the legatine authority had been immemorially attached to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Paul, softened by this pleading from those who had served him so well, replied that he would gratify the wishes of the Queen; but at the same time he resolved to wound Pole. His Holiness agreed to be represented in England by a legate, but transferred the commission from its present holder to one Peto, a Greenwich friar. 'On Monday there was Consistory,' writes the Venetian ambassador at Rome to the Doge,[1] 'in which, after the usual audiences, the Pope said that he had been inspired by the Holy Spirit to make cardinal the confessor of the Queen of England, a very old man, a barefooted friar, who had led a good life and was well-lettered.

[1] *State Papers relating to English affairs existing in the Archives of Venice.* June 15, 1557.

This promotion made by his Holiness caused great surprise to the whole college, and Cardinal Caraffa assured many cardinals, by the most stringent oaths, that until the hour when it was done he knew nothing of the Pope's will to make this friar a cardinal; but what matters more, and is considered a thing of great moment, he was given the legation of the kingdom of England, held hitherto by the right reverend and most illustrious Pole.'

On hearing this news, Sir Edward Carne, the English ambassador at Rome, demanded audience of the Pope. Paul confirmed the intelligence. He had, said his Holiness, *cfflatus Divino numine*, created friar Piero Peto cardinal, and had given him the legation of England, having the fullest confidence in his goodness and doctrine; and by so doing his Holiness hoped that he had done what was pleasing to the Queen of England and beneficial for her kingdom. Sir Edward replied that with regard to Peto personally he was willing to believe, after the character given him by his Holiness, that the friar was a learned man and a good Christian; nor would England object at having one Englishman more raised to the dignity of cardinal. But that Peto should replace Pole as Legate was a very different matter. Peto was an 'old dotard' who could not bear any fatigue, but would merely remain in his cell reciting orisons, whilst Pole was a statesman, greatly loved by the Queen and enjoying her full confidence. It was a mistake to call Peto the Queen's confessor. He had confessed her Majesty but once, when she was a mere child of seven years of age, and since then they had never met. Nor would such an appointment benefit England. His Holiness had been in that country,[1] and he knew that the people there did not esteem any one 'who was not of very noble lineage, or very wealthy or powerful through armed retainers and dependent on the crown;' hence the friar, having none of these prerogatives, no respect would be paid him. Paul, however, coldly replied that he declined to alter the appointment, as he intended to summon Pole to Rome to avail himself of the Cardinal's counsel and assistance *in rebus magnis et difficillimis*. Finding that it was useless to further discuss the matter Sir Edward took his leave, but on withdrawing begged as a personal favour to himself that a special courier might be despatched to

[1] Paul IV., as Gian Pietro Caraffa, had been nuncio in England from Leo X. from February 1514 until the spring of 1516.

London from the Vatican, with the news of the decision that the Pope had arrived at, because he, as English ambassador, dared not send such unwelcome intelligence to his sovereign. To this Paul consented.[1]

To the grief of the Supreme Pontiff, however, the cause he favoured was not successful. Spain was everywhere triumphant, and after the battle of St. Quentin, Paul thought it more prudent to sever his alliance with France and come to terms with Philip. Once more, therefore, there was peace between England and the Vatican; still the late unhappy Legate was to derive no benefit from the advantages that accrued from the pacification. The Pope refused to reinstate him in the office of Legate, though the Greenwich friar was dead, having passed away shortly after the appointment had been conferred on him. In vain Pole pleaded with his enemy. He alluded to the services he had given the Church —services such as no other legate had rendered for centuries; to the zeal which he had displayed in England; to the devotion to Rome which had been the chief feature in his career, and then in his old age, after such a faithful past, to be removed from his high office and degraded in the eyes of whole Europe! It was hard, it was cruel. 'Your Holiness,' he moaned, 'is taking my life from me!'

He spoke truly. Mortification, anxiety, and a humiliation that he knew was undeserved, were eating into his very heart and rapidly shortening his days. He had never been strong, and his sickly frame, weakened by recent ague and fever, was robbed of the vitality necessary to make a stand against the depression caused by severe disappointment and grievous injustice. He died within a few hours of the demise of his cousin and Queen.

An interesting letter giving an account of his last moments is in existence. 'I wrote to your Magnificence last week,' writes the Monsignor Priuli, the bosom friend of Pole and his confidential secretary, to his brother Messer Antonio,[2] 'that the most serene Queen's life was in danger, and also that of my Right Reverend Lord likewise, since when it has pleased God so to increase the malady of both

[1] *State Papers relating to English affairs existing in the Archives of Venice.* June 15, 1557.

[2] November 1558. I am indebted for a translation of this letter to Mr. Rawdon Brown, who kindly sent me from Venice some of his unpublished MSS. The reference to this letter is St. Mark's Library, cod. xxiv. ch. x.

one and the other, that on the 17th inst., seven hours after midnight, the Queen passed from this life, and my Right Reverend Lord followed her at seven o'clock on the evening of the same day, and each departed with such piety as might have been expected from persons who had led such lives. During their sickness they confessed themselves repeatedly and communicated most devoutly, and two days before their end they each received extreme unction, after which it seemed as if they rallied and were much comforted, according to the fruit of that holy medicine. Although two days previously it had been intimated to his Right Reverend Lordship that there was scarcely any hope of the most serene Queen's recovering from her infirmity (this being done in order that the news of her demise coming less suddenly might prove less grievous to him), nevertheless after the event it was thought well to delay its announcement until his Lordship should be more composed. Though by no means it could have been long deferred, yet in contradiction to this project one of our country people told it him, on hearing which, after remaining silent for a short while, he then said to his intimate friend, the Bishop of St. Asaph, and to me, who were present, that in the whole course of his life nothing had ever yielded him greater pleasure and contentment than the contemplation of God's providence as displayed in his own person and in that of others; and that in the course of the Queen's life and of his own he had ever remarked a great conformity, as she, like himself, had been harassed during so many years, for one and the same cause, and afterwards, when it pleased God to raise her to the throne, he had greatly participated in all her other troubles entailed by that elevation. He also alluded to their relationship, and to the great similarity of their dispositions, and to the great confidence which her Majesty demonstrated in him, saying that besides the immediate mischief which might result from her death, he could not but feel deep grief thereat; yet, by God's grace, that same faith and reliance on the Divine Providence which had ever comforted him in all his adversities greatly consoled him likewise in this so grievous a catastrophe. He uttered these words with such earnestness that it was evident they came from his very heart, and they even moved him to tears of consolation at perceiving how our Lord God, for such a wound received at such a moment, had granted a balm so valid and efficacious, and which might soothe not only himself but also

all who loved him. His Right Reverend Lordship then remained quiet and silent for about a quarter of an hour; but though his spirit was great, the blow nevertheless having entered into his flesh, brought on the paroxysm earlier and with more intense cold than he had hitherto experienced, so that he said he felt this would be his last. He therefore desired that there might be kept near him the book containing those prayers which are said for the dying. He then had vespers repeated as usual, and the complin, which part of the office yet remained for him to hear; and this was about two hours before sunset, having on this very same morning heard mass also, as was his daily custom. And, in fine, it was evident that as in health that sainted soul was ever turned to God, so likewise in this long and troublous infirmity did it continue thus until his end, which he made so placidly that he seemed to sleep rather than to die.'

It was not long before the English Catholics, who listened to the cheers which ushered in the accession of Elizabeth, were made to see that the 'Holy Mission' of Cardinal Pole had proved itself a grievous failure, and that a religion founded by force and built up by persecution is a vain and unstable thing, only requiring the terrorism that established it to be withdrawn to fall in swift ruin to the ground.

A PRINCESS OF THE PERIOD.

Gabrielle.—Mais c'est quelquefois bien ennuyeux d'être Princesse.—*Rabagas.* Act i. sc. 4.

No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope.—*The Critic.*

THERE are few remarks more treasured by biographers than that the indications of genius make themselves felt almost at the very dawn of reflection. The child, we know, is father of the man, and the subjects which strongly interest his youth often lead him on to that after study which secures fame for his ripening years. We are told that Petrarch when a boy was always beating a retreat to silent haunts in order to scribble sonnets to certain of his gentler playmates. The early days of Sir Joshua Reynolds were spent, much to his father's disapproval, in sketching the faces of the different visitors who called at the house. Opie, instead of sawing planks in the paternal carpenter's shop, received many a cuff for drawing scenes with red chalk upon the deal boards around him. Bossuet, when at school, shunned all boyish games, but dearly loved to hold forth upon any subject to any audience he could collect in the playing-fields. Milton has sung to us in memorable verse what were his aspirations as a lad :—

> When I was yet a child, no childish play
> To me was pleasing : all my mind was set
> Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
> What might be public good : myself I thought
> Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
> All righteous things.

Bacon, when scarcely out of the nursery, was so noted for thoughtful observation that Queen Elizabeth nicknamed him 'the young Lord-keeper.' Some of the finest passages of Racine were composed whilst the author was yet a pupil at Port Royal 'Before seven years of age,' writes Boccaccio,

'when as yet I had met with no stories, was without a master, and hardly knew my letters, I had a natural talent for fiction and produced some little tales.' Descartes, when a boy, was so fond of meditation that his companions used to call him 'the Philosopher.' It was remembered in after years that the designer of the Eddystone Lighthouse was always busy in his boyhood with workmen's tools and mechanical objects. West, the president of the Royal Academy, is said when quite a stripling to have cried out, 'A painter is a companion for kings.' At Eton, Walpole, who afterwards blossomed forth into the great minister of peace, had already given indications of the fame he was subsequently to acquire. 'I am most anxious to hear that Robert Walpole has spoken,' writes his tutor on the return of the young man to the House of Commons, 'for I am convinced he will be a good orator.' Indeed, the list of the promise of the child having been fulfilled by the man might be extended to almost any length.

Yet the contrary also holds equally good. How many instances have there been of a supposed dull boyhood breaking through the apparently leaden clouds which envelop it, into the brilliant sunshine of a famous manhood? The youth of Goldsmith was most unpromising, and the author of the 'Deserted Village' was wont to declare that literature had no charms for him until he had reached the age of thirty. Swift, the cleverest man of his generation, only obtained his degree with difficulty. Hume, the historian, was looked upon, when a boy, as only fit for a stool in a merchant's office. All who came in contact with Boileau, the famous poet and critic, put him down as a singularly stupid youth. 'If it pleases God to take from me any of my children,' said the father of Isaac Barrow, 'I hope it may be Isaac, as he is the least promising,'—Isaac Barrow, one of the greatest of our pulpit-orators, and whose sermons served for models to the famous Chatham! And did not the mother of Sheridan make the same blunder, and class the author of the 'School for Scandal' as the dullest and most hopeless of her sons? The youth of Byron—the greatest genius of this century—displayed no bent of his mind. 'When a boy,' he writes, 'I could never bear to read any poetry whatever without disgust and reluctance.' There is nothing in the dull 'History of Switzerland' to indicate the eloquence of thought and grandeur of style of him who wrote years afterwards the

'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' Genius, we know, 'does what it must, but talent does what it can;' still from these examples we learn the impossibility of setting any hard and fast line for the precise date when genius feels its power and gives birth to action. Its full fruit may appear almost at the dawn of manhood, or not ripen until old age.

One name, however, which Englishmen will always remember with pride, fully justified the promise it held out. In the case of the accomplished daughter of Anne Boleyn, the tree put forth its splendid blossom very shortly after the planting. The Princess Elizabeth of Hatfield, immersed in her classical studies, astonishing her frequent visitors by the extent of her erudition, and delighting the heart of her old tutor by the depth and originality of her attainments, was undoubtedly the herald of the wise, fearless Queen who gave liberty of worship to the Protestants, who freed Europe from the terror of a general submission to Spain, and who presided so skilfully over the councils directed by Cecil and Walsingham. In her case the intelligence of the child was indeed the precursor of the genius of the woman. The severe trials amid which the girlhood of the Princess had been passed, coupled with her great intellectual gifts, were the means of endowing her with a firmness of character and a practical experience which stood her in good stead when she came to wear the crown.

The daughter of a woman sentenced to death for the crime of adultery, disliked by her father and branded with the stigma of illegitimacy, the early years of Elizabeth were spent in neglect and obscurity. Her governess, Lady Margaret Brian, thus writes of the condition of the unhappy girl in whose veins ran royal blood, and who was one day to be the sovereign of a mighty people. 'She hath neither gown, nor kirtle, nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen for smocks, nor kerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor rails, nor body-stitchets, nor handkerchiefs, nor mufflers, nor biggins. All these her Grace must take. I have driven off as long as I can, but by my troth I can drive it no longer.' Motherless and worse than fatherless, the atmosphere of the Court, with its coarse jests, its open amours, and its general profligacy of tone, was no fitting home for little Bess. Hunston was assigned for her residence, and here she was brought up in fond companionship with her sister Mary. The two young girls had much in common to increase the natural affection

which they then entertained towards each other: both were the daughters of women disliked by their lord, both were out of favour with their father, both had been declared illegitimate, and both were absorbed by their studies. 'So pregnant and ingenious were either,' says Haywood, 'that they desired to look upon books as soon as the day began to break. The *horæ matutinæ* were so welcome that they seemed to prevent the night's sleeping for the entertainment of the morrow's schooling.'

And this was the mode of their 'schooling.' Their first hours were spent in prayer and other religious exercises, in reading the Old Testament and listening to some exposition on a text in the New. The rest of the morning they were instructed either in language or in some of the liberal sciences, or moral learning, or other subject 'collected out of such authors as did best conduce to the instruction of princes.' Study over, they amused themselves with lute or viol, and, wearied with that, practised their needle. 'This,' says the old chronicler, 'was the circular course of their employment: God was the centre of all their actions.' We read that Elizabeth, when six years old, presented to her brother Prince Edward 'a shirt of cambric as a New Year's gift,' and upon the same festival, a year later, 'a braser of needlework,' both of which are described as her own making.[1]

Both the young Princesses were brought up in the religion of their father. Though our eighth Henry had sanctioned the Reformation, he was a rigid Catholic, with the one exception of claiming the supremacy in things ecclesiastical, and adhered to the old creed with all the fervour of the most bigoted Papist. To use the words of a Protestant who lived in those evil days, and who did not approve of the lax views of bluff King Hal, 'though the whore of Babylon is fallen in England already, yet her trish-trash remained for the iniquities of the people. God, through the King, had cast the devil out of this realm, yet both he and we sup of the broth in which the devil was sodden.' Maintaining these views, it was not probable that the father would allow his children to profess any religion but that which he himself followed. Though holding very different opinions in after-life the one from the other, the two sisters at this period were both devout Catholics, and most diligent in all the duties taught by Rome. It was not until Elizabeth had reached

[1] *State Papers, Foreign.* Edited by Rev. J. Stevenson. Preface.

the age of fourteen, and her brother Edward had ascended the throne, that a change took place in the religious teaching of the Princess. It had been decided, by the ruling body to whom the government of the realm was entrusted, that the young King should be educated in the principles of the Reformation. Mary, firm then as she always was in her devotion to the Catholic Church, declined to cast in her lot with those of the new faith, and withdrew from the Court. Elizabeth, deeply attached to her brother, refused to be parted from him, and accordingly was allowed to enter upon the same course of moral and intellectual training as the boy-king. Subject to the instruction of the two most accomplished scholars of their time, Dr. Coxe and Sir John Cheke, Elizabeth enjoyed the education common to the sterner sex as well as that which was more especially suitable to her own. She not only could read Cicero and Aristotle with ease, but she could talk fluently in French and Italian.

At a very early age she had proved herself no mean French scholar—especially when we bear in mind that Continental languages were at that time seldom studied in England. Among the many precious books in the British Museum, there is a rare little volume entitled 'A godly medytacyon of the Christian soule concerning a love towards God and Hys Christe, compyled in Frenche by Lady Margarete, Quene of Naver, and aptely translated into Englysh by the ryght vertuouse Lady Elyzabeth, daughtir of our late Soverayne Kynge Henri the VIII.' The translation, it is said, is far from perfect; but that a girl of twelve should have been capable of doing such work at all is most commendable. Elizabeth, in a letter we have to Catherine Parr, admits that her work is 'all imperfect and incorrect,' and that having 'joined the sentences together, as well as the capacity of her simple wit and small learning could extend themselves, she knows it in many places to be rude, and nothing done as it should be.'[1]

For reasons which it seems difficult to understand, Elizabeth was, shortly after this arrangement had been entered into, removed from the companionship of her brother. Mary was residing at Newhall, in Essex, and it had been rightly held by the Council that the interviews between herself and Edward should only occasionally take place. The

[1] *State Papers, Foreign.* Edited by Rev. J. Stevenson. Preface *See* also Hearne's *Sylloge*, 162.

boy King was being educated in the rigid principles of Calvinism, and it was deemed unwise that those principles should in any way be shaken or interfered with by the Catholic arguments of the bigoted Mary. Already the influences of the elder sister had been noticed as dangerous to the Protestantism of Edward. 'When the Lady Mary, her sister,' writes the Countess of Feria,[1] 'who ever kept her house in very Catholic manner and order, came to visit the King, her brother, he took special content in her company (I have heard it from an eye-witness), would ask her many questions, promise her secrecy, carrying her that respect and reverence as if she had been his mother; and she again, in her discretion, advised him in something that concerned himself, ... this noted by her tutors, order was taken that these visits should be very rare, alleging that they made the King sad and melancholy.'

During the last three years of his life, Edward saw his sister only three times. That he should have been separated from Mary is easily to be understood, but why should he have been separated from Elizabeth? She had been his fellow-pupil, she professed the Protestant faith, there had been nothing in her opinions to render her an unfit companion for her brother: why then should she have been removed from him? We know not. Her separation being decided upon, and too young to have the command of an establishment of her own, she was placed under the charge of Catherine Parr, the Queen-dowager. She had better have remained learning her lessons with her brother.

Elizabeth, had she lived in these days, would never have been enrolled as a professional beauty, but she had several good points about her which would have been attractive in any woman, and which were of course doubly attractive in a princess. Her eyes were expressive, her complexion was exquisitely fair, her hair was luxuriant, and her budding figure gave promise of much grace and majesty. She had now arrived at that susceptible age when the heart, controlled by no experience, and oblivious of all social considerations, pants for sympathy and affection; the age when schoolboys write sonnets to the baker's daughter, and schoolgirls worship an ancient drawing-master. The Queen-dowager had soon been consoled for the loss of her husband; scarcely had a few weeks elapsed since Henry breathed his last, than she united

[1] Memoirs of Jane Dormer, Countess of Feria. Stevenson's Preface.

herself to the handsome brother of the Duke of Somerset, the proud and ambitious Lord Admiral. On her removal from her brother, Elizabeth went to live, as we have said, with the Queen-dowager, and consequently had to pass much of her time in the pleasant society of the Admiral. To this companionship the young Princess was far from averse. If we are to credit the evidence of her waiting-woman, she appears, during this period, to have had an appreciation of the opposite sex which shows that she was a true daughter of Anne Boleyn, however much her paternity might have been disputed. Lady Somerset, we read, found great fault in consequence of 'my Lady Elizabeth going in a barge upon Thames, and for other light parts;' whilst Catherine Parr said that upon one occasion her husband 'looked in at the gallery window and saw my Lady Elizabeth cast her arms about a man's neck.'[1] The Admiral was, however, the last to throw the stone at the Princess, for there had passed between him and the young girl placed under his roof familiarities, perhaps innocent, but capable of grave misconstruction. Let us give heed to the evidence of Katherine Ashley, the governess of Elizabeth:[2]—

'At Chelsea the Admiral would come many mornings into the Lady Elizabeth's chamber before she was ready, and sometimes before she did rise. And if she were up, he would bid her good morrow, and ask how she did, or strike her upon the back, ... and so go forth through his lodgings. And if she were in her bed he would open the curtains and bid her good morrow, and make as though he would come at her. . . . At Seymour Place, when the Queen lay there, he did use a while to come up every morning in his night-gown, bare-legged, in his slippers, where he found, commonly, the Lady Elizabeth at her book. And then he would look in at the gallery door and bid my Lady Elizabeth good morrow, and go his way.'

As became one entrusted not only with the education, but with the morals of her pupil, Mrs. Ashley 'told my lord it was an unseemly sight to come so bare-legged to a maiden's chamber; with which he was angry, but he left it.' From the State Papers we learn a little more concerning this very delicate matter. 'As touching my Lord's boldness in the Lady Elizabeth's chamber (the Lord I take to record),'

[1] Stevenson's Preface. Haynes' *State Papers*, p. 96.
[2] *State Papers, Domestic.* Edited by R. Lemon. February 4, 1549.

writes the governess, 'I spoke so out to him, yea, and said that it was complained on to my Lord of the Council, yet he would swear, "What do I? I would that all saw it." And I could not make him leave it. At last I told the Queen of it, who made a small matter of it to me, and said she would come with him herself. And so she did ever after.'

In spite of the Queen making 'a small matter of it,' Mrs. Ashley told one Parry, an attendant of the Lady Elizabeth, that—'The Admiral loved but the Princess too well, and had so done a good while; and that the Queen was jealous of her and him, insomuch that one time the Queen, suspecting the often access of the Admiral to the Lady Elizabeth, came suddenly upon them when they were both alone, he having her in his arms, wherefore the Queen fell out both with the Lord Admiral and with her Grace also.'

Indeed matters had now arrived at such a pass that the indignant wife insisted upon the removal of Elizabeth from her household, and that there should be no more cause for offence. For the sake both of the Princess and the Admiral, the scandal was kept a profound secret. Though separated, the Queen-dowager wrote to Elizabeth, and the Admiral was allowed to add a word, so that it might appear to the world as if nothing had ruffled the even tenour of the Queen-dowager's household, and that the Princess had left of her own accord. Three months after this expulsion of Elizabeth the Queen-dowager died within a few days of her confinement. Before passing away, and being conscious that the end was nigh, she spoke to her faithful attendant of the sorrows which had recently been oppressing her. It is easy to see to what she alludes.

'Two days before her death,' writes Elizabeth Tyrwhyt,[1] 'she, having my Lord Admiral by the hand, spake these words: "My Lady Tyrwhyt, I am not well handled, for those that be about me care not for me, but stand laughing at my grief: and the more good I will to them, the less good they will to me." Whereupon my Lord Admiral answered, "Why, sweetheart, I would you no hurt." And she said to him again, aloud, "No, my Lord, I think so;" and immediately she said to him, in his ear, "But, my Lord, you have given me many shrewd taunts." These words, I

[1] Haynes, p. 103. Stevenson's Preface.

perceived, she spake with good memory; and very sharply and earnestly, for her mind was sore unquieted.'

On the death of his wife, the Admiral, whose heart was always well under the control of his ambition, looked about to see to whom he could unite himself so as to further his advancement. Six weeks after the death of Henry he had married Catherine Parr, and six weeks after the death of Catherine Parr he was scheming to secure the hand of Lady Jane Grey. Rebuffed in this quarter by the lady's father, he bethought himself of the damsel to whom he had so often bade 'good morrow' in the scanty garb which repose commands. To the match Elizabeth herself was far from averse. She had permitted those in attendance upon her to speak to her of the intentions of the Admiral, and had even employed them to correspond with the fascinating widower upon his visits to her house. Thomas Parry, one of her suite, asked her bluntly, 'Whether, if the Council would like it, she would marry with the Admiral?' To which the wary girl replied, 'When that comes to pass, I will do as God shall put in my mind.'

Katherine Ashley did not discourage the suit—perhaps she thought that after the familiarities that had taken place it was a very fitting termination to the flirtation of the past. She told Elizabeth that the Admiral would far rather have married her than the late Queen, had he had his own will. 'How did she know that?' asked Elizabeth. Then she said, 'She knew it well enough both by himself and by others.' Another time she said, 'You shall see, shortly, that he that would fain have had you before he married the Queen will come now to woo you.'[1] The governess was right; the Admiral came to woo, and did not find the Princess cruel. The contemplated marriage, however, attracted the attention of the Council, and it was considered most dangerous to the interests of the country that a man, so grasping and unscrupulous as was the Admiral, should be permitted to strengthen his position by an alliance with one who stood so near the throne. Elizabeth was sent for by the Council and subjected to a severe examination; but the clever girl knew how to fence with her inquisitors and to divulge no more than she desired.

'In no way,' writes Sir Robert Tyrwhit, one of her examiners, to the Lord Protector, 'will she confess any prac-

[1] Haynes, p. 103. Stevenson's Preface.

tice by Mrs. Ashley or the cofferer Parry concerning my Lord Admiral, and yet I do see it in her face that she is guilty, and do perceive as yet she will abide more storms ere she accuse Mrs. Ashley.' On the following day Sir Robert, 'by gentle persuasion,' gained a few additional particulars from her. 'But I do assure your Grace,' he writes to Somerset, 'she hath a very good wit, and nothing is gotten of her but by great policy.' In spite, however, of his 'great policy,' Elizabeth had no intention of being pumped beyond a certain point. 'My Lady's Grace,' dolefully writes Sir Robert, 'doth plainly deny that she knoweth any more than she hath already opened to me. I do verily believe that there hath been some secret promise between my lady, Mrs. Ashley, and the cofferer never to confess to death; and if it be so it will never be gotten of her but either by the King's Majesty or else by your Grace.'[1] Irritated that he, a man of the world and accustomed to command, should be baffled by a smart bold girl in her teens, Sir Robert now proceeded to terrify Elizabeth into admitting the charge he wished to bring against the Admiral. He told her how her fair fame had been dragged through the mire, and how grave were the reports circulated about her. It had been said that she had already given to the Admiral all that it was in her power to give, and that she was even now quick with the fruits of such sinful intimacy. Here Sir Robert in trying to prove too much had overshot the mark, and his indignant witness was not slow to take advantage of the false position in which he had now placed himself. Elizabeth wrote to the Lord Protector:[2]—

'Master Tyrwhit and others,' she said, 'have told me that there goeth rumours abroad which be greatly both against my honour and honesty (which above all other things I esteem), which be these—that I am in the Tower, and with child by my Lord Admiral. My Lord, these are shameful slanders, for the which, besides the great desire I have to see the King's Majesty, I shall most heartily desire your Lordship that I may come to the Court, after your first determination, that I may show myself there as I am.'

Her prayer was not acceded to, and Sir Robert still essayed his utmost to wring from the girl some admission which would bring the bold suitor to the block. It was in vain. 'Her Grace,' he writes,[3] 'will in no wise confess that

[1] Haynes, p. 88. Stevenson's Preface. [2] *Ibid.*

[3] *State Papers, Domestic*, January 31, 1549. This is the only letter of

either before or after that Kate Ashley spoke to her touching the marriage betwixt her and my Lord Admiral, than which I think nothing more untrue, and do well perceive that she will no more accuse Mistress Ashley than she will her own self. If your Grace did know all my persuasions with her, all manner of ways, weighing her honour and surety one way, and the danger to the country, your Grace would not a l' tle marvel that she will no more cough out matter than she doth.'

Elizabeth, however, refused to 'cough' out anything, and her obstinacy was imitated by those attached to the household. 'They all sing one song,' cries the disappointed counsellor, 'and so I think they would not do unless they had set the note before: for surely they would confess, or else they could not so well agree.' The scanty confession was, however, considered by the Council sufficient to serve their purpose. The Lord Admiral was charged with having 'attempted and gone about to marry the King's Majesty's sister, the Lady Elizabeth, second inheritor in remainder to the crown;' he was accused of high treason, tried, condemned and executed. Edward thus coldly records the death of his uncle in his diary. 'The Lord Sudeley, Admiral of England, was condemned to death, and died the March ensuing.'

The blow fell severely upon Elizabeth; she 'drooped,' and for some time declined to be comforted. In this affection for the Lord Admiral, the only man for whom she ever exhibited any real feeling, have we not the true reason why in after-life she shunned all matrimonial proposals? Such an interpretation of her conduct is not improbable. A proud and imperious woman who had given her heart to a man, who had permitted him a licence which should not have occurred, who had been harshly cross-examined as to her conduct, and who had seen her lover torn from her arms and put to a shameful death, may well have declined to erase the event from her memory, or to permit another to make her forget her sorrows. The name of woman may be frailty, yet there have been daughters of the sex who have been constant to the memory of their first love, and more especially when such love has been connected with a sad and painful end. We read that Elizabeth could never bear to hear the Lord

Tyrwhit's relating to this matter among the State Papers; the other part of the correspondence was carried off by Cecil, and is now among the papers at Hatfield.

Admiral 'discommended, but she is ready to make answer therein.'

Elizabeth was now entrusted to the care of Lady Tyrwhit. 'Katherine Ashley,' said the Council to the bereaved Princess,[1] 'who heretofore hath had the special charge to see to the good education and government of your person, hath shown herself far unmeet to occupy any such place longer about your Grace; and we thereby thought convenient to send unto you the Lady Tyrwhit, to remain about you in lieu of the said Ashley, and to commit unto her the same charge about your person that Ashley had.'

This change was at first far from appreciated by Elizabeth. 'She took the matter so heavily that she wept all that night, and loured all the next day,' she declined to listen to advice, and remained sulkily aloof. Gradually this obstinacy gave way before the sterling excellence of Lady Tyrwhit, and soon a strong feeling of friendship sprang up between the two ladies. The new governess was a most estimable creature, whilst the mental anguish which Elizabeth had of late undergone had greatly softened her character. We read that the Princess was most earnest in her devotions, and diligently paid heed to all good counsel that was given her. Among the maxims drawn up by Lady Tyrwhit for her pupil were the following: 'Use invocation of God's holy name. Think upon the needy once a day. Further the just suit of the poor. Help to pacify displeasure. Kill anger with patience. Make much of modesty. Be always one. Favour the friendless. Look chiefly to yourself. Once you were not here. Away you must, and turn to dust.'[2]

Elizabeth was now seventeen; she was mistress of a liberal establishment, and her education was well-nigh finished. From her 'Household Book'[3] we are let into the secret of her expenditure. Her income was equal to some 30,000*l.* of our money, and permitted her to live in a state becoming her rank. Like many persons whose intellectual powers are well developed, the Princess was a *gourmet*, and a large portion of her handsome allowance was spent on good living. Wheat could be bought in those days at twenty shillings a quarter, yet the bakehouse of her Royal Highness cost her over 200*l.*, or 1,200*l.* of our money. The expense

[1] Haynes, p. 107. [2] Stevenson's Preface.
[3] *See* Camden's Society's Publications.

of her kitchen came to nearly 600*l.*; poultry cost her over 300*l.*; wax and candles are entered at 350*l.*; coals and wood came to 200*l.*; her 'sauce' (a comprehensive entry including vegetables) stands at 20*l.*; beer and wine cost her over 300*l.*; the wages and liveries of her retainers are charged at over 400*l.* She was waited on by thirteen gentlemen of the body, to each of whom was presented a coat which cost forty shillings: when we remember that money in those days is represented by six times the amount at the present time, we shall find that Elizabeth spent upon her household expenditure no less than some fifteen thousand a year.

Some of the items entered in her household book strike us as very small compared with the sums she spent upon poultry and wax lights. Her charities for the year are put down at 7*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*, little more than a third of what she spent upon 'sauce.' The 'court milliner' of the period must have found her Royal Highness one of the shabbiest of her customers, for the Princess was then indifferent to the fascinations of dress, and we read that 'the maidenly apparel which she used in her brother's time made the noblemen's wives and daughters ashamed to be dressed and painted like peacocks.' Husbands who are called upon to settle the 'little bills' of the great milliners of to-day would be only too happy to find such a modest item in their wives' accounts as the following: 'To making a pair of upper bodies for her Grace 12 pence; lining 15 pence; silk 4 pence:' even multiply this expenditure by six, and it can scarcely be considered alarming for a Princess of the blood. Elizabeth could, however, occasionally launch forth, for we see that sometimes she paid thirty shillings a yard for black velvet, or nine pounds of our present money.

In her later years, when the studious and economical Princess had developed into the vain and admiration-exacting old Queen, Elizabeth was one of the most expensively-dressed women in Europe. A list of the contents of her wardrobe is among the State Papers. In the year 1601, when she had attained the age of sixty-eight, her stock of wearing apparel comprised ninety-nine complete official costumes, one hundred and two 'French gowns,' one hundred robes with trains, and sixty-seven without, one hundred and twenty-six 'antique dresses,' one hundred and thirty-six 'bodies,' one hundred and twenty-five tunics, ninety-six mantles, eighty-five peignoirs, eighteen mantillas, thirteen aprons, twenty-

seven fans, and nine pairs of slippers. At her death, two years later, no fewer than three thousand articles of apparel were found in her several wardrobes.

Study appears to have been at this time the great resource of the Princess. Ascham had been appointed her tutor, and under his scholarly supervision her progress was most rapid. In these days, what with school boards, middle-class examinations, text-books on every conceivable subject, and 'the higher education of women,' we expect much from the female mind; yet even a very advanced damsel in this our day might find it difficult to hold her own in accomplishments against the Princess Elizabeth. According to the proud and admiring Ascham, his pupil, at the age of seventeen, could speak French and Italian as well as she spoke English; she could talk Latin fluently, and read Greek fairly well; she was deeply versed in theology; she was fond of mathematics and philosophy; she was no mere proficient in music, and her handwriting was exquisite. She not only read the classical authors, but thoroughly appreciated them, criticising their style, and weighing their merits. Her taste for culture followed her to the throne, and amid the grave affairs of government. When placed in power, Ascham thus expresses his admiration of the studious habits of Elizabeth, in contradistinction to the idleness and frivolity of the gilded youth attached to the Court.

'It is your shame,' he writes,[1] '(I speak to you, all you young gentlemen of England), that one maid should go beyond you all in excellency of learning and knowledge of diverse tongues. Point forth six of the best given gentlemen of this Court, and all they together show not so much goodwill, spend not so much time, bestow not so many hours, daily, orderly, and constantly for the increase of learning and knowledge, as doth the Queen's Majesty herself. Yea, I believe that besides her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day than some prebendary of this Church doth read Latin in a whole week.'

The intrigues of politics were now for a time to interfere with the quiet of her student life. The reign of Edward was rapidly drawing to a close. The boy had always been sickly, and he was now so weak that it was remarked that the chain of gold which he wore around his neck, 'which was then

[1] Ascham's *Schoolmaster*, p. 63. Stevenson's Preface.

held a kingly ornament,' caused his feeble body to bow. One morning, whilst heated by playing tennis, he drank a deep draught of cold water, which resulted in his system catching a severe chill. Consumption set in; the King was harassed by a hacking cough; sleep could only be produced by the aid of narcotics; his legs began to swell, his hair fell off, and the fevered skin peeled off in patches. Then the end came; the royal lad, who has been called by the Reformers 'a youth of much promise,' and by the Ritualists 'a young tiger cub,' was spared further suffering and passed away. The events that followed are known to us all—the bequest of the Crown to Lady Jane Grey, through the wiles of the Duke of Northumberland, the result of the conspiracy, the accession of Mary, 'and thus was the matter ended without bloodshed, which men feared would have brought the death of many thousands.'

We have a portrait of Queen Mary at this time which has only recently seen the light, through the investigations of Mr. Rawdon Brown amid the Venetian State Papers. Giacomo Soranzo was ambassador from the Doge to St. James's, and he thus sketches the sovereign to whom he was accredited:[1]—

'She is low of stature, with a red and white complexion, and very thin: her eyes are white (*bianchi*) and large, and her hair reddish; her face is round, with a nose rather low and wide, and were not her age on the decline she might be called handsome rather than the contrary. She is not of a strong constitution, and of late she suffers from headache and serious affection of the heart, so that she is often obliged to take medicine and also to be blooded. She is of very spare diet, and never eats until one or two P.M., although she rises at daybreak; . . . she is endowed with excellent ability, and more than moderately read in Latin literature, especially with regard to Holy Writ; and besides her native tongue she speaks Latin, French, and Spanish, and understands Italian perfectly, but does not speak it. She is also very generous, but not to the extent of letting it appear that she rests her chief claim to commendation on this quality. . . . Her Majesty takes pleasure in playing on the lute and spinnet, and is a very good performer on both instruments; but she seems to delight above all in arraying herself elegantly and magnificently, and her garments are of two sorts: the one a

[1] *Venetian State Papers*, August 18, 1554. Edited by Rawdon Brown.

gown such as men wear, but fitting very close, with an underpetticoat which has a very long train; and this is her ordinary costume, being also that of the gentlewomen of England. The other garment is a gown and boddice, with wide and hanging sleeves in the French fashion, which she wears on state occasions. She also makes great use of jewels, wearing them both in her chaperon and round her neck, and as trimming for her gowns; in which jewels she delights greatly, and although she has a great plenty of them left her by her predecessors, yet were she better supplied with money than she is, she would doubtless buy many more.'

The rule of Mary was, as we know, far from popular. It was feared that her relationship with the Emperor would influence her foreign policy, whilst her marriage with the Spaniard and her bigoted adherence to the Catholic faith caused her rapidly to lose whatever hold she had upon the affection of her subjects. Murmurs were rife against her government, and, encouraged by France, the spirit of revolt was let loose. The Midland Counties rose up in arms under the Duke of Suffolk, and the men of Kent, under Wyatt, threatened London. For eight days the Queen was in grave danger; she was implored by those around the throne to retire to Windsor, nay, even to put the Channel between herself and her subjects, and find a refuge in Calais. But the courage of the Tudors was not to be quelled; her foes might burn her palace down, they might come sword in hand into the presence chamber itself, yet she would die as the sovereign of her people, and not as an exile from them. The insurrection was crushed, yet it was one of those failures which only required plans to have been more carefully deliberated upon to have resulted in a triumph.

As soon as matters became somewhat settled, the question which then agitated the Council was whether the Lady Elizabeth had taken any part in the recent conspiracy. France and Venice were openly hostile to Mary, yet amongst the constant correspondents of Elizabeth were the French and Venetian ambassadors. It was the wish of Henry of France to marry Elizabeth to young Courtenay, and raise her to the throne; it was through the captains of the Venetian navy that Wyatt had been supplied with artillery; a letter of Elizabeth had been found among despatches intercepted on the way to Paris. The Spanish ambassadors asserted that Elizabeth was deeply implicated in the late revolt, and advised

the Queen to proceed to extremities against her. Mary was unwilling to believe ill of one to whom she was then much attached. She had only parted from her sister a few weeks ago, and on bidding her farewell had given her two handsome ornaments set with large and costly pearls. Elizabeth in her turn had professed a deep attachment to Mary; she had loyally given in her adherence to the throne, and, at the risk of sacrificing her position as leader of the Protestants, had attended Mass and toned down some of her more pronounced views touching the reformed faith. That her sister was guilty Mary refused to believe. Upon this point, which is one of the many secrets that history has refused to divulge, it was hoped that the recent researches amid the Venetian archives would throw some light. But no document has yet been found proving that Elizabeth was either directly or indirectly connected with the plots against Mary. The young lady herself has given the best account of her movements at this time. Quitting Woodstock she wrote with her diamond ring, on the window pane of the room she had occupied, these lines :—

> Much suspected by me
> Nothing proved can be
> Quoth Elizabeth prisoner.

It was, however, considered advisable that the Princess should be summoned to London and be examined by the Council. Mary put the invitation in the politest manner. She informs her 'right dear and entirely beloved sister' that as she 'might chance to be in some peril if any sudden tumult should arise,' it was expedient that she should make her repair to the Court, where she assured her she would be most warmly welcomed. Elizabeth was then staying at her country seat at Ashbridge, some thirty miles from London, and had no desire again to be put under the harrow of a cross-examination by the Privy Council. She pleaded ill-health, and expressed herself as unable to undertake such a fatiguing journey. Mary waited patiently for a fortnight, but at the expiration of that time it became imperative to ascertain how matters really stood. The Spanish ambassadors declared she was guilty; Wyatt, who was in prison, had directly accused her; Mary herself began to grow suspicious.

Two of the Queen's physicians were sent down to Ashbridge, to report upon the health of the patient. They came to the conclusion that she was strong enough to travel to

London; but as the Princess 'much feared her weakness to be so great that she could not be able to travel and to endure the journey without peril of life,' the doctors were most considerate of their fair charge, and went south by very easy stages. We have the itinerary. 'The order of my Lady Elizabeth's Grace's voyage to the Court. Monday to Mr. Cooke's, 6 miles. Tuesday to Mr. Pope's, 8 miles. Wednesday to Mr. Stamford's, 7 miles. Thursday to Highgate, Mr. Cholmeleye's house, 7 miles. Friday to Westminster, 5 miles.'[1] To drive some thirty miles in five days was an undertaking which could scarcely inflict much hurt upon the most delicate of invalids. Yet, if the truth were told, we fancy the young damsel was only feigning ill-health, for her experience of State examinations had not been happy, and she was anxious, if possible, to avoid the ordeal.

Soranzo saw her on her arrival, and thus describes her: 'She is now about twenty-one years old; her figure and face are very handsome, and such an air of dignified majesty pervades all her actions, that no one can fail to suppose she is a queen. She is a good Greek and Latin scholar, and, besides her native tongue, she speaks Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian most perfectly, and her manners are very modest and affable. During the lifetime of King Edward, she held his opinion about the religion, but since the Queen's accession she has adapted herself to the will of her Majesty.'

On her appearance at Court, Elizabeth confronted her inquisitors with the imperious courage which in after-life so eminently characterised her. She gave the lie to her accusers, and maintained that all the charges brought against her were false. Still it was only her own word against that of her foes, and until her guilt or innocence could be definitely proved, it was thought advisable to keep her under close guard. The day before her committal to the Tower, she thus concludes her passionate appeal to her sister:[2]—

'And again kneeling with all humbleness of my heart, because I am not suffered to bow the knees of my body, I humbly crave to speak with your Highness, which I would not be so bold to desire, if I knew not myself most clear as I know myself most true. And as for that traitor Wyatt, he might peradventure write me a letter, but on my faith I never received any from him, and as for the copy of my

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, February 11, 1554.
[2] *Ibid.* March 16, 1554.

letter sent to the French king, I pray God confound me eternally if I ever sent him word, message, token, or letter by any means. And to this my truth I will stand unto my death your Highness's most faithful subject that hath been from the beginning and will be to the end.'

To this denial Mary gave no heed, and Elizabeth was committed to the Tower. And now the question arose what was to be done with her? The Imperial envoys loudly asserted that as long as the Princess was at liberty, England would ever be on the brink of revolt and conspiracy. The very life of Mary herself, they said, was not safe, nor was that of her fondly cherished husband. Her father-in-law, Charles V., to whose counsels she always paid much attention, told her sharply that her first duty was to consult her own safety, and that as long as matters remained in this dangerous state, it was hardly to be expected that Philip would trust himself in the country. The position of Mary was far from secure; her religion was suspected, her husband was hated, and there was a feeling abroad that England was to be subject to the foreigner. A curious conversation related in the State Papers, between three peasants, shows what was the feeling current among certain classes in the country:[1]—

Jackman. 'I would all priests were hanged!'

Corne. 'God forbid! for the Queen's Grace hath granted it.'

Cowlyn. 'The Queen? a vengeance take her!'

Jackman. 'Amen.'

Cowlyn. 'I may say it well, for before New Year's day, outlandish men will come upon our heads, for there be some at Plymouth already.'

Jackman. 'Before twelve months you shall see all houses of religion up again with the Pope's laws.'

Cowlyn. 'We ought not to have a woman to bear the sword.'

Jackman. 'If a woman bear the sword, my Lady Elizabeth ought to bear it first.'

The Lady Elizabeth was undoubtedly the favourite of the country, and her sister, worked upon by her Spanish advisers, began gradually to entertain jealousy and spiteful feelings towards one who in the days of her youth had been

[1] *State Papers, Domestic,* January 11, 1551. Stevenson's Preface.

her playmate and favourite companion. Still she declared, with the sense of justice always strong in the English breast, that she could not proceed against Elizabeth until she had legal proof of her guilt. Legal proof it seemed impossible to obtain, and the Queen, therefore, adopted a compromise between the severity of the Spanish advice and the laxity of complete forgiveness. She would not keep her sister in the dungeons of the Tower, but she would confine her at Woodstock, in strict but honourable seclusion. Greatly as Elizabeth murmured at this imprisonment, it was the most fortunate circumstance that could have happened to her: she was removed from any chance of committing herself by listening to the intrigues that were being hatched at Versailles, or by paying heed to traitorous designs planned by hot-headed reformers.

Though her confinement was honourable, and she lacked nothing save freedom, strict guard was kept over her. Sir Henry Bedingfield was her governor, and his orders were very precise. No stranger was to have access to her without special licence; all presents were to be examined before being delivered to her; all gates were to be locked when she walked in the gardens, and the house during the night was to be patrolled by a body of guards. It was during this time that a former tutor of hers, one John Belmain, her 'schoolmaster for the French tongue,' presented her with a translation of S. Basil's 'Epistle upon Solitary Life.' 'She is now,' he says, 'in solitude, as it were, and he sends her this as an appropriate present, since solitude leads to the contemplation of God and the love of the unseen world.'[1]

In this 'solitude' Elizabeth remained from the May of 1554 to the June of 1555. Retirement had now produced reflection, and the Princess had arrived at the wise conclusion that it would better become her if she abjured altogether the perilous course of politics and remained content with the position in the State she should occupy. She wrote to Mary, informing her of this resolve, and begged for pardon. Her prayer was granted; the sentence of imprisonment was rescinded, and Elizabeth was summoned to Court. She was received graciously; she was restored to her dignity as Princess of the Blood Royal, and an establishment suitable to her position was assigned her at Hatfield. The

[1] Stevenson's Preface.

humiliations of the past were at an end. At Court Elizabeth was treated with the distinction due to the next heir to the throne. During the festivities at Christmas, she was seated at the Queen's table nearest the cloth of estate. When a 'grand spectacle of jousting' was held upon the festival of S. Thomas of Canterbury, at which two hundred lances were broken, she sat with their Majesties and the aristocracy. The highest in the land did her homage. 'Cardinal Pole, meeting her in the chamber of presence, kneeled down on his knees and kissed her hand; and King Philip, meeting her, made such obeisance that his knee touched the ground.' Next the Queen she was the greatest lady in the land.

As the domestic and foreign policy pursued by the Queen became more and more oppressive to the country, the position of Elizabeth greatly increased in strength and stability, till at last it stood so prominently forward as to overshadow the power of the advisers of the Crown. Around her rallied the large body of the Anglican clergy, who were perfectly content with the spiritual influence and authority of their own branch of the Catholic Church; the aristocracy and the landed gentry, whose proud blood boiled at the subservience of the interests of England to those of Spain; the commercial middle classes, who saw their trade rapidly dwindling and quitting the country, and the yeomen and lower orders, who detested the foreigner simply because he was a foreigner.

Elizabeth was the heroine of England, and men looked anxiously forward to the time when she should be summoned from Hatfield to take her seat upon the throne. She had not long to wait. It was evident to all that Mary was fast sinking into her grave, beneath the load of her public cares and private mortifications. Like some desperate gambler, she had staked her all upon one chance. She had embroiled her country in a bitter foreign war; she had established, by the terrible coercion of persecution, a hated creed; she had exhausted the national treasury and greatly crippled her own private resources;[1] she had been indifferent to the

[1] Philip was not content with the large sums he openly obtained from England, but also made heavy demands upon the private resources of the woman who loved him so warmly, and whom he treated so cruelly. In after-life Elizabeth accused Philip of being not only a bad and heartless husband to her sister, but a man who did not think it beneath himself to make constant encroachments upon his wife's income. When we remember Mary's simple mode of life and unostentatious habits, these items, to be met with in the State Papers, seem suspicious:—

interests of the loyal, warm-hearted people over whom she had been called to rule—and for what? To obtain the love of a cold, ambitious man, who had married her for political ends, and whose subsequent indifference and neglect made her, who had sacrificed all and had gained nothing in return, the laughing-stock of every boudoir and salon in Europe.

Few scenes are sadder in history than those where the sickly, ill-favoured Mary, with all the desperate passion of the spurned and childless wife, seeks to win back the love of her lord. His slightest hint is her command, and immediately acted upon. Philip regards France as his enemy. England at once throws down the gauntlet to France. Philip is the most intolerant of the defenders of the Catholic faith. Catholicism, as interpreted by Rome, becomes the religion of England. Philip is in want of money, the treasury is exhausted to supply his needs, and when that is not sufficient, his wife draws with both hands upon her own income. Philip is anxious to consolidate his position by the birth of an heir. How the Queen prays for the joys of maternity, till long harping upon one subject causes her to mistake disease for an answer to her fervent petitions! It is always Philip and never herself. And now all this unselfishness she feels has been exercised in vain. Hated by her subjects, deserted by her husband, cheered by no infant's caress, the religion she has established only awaiting her end to be abolished, the unjust war that she waged resulting in a grave humiliation to her country, stricken, crushed, heart-broken, she passes out into the eternal future.

'I have before me,' writes Mr. Stevenson, the accomplished editor of the earlier portion of the Elizabethan State Papers, 'a little book of prayers which seems to have belonged to her. It opens of its own accord at a page which is blurred and stained more than any of the other of its well-worn leaves. There we may read the two secrets of her life, the two leading ideas of her existence. The one is a prayer for the unity of the Holy Catholic Church; the other is a prayer for the safe

	£	s.	d.
Easter to Michaelmas. 1 Mary. To Sir Edmond Peckham, Knight, High Treasurer of the Queen's Mint, for her private and necessary expenses	32,848	6	5
Michaelmas to Easter. 1 and 2 Mary (as above) .	41,894	8	3
Easter to Michaelmas. 2 and 3 Mary (as above) .	45,582	12	7

How were these large sums spent? especially when we remember that they are equivalent to six times the amount of our present money!

delivery of a woman with child. It pleased God that in neither case should the prayer of faith prevail; and, however humble may have been her submission, disappointment was death.'

The removal of Mary paved the way for the succession of her sister. Elizabeth, enlightened by the experience of the past, ascended the throne, and proved that the discipline of her youth had not been in vain, for her reign is known in history as one of the most brilliant and judicious in the annals of sovereignty.

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA.

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
MACAULAY.

AT last the day, big, not with the fate of Cato and of Rome, but of England and the Protestant cause, had arrived. After months of preparation the splendid fleet which Philip of Spain destined for the humiliation of the English and the establishment of Catholic ascendency, was ready to quit the harbour and put to sea. It consisted of one hundred and twenty-nine ships of war, well supplied with cannon, and containing provisions sufficient to feed a powerful army for six months. On board was a vast mass of soldiery, animated with all the enthusiasm of the fiercest religious bigotry. The plan formed by the King of Spain was that the Armada should sail to Dunkirk, should there embark the Spanish troops in the Netherlands, under the command of the Duke of Parma, then cross over to Margate, land the Spanish army, and at one sudden and decisive blow complete the conquest of England. The expedition, which was thus to crush the might of a whole nation, was no mere vulgar enterprise, inspired by the usual aims of secular ambition. It was a crusade, a holy war, a religious undertaking. As the Christians in days of old had invaded the East to stamp out the power of the infidel, so now the Catholic turned his eyes towards England, the head and front of aggressive Protestantism, and resolved to lay her low, so that she no longer could give her aid to the foes of Holy Mother Church, then warring against Spain to establish heresy in the Low Countries.

Therefore, her cause being the cause of heaven, the Armada was to be worthy of her high calling, and free

from those earthly stains which so frequently dimmed the lustre of warfare. Her mighty galleons bore no names of heathen gods and goddesses, or of the heroes of Spanish story, but were christened after the saints. On her decks the discipline of the Church was to be united with the discipline of the navy. Mass was to be celebrated daily, and all on board were to attend and do homage to the Host. All gambling, blasphemy, and licentious talk were to be punished with severity. No women were to accompany the expedition. On the ships touching at a port, the men were not to be permitted to land. Every care was to be taken by the officers to create a good feeling between the soldiers and the sailors. Quarrels and contentions were to be avoided, and Christian charity and harmony encouraged. It was ordered that every morning the boys, 'according as is accustomed, shall give the good morrow at the foot of the mainmast, and at the evening shall say Ave Maria, and some days the Salve Regina, or at the least every Saturday, together with the Litany.' Religion, and not war for its own sake, was the object they had in view. 'First, and before all things,' proclaimed the Duke Medina Sidonia, the commander-in-chief of the expedition, 'all persons are to understand, from the highest to the lowest, that the principal foundation wherewith his Majesty hath been moved to make and undertake this journey hath been and is to the end to serve God our Lord, and to bring again to His Church and bosom many people and souls which, being oppressed by the heretic and enemies of our holy Catholic faith, they keep in subjection unto their sects and unhappiness.' [1]

The purpose of the Armada was made still clearer by the publication of a most offensive pastoral letter from one Cardinal Allen, a renegade Englishman, who accompanied the expedition as Archbishop-elect of Canterbury and Legate for England. In this 'roaring hellish bull,' as Lord Burghley calls it, or in this 'blast or puff of a beggarly scholar and traitor,' as Elizabeth herself politely designates it, [2] the Cardinal certainly does not mince matters. 'Spain,' said he, 'does not war against Englishmen, but against Elizabeth, the usurping heretic, the bastard, the issue of incest, the shame

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Edited by R. Lemon. May 11, 1588. 'Rules and ordinances prescribed for the conduct and government of the King of Spain's army at sea.'

[2] *Ibid.* June 24, 1588.

of her sex. It is not England,' he cries, 'but her wretched Queen, who has overthrown the Holy Church, who has persecuted the pious Catholics, and who has advanced the scum of mankind to the sees of the bishops and the livings of God's priests. Let the English people, therefore, rise and welcome their deliverer, and follow no more the broken fortunes of a mean and filthy woman, unless they wish to fall under the curse pronounced by the angel against the land of Meroz. In this the hour of wrath upon Elizabeth and her partakers,' he exclaims, 'fight not against the souls of your ancestors and the salvation of your wives and children. Fight rather for God's Church and the honour of England's knighthood. Fight for Christ, for religion, and for the holy sacraments of our faith. The prayers of all Christian people, the blood of the martyred bishops, friars, priests, and laymen shed in this your land, cry to God for your victory. The saints in heaven are interceding for you. The priests on earth stretch forth their consecrated hands night and day for you. Our Saviour Himself is among you in the blessed Sacrament. Fear not.'

This disloyal rhodomontade was freely circulated throughout England, but made few converts. However zealous certain Englishmen might be in the cause of the Catholic Church, their first thoughts were concerned for the safety of their country, and their blood grew hot at the prospect of an invasion in the name of religion, which was to transform their island into a Spanish dependency. Whilst as for the rest of the nation, it was animated by the keenest hatred and indignation, and only too eager to meet the foe and crush his daring hopes. 'The Spanish enterprise,' wrote Walsyngham,[1] 'puts England to some trouble and charges, but truly we fear it not; for they shall find us so resolute and prepared, that the good fellows who come shall have small cause to thank my Lord Cardinal for setting them on so hot a piece of service. The King of Spain must seek preferment elsewhere for his misbegotten brood, for England will not bear them.' In spite of all the care and secrecy with which Philip during the last three years had been maturing and carrying out his hostile designs, the Council at Whitehall had been well posted up as to his movements. Spies, agents, and bribed informers had been busy on the quays of the Spanish and Portuguese ports, and had sent home

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, July 20, 1588.

the results of their observations. Hastening from Lisbon to Dartmouth, one Walker Squior burned to impart the intelligence he had obtained. 'Warlike preparations,' he said, 'were being carried out at Lisbon for some great enterprise against England; at anchor in the harbour were 80 sail of hulks, from 100 to 800 tons each; 20 galleons, of 300 and 500 tons; and 40 sail of Biscay ships, from 100 to 500 tons each: whilst quartered in and about Lisbon were 30,000 Germans, 20,000 Italians sent by the Pope, 5,000 Spaniards, and 7,000 Portuguese, all destined for the invasion of England.'[1] Two months later Walsyngham was informed that the King of Spain was increasing his fleet and land forces from various parts, and laying in 'immense quantities of grain, wine, and military stores.'[2] Early in the following year Roger Ashton stated that 'the King of Spain has 100,000 men and victuals in readiness at Lisbon; what will follow, God knows.'[3] The next month Drake, who by his capturing and burning Spanish ships and galleys had given Philip 'such a cooling as never had happened to him since he was King,' wrote to Secretary Wolley that 'great preparations are making for the invasion of England,' and that he intended to intercept the Spanish fleet coming out of the Straits before it joined the King's forces.[4] He, however, urged the Secretary to prepare for the worst. Spies, captains of merchant vessels, foreign sailors, pilots, all re-echoed the advice of Drake, and bade England keep a sharp look-out, and not be taken at a disadvantage. One ship coming from Lisbon, we learn, had its master and certain of the crew taken and racked to give information.[5]

This intelligence was not disregarded, though the peculiar views of the Queen prevented it from being acted upon in the thorough and decided manner such an emergency required. The Armada did not turn her bows towards England until the July of 1588, though she had been timed to start in the autumn of the previous year. Various causes had, however, hindered the departure of the expedition from the Tagus. When the fleet had been ready to sail, the troops under Parma were not prepared to embark; then there had been delays awaiting the result of certain diplomatic negotiations; nor had the weather

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, December 10, 1585.
[2] *Ibid.* February 4, 1586.
[3] *Ibid* March 29, 1587.
[4] *Ibid.* April 27, 1587.
[5] *Ibid.* April 30, 1588.

been propitious for a vast fleet to encounter the heavy seas of the Atlantic; and finally, when all had been prepared, and orders were about to be issued to weigh anchor, Santa Cruz, the commander of the expedition, suddenly died, and further delays ensued on the appointment of Medina Sidonia as his successor.

These continued postponements were of the greatest service to England. The few ships which then constituted her navy were put into commission. Privateers were requisitioned as auxiliaries. The best vessels belonging to our merchant fleet were armed, and instructions despatched to Lord Howard of Effingham 'to take the ships into the channel to defend the realm against the Spaniards.' But now, in this grave hour of England's need, the contemptible meanness which was the most conspicuous fault in the character of Elizabeth became painfully apparent. Her courage was high, and her conduct splendid in stimulating her people to resist the foe; but, unhappily, she was desirous of defending her realm on the cheapest terms. Every vessel in the fleet was worked short-handed. The provisions supplied to the seamen were cut down to starving point; since 'every man's victual of beef standeth her Majesty four pence the day,' it was proposed to alter 'that kind of victual to fish, oil, and peas.' There were no provisions in store, and the men, supplied from a distance with small quantities at a time, were often for days almost without food. 'Such a thing was never heard of, since there were ships in England,' writes Howard to Burghley,[1] 'as no victuals in store. King Harry, her Majesty's father, never made a less supply than six weeks, and yet there was marvellous help upon extremity, for there was ever provision at Portsmouth, and also at Dover store ever at hand upon necessity.' The pay of the men was in arrears, there was even a lack of powder; and on the slightest rumour of the abandonment of the project of the Armada, the Queen, in whose hands all the details of management lay, gave orders, to the intense anger and indignation of the captains in command, for the instant reduction of the fleet. 'What did move her Majesty,' writes Howard to Walsyngham,[2] 'to diminish our forces on the sudden I know not. If anything be attempted now upon the sudden, either for

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, April 8, 1588.
[2] *Ibid.* February 1, 1588.

Scotland or to invade this coast, we shall do as much good for the service as the hoys which lie at Lyon quay. There is no master in England that will undertake with these men that are now in them to carry the ships back to Chatham. Our state is well known in Flanders, and as we were a terror to them at our first coming out, so now they make little reckoning of us. They know that we are like bears tied to stakes, and they may come as dogs to offend us, and we cannot hurt them.'

When, however, it became definitely known that the long-expected Armada was in full sail for our shores, and that peace was out of the question, the Queen took less upon herself, and entrusted the management of affairs to her Council. And now all was activity and preparation, though, as we shall see, the supply of provisions to the fleet still left much to be desired. Every shire in the kingdom was instructed to make its preparations for resistance. The fortifications of Portsmouth were strengthened; 'for,' writes Lord Sussex to Burghley,[1] 'at the Queen's corronation I durst not shoot off one piece, the tower was so old and rotten.' The maritime counties called out their men, and marched them down to the coast, to defend the ports where it was expected the enemy might land; at Falmouth 11,000 men were drawn up, at Plymouth 17,000, at Portsmouth 16,000, and at Harwich 17,000. The Earl of Pembroke, as Lord President of Wales, was bidden to repair to Milford Haven, 'to be in readiness to defend that haven, which from its depth and commodiousness might be selected for the descent of the Spaniards.' A mandate was issued by the Queen, addressed to all the leading peers, 'declaring the necessity for speedily putting the realm in a posture of defence to resist the attempts of Spain, and relying upon their lordships to put themselves in readiness to attend upon her person with such a convenient number of lances and light horse as may stand with their abilities.'

In every county the cavalry and trained men were called out by the lord lieutenant, whilst the deputy lieutenants were instructed to make an inventory of the arms and ammunition required. The forts on the south and east coast were strongly garrisoned. Orders were despatched to the inland counties to furnish an army for the special defence of the royal person. Private individuals were asked by the Queen to contribute

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, November 30, 1587.

men and armour 'towards resisting the foreign attempts against this realm, their natural and sweet country.' Lord Morley agreed to raise twenty light horse, thirty muskets, and seventy calivers at his own expense, 'though my estate at this present, owing to my father's fond departure, has been very much reduced.' Lord Dacre wrote, 'I can bring into the field, ready furnished for defence of her Majesty's person, ten lances, ten light horse, ten petronels, forty corslets, twenty muskets, and twenty calivers, and am right sorry that my ability is so weakened by long suits in law that I cannot do more.' Lord Sandys, in spite of his 'embarrassed circumstances,' expressed himself ready to bring into the field, 'for defence of the Queen, himself and household servants, to the number of ten horses and geldings furnished in armour of proof.' Even the aged Shrewsbury wrote to the Queen, offering his services to resist the invasion: 'Though I am old, yet your Majesty's quarrel shall make me young again; though lame in body, yet lusty in heart to lend your greatest enemy one blow, to live and die in your service.' Their patriotic example had numerous imitators. Peers and country gentlemen readily responded to the call, and many crippled their estates to prove the ardour of their loyalty. It was the especial duty of the clergy to furnish horse and armour. Thus, with her fleet standing out to sea, her troops drawn up upon the beach, her home counties well supplied with reserve forces, her forts strongly guarded, and keeping strict watch, England was ready to welcome the invader.[1]

From the letters of the Lord Admiral, who, on board the 'Ark Raleigh' at anchor off Plymouth, was keenly watching the approach of the enemy, we see the difficulties he had to contend with, and how he was employing his time. A brief summary of their contents will serve as a diary during this anxious interval:—

'May 28. *To Lord Burghley.*—The ships with provisions have not been sent. Only 18 days' victuals on board. The sheriffs of Devonshire send word that the Spanish fleet is ready to come out with the first wind. Will sail to meet them as soon as the wind permits. Go out he will, though he should starve. Beseeches Burghley to hasten the provisions, for if the wind hold as it is but for six days the Spaniards will be knocking at our doors. With

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, June and July, 1588.

the gallantest company of captains, soldiers, and mariners ever seen in England, it were pity they should lack meat.'

'June 13. *To Walsyngham.*—Can do no good with the wind, as it is in the west, and blows so hard that only the largest ships dare ride in the Sound. Such weather was never seen at this time of the year. Their victuals will be out on Saturday, and no new supplies have arrived. The men behave admirably; none have mutinied, though all know they are short of provisions. Kindly handled, they will bear want, and run through fire and water. Intelligence that the fleet is off the Rock.'

'June 14. *To the same.*—Have had three days' continued storm, and have "daunced as lustily as the gallant dauncers in the Courte."'

'June 19. *To the same.*—On every question of moment consults Sir F. Drake, Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Sheffield, Sir Roger Williams, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Fanner, as a council of war. For the love of God, let not the Queen think now of charges. Hope that if he fall in service, her Majesty will let Lady Howard have the keeping of Hampton Court or Oatlands, as he shall not leave her "so well off as so good a wife doth deserve."'

'June 23. *To the Queen.*—Has several times put to sea, but been driven back by the wind to Plymouth. Their victuals have arrived, and hopes to sail to-morrow morning. Hears that the Spanish fleet has been scattered by the storm, and hopes to meet with them off the coast of France. Implores her, for the love of Jesus Christ, to awaken thoroughly, and to see the villanous treasons round about her.'

'July 6. *To Walsyngham.*—Part of the Spanish fleet has been discovered off the Scilly Isles, but has been dispersed by the stormy weather. Has divided the fleet into three sections—himself in mid-channel, Drake off Ushant, and Hawkins towards Scilly.'

'July 13. *To the same.*—Boats of all sorts have been sent from time to time to discover the Spanish fleet, but the foul weather has prevented them from making the coast of Spain. Prays God to preserve the fleet from sickness, for they fear that more than any hurts the Spaniards can do them.'

'July 17. *To the same.*—Obliged to put in for water, but neither sickness nor death shall delay them. Never saw nobler minds than are now in Plymouth.'[1]

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, 1588.

The summer sun was casting its lengthening shadows upon the bowling-green behind that hotel well known to all officers of her Majesty's navy, the Pelican Inn, Plymouth. It was the evening of July 19, 1588. An exciting game of bowls was about to be interrupted. Standing around the bowling-alley watching the play was a little throng whose names naval warfare and the story of adventure will not easily let die. There on that memorable occasion stood Lord Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral of England; Sir Robert Southwell, his son-in-law, the captain of the 'Elizabeth Jorcas'; Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Richard Grenville, Martin Frobisher and John Davis; and last, but far from least, Sir John Hawkins, 'the patriarch of Plymouth seamen,' lazily watching the movements of his pupil Sir Francis Drake, vice-admiral of the fleet. Raising his form to his full height, then slowly bending forward the better to give impetus to the swing of his right arm, Sir Francis was about to send the bowl speeding along the alley, when he suddenly stayed his hand and gazed open mouthed at an old sailor who, with the news-fever burning hot within him, had rushed into their midst. 'My lord! My lord!' cried the weather-beaten old salt to the Lord High Admiral, 'they're coming—I saw 'em off the Lizard last night—they're coming full sail—hundreds of 'em, a darkening the waters!' The cool vice-admiral turned to his chief, as he hurled the bowl along the smooth, worn planks, and said, 'There will be time enough to finish the game, and then we'll go out and give the dons a thrashing!'

It was the first intimation of the arrival of the long-expected 'dons.' The opal eventide was fast deepening into night when the towering hulls of the Armada were seen rounding the Lizard. A list of this terrible fleet, which was at one fell blow to annihilate the power of England, is now before me. The details are as curious as they will be to many novel. Venice had sent thirty 'swift ships;' the ports of the Netherlands the same number, all well appointed 'for to destroy the heretics and wild Lutherans;' from Biscay there had sailed thirty-five 'great ships with double ordnance sufficient to batter the walls of London;' from Seville thirty-five great vessels, and from Valentia and Catalonia fifty; from Portugal thirty-five, and from Naples and Sicily fifty galleys. The troops collected were worthy of the expedition. On board were 4,000 soldiers 'chosen

out of the very best garrisons, who do not fear the devil himself;' Lisbon contributed 3,000 men; 'out of the most precious Portugal Indies' the same number were collected; the Almains numbered 2,000, 'which will not retire though men should hew them in pieces'; of Spaniards from Spain there were some 12,000, together with 1,400 'nimble shot which can run very fast,' 200 light horsemen, 800 light horse, 'which can endure to follow the chase day and night,' and 5,000 'lusty men for to help to place the ordnance, to dig, break, etc.' The commissariat department was well supplied. In the holds of the various galleons were 900,000 'kintals' of biscuit, each kintal being estimated at 100lbs. weight; 32,000 casks of wine, 30,000 'kintals' of bacon, 40,000 'arrobes' of cheese, each arrobe being reckoned at 28lbs. weight; 32,000 barrels of fish; 18,000 'arrobes' of rice; 20,000 'arrobes' of salted meat; 24 'arrobes' of oil; 5,400 'arrobes' of wine vinegar, 'for to cool the ordnance'; 50,000 bunches of garlic; 40,000 casks of water, barley, meal, etc.; in short, 'such store as if they were fallen from heaven.'[1]

At last the shores of England were before the Spaniards, and the object of their ambition was about to be attained. The weary months passed in busy preparation, the anxious nights spent amid the storms of the Atlantic, the fatigues and privations that had been endured, were now to receive their reward. The spirits of the men on board the galleons rose high, for all were convinced that success was about to crown their efforts. The moment had arrived when vengeance was to be theirs. Within sight was the England who had shown herself on every occasion the enemy of Spain —who had encouraged the Protestant revolt in the Low Countries, who had robbed the West Indies of their treasures, who had captured wealthy galleons bound for Cadiz or Lisbon, and brought them in triumph to the mouth of the Thames; whose famous mariners had, within the very fortifications which commanded the Spanish forts, fallen upon the fleets of the most Catholic King, plundered them of their goods, and then left them a mass of wrecked timber. But the hour of revenge was at hand, and haughty England, who styled herself the mistress of the seas, was to be humbled

[1] From a very scarce book in the Grenville Collection, British Museum, entitled 'A brief Discourse of the power and might of the Spanish Armada.' John Wolfe, London, 1588.

on her own element, and yield her lands to the foreigner. Forming his ships in the shape of a crescent, which stretched some seven miles from horn to horn, Medina Sidonia came full sail towards Plymouth. Hastily weighing anchor, Lord Howard hurried out of the harbour to give battle to the enemy in the Channel.

Meanwhile the beacon-lights had flashed throughout the country the news of the arrival of the Armada. In every shire men were looking up their arms and saddling their horses ready for any emergency. Shipping was placed at the Nore to protect both Sheppey and the Thames. A camp was formed at Tilbury to cover London; and the Earl of Leicester, who had shown himself both incompetent and improvident in the Low Countries, and who owed all his advancement to the favour in which he was held by the Queen, was appointed commander-in-chief. The hour of danger, however, stimulated him to unwonted activity. 'Nothing must be neglected,' he wrote to the Council, 'to oppose this mighty enemy now knocking at our gates.' The Queen herself came down to the camp, rode along the lines, and exhorted her troops to remember their duty to their country and their religion. 'She had come among them at this time,' she cried, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the troops, 'not for her sport or recreation, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die among her people—to lay down, for her God and for her kingdom, her honour and her blood even in the dust. She knew she had but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but she had the heart of a king and of a King of England too; and thought foul scorn that Parma or Spain or any Prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of her realms. Rather,' she exclaimed, with all the fire of her Tudor blood, 'than any dishonour should grow by her, she herself would take up arms, she herself would be their general, their judge, and rewarder of every one of their virtues in the field!'

Her soldiers, however, required little pressing to go forth and attack the enemy. They burned to meet the foe who had the audacity to attempt the invasion of their country, and to dream of forcing upon Protestant England the hated creed of Rome. Stories of the terrors of the Inquisition, of the cruelties that had been practised by Alva in the Low Countries, and of the fate that was to be in store for Englishmen should the forces of Medina and Parma win the day,

were freely circulated. It was said that the houses and parks of the English nobles were to be parcelled out amongst the Spanish grandees, and that a list had been drawn up to that effect, which was in the pocket of every Spaniard. English women were to be spared only to be consigned to a fate worse than death. The houses of the wealthy merchants in London had been inserted in a Spanish register, and were to be divided among the squadrons of the navy for their spoil. Every galleon had hundreds of halters on board wherewith to hang the English people, whilst children under seven years of age were to be branded upon their faces, so as to be known hereafter as the offspring of the conquered nation.[1] Such tales were fully credited, and goaded the patriotism of the country into a perfect phrenzy of wild and vindictive hate.

Whatever the result might be, it was evident that England would only part with all that she held most dear at the price of her very life. 'They are as gallant and willing men as ever were seen,' writes Leicester of the troops massed together at Tilbury. To the commander-in-chief—'a mere treacherous minion,' as the renegade Allen plainly styled him—Elizabeth entrusted the entire management of all military details, and she accordingly wrote to him asking for advice, and the course she ought to pursue. Leicester—in his correspondence he signs himself Leycester—thus replies to his 'most dere and gracious Lady.'[2] It is true, he says, that the enemies that approach her kingdom are her undeserved foes, yet neither their malice nor their forces need inspire fear, 'for there is a most just God that beholdeth the innocency of your heart; and the cause you are assailed for is His, and His Church's, and He never failed any that faithfully do put their chief trust in His goodness.' Since she has asked for his counsel, he feels it his duty to advise her to gather her army about her in the strongest manner possible, to have it officered by the oldest and best assured captains, and to place in the position of supreme command 'some special nobleman.' Then as to herself. 'And now for your person, being the most dainty and sacred thing we have in this world to care for, much more for advice to be given for the direction of it, a man must tremble when he

[1] Letter to Don Mendoza, Spanish Ambassador at Paris. Richard Field, London, 1588. From the Grenville Collection.

[2] *State Papers, Domestic*, July 27, 1588.

thinks of it, especially finding your Majesty to have the princely courage to transport yourself to the uttermost confines of your realm, to meet your enemies and to defend your subjects. I cannot, most dere Queen, consent to that, for upon your welfare consists the security of the whole kingdom.' Accordingly he recommends her to go to her house at Havering, with the army round about her there; but should she wish to spend two or three days at the camp, she can rest 'in your poor lieutenant's cabin; thus far, but no further, can I consent to adventure your person.' As for her gracious favour to him, continues Leicester, 'I can only yield the like sacrifice I owe to God, which is a thankful heart, and to offer my body, life, and all to do your service.' His advice was accepted, and the Queen retired to Havering; there she was surrounded by a picked army officered by Sir Wm. Hatton, Sir. Wm. Knolles, Sir Francis Knollys, Sir John Smith, Sir Thomas Cecil, Sir Edmund Cary, Sir John Peyton, Sir Henry Goodyer, Sir Edw. Winkfield, with the Lord Chamberlain at the head.

Shortly after her retirement Elizabeth wrote to Leicester that she intended paying him a second visit to see the camp, The commander-in-chief was delighted at the proposal. It was news, he said, that pleased him most next 'the well-doing of your sacred person.' He urged his 'good sweet Queen' not to alter her purpose if God gave her health, and assured her that the lodging he had prepared for her was 'a proper sweet cleanly house,' within a little mile of the camp, and that her person would be as sure there as at St. James's.'[1] The favourite was, however, to indite no more letters to his 'good sweet Queen.' The marshy soil of Tilbury had caused much sickness in the camp, and Leicester, as soon as all fears of a Spanish invasion were at an end, was meditating a visit to Bath, to be cured of the low fever which was then hanging over him. He wrote to Elizabeth, 'from her old lodging at Rycott,' inquiring after her health, 'the chiefest thing in this world I pray for;' and informing her that he still continued her medicine, as it had done him more good than any other. He hoped, however, he said, to be perfectly cured at 'the Bath,' and concluded by praying for her happy preservation, and humbly kissing her feet. His hopes were not to be granted, for he died early in September, on his way to Kenilworth. His letter is dated August 29, and

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, August 5, 1588.

addressed 'To ye Q. most excellent Mate.' Beneath the address Elizabeth has written in her own handwriting the pathetic remark, 'His last letter.' [1]

Into the oft-told story of the overthrow of the Armada, except as it is illustrated by fresh revelations from the State Papers, we shall not enter. On issuing from Plymouth harbour into the open Channel, Lord Howard gave orders to his men not to come to close quarters with the towering unwieldy galleons, but to pour broadside after broadside into them at a distance, and to bide their opportunity to fall upon them. They had not long to wait. One of the galleons, the 'Capitana,' carrying the flag of Pedro de Valdez, ran foul of the 'Santa Catalina,' and broke her bowsprit. She was disabled; it was in vain that the Spaniards tried to take her in tow, and Drake timely coming up, she struck her flag and was tugged, at the stern of the 'Revenge,' a prize into Torbay. Among the prisoners was De Valdez, 'the third in command of the fleet,' and Joan Martinez de Recaldo, vice-admiral.[2] As the Armada advanced up the Channel the English hung upon its rear, firing shot after shot into the lofty hulls of the galleons and galleasses, yet all the while taking excellent care to give them a wide berth. 'The enemy pursue me,' moans Medina Sidonia; 'they fire upon me most days from morning till nightfall; but they will not close and grapple. I have purposely left ships exposed to tempt them to board, but they decline to do it, and there is no remedy, for they are swift and we are slow.'

The Spanish captain-general was fairly nonplussed. The smart well-handled English ships ran in and out, doing him as much damage as it was possible, always declining to come to close quarters, whilst his lumbering craft were useless to chase and cripple the agile enemy. Medina resolved to bear up for Calais, in hope that Parma was ready to put to sea. Shortly after the galleons had anchored in Calais roads, Lord Howard, whose ammunition and provisions, owing to the short-sighted stinginess of Elizabeth, were running terribly low, and who, consequently, was most anxious not to protract proceedings, practised a successful ruse upon the Spaniards. Filling certain of his smaller ships with combustible materials, he despatched them one after the other

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, August 29, 1588. [2] *Ibid.* July 23, 1588.

into the midst of the enemy. The Spaniards, panic-stricken, cut their cables, and, utterly demoralised, took to flight in all speed. The next morning Howard, seizing the opportunity of their confusion, fell upon them, and destroyed about a dozen of their ships, besides inflicting considerable damage upon their fleet generally. 'On Sunday at midnight,' writes one Tomson to Walsyngham,[1] 'the admiral, having the wind, sent certain ships on fire amongst the enemy, who in great confusion slipped their cables, ran foul of each other, and ran out to sea, pursued by the English. Out of 124 that anchored off Calais, only 86 can be found.' One of the galleasses having got ashore, the English rowed towards her, intending to make her their prize; but after a desperate fight, in which the Spanish crew were supported by the French, they were beaten off, and had to make a speedy retreat.

It was now evident to the most ardent Spaniard that the object of the expedition was completely frustrated. The Duke of Parma declined to quit the harbour to land his forces in England unless protected by the Spanish fleet, and the Armada was now flying northwards for dear life, intent far more upon seeing the coast of Spain than that of England. 'God grant ye have a good eye to the Duke of Parma,' writes Drake cheerily to Walsyngham,[2] 'for with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not ere it be long so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St. Mary Port among his orange-trees.' The Duke must have already wished himself at his country seat. Nervous and confused by the complete collapse of the expedition, he knew not what course to pursue. He dared not return home by the Channel, for his men refused to encounter the English again in the narrow seas; it was idle for him, with his dismantled fleet and dispirited crew, to remain in the Downs; where further action was impossible, retreat became necessary; and so, after an anxious parliament with his lieutenants, it was resolved to seek Spain by way of the North Sea.[3] Crowding all sail, and

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, July 30, 1588.

[2] *Ibid.* July 31, 1588.

[3] *State Papers, Ireland*, edited by Hans Claude Hamilton. Enclosed to Burghley by the Lord Deputy, October 1, 1588. Directions of the Duke Medina. 'The course that is first to be held is to the N.N.E., until you be found under 61½ degrees; and then take great heed lest you fall upon the island of Ireland, *for fear of the harm that may happen unto you upon that coast.* Then parting from those islands, and doubling the cape in 61½

throwing overboard useless cargo, the Armada steered for the Orkneys. Howard, however, had no intention of seeing the hostile fleet sneak off like a whipped cur, without receiving the full punishment she so richly deserved. Leaving Lord Henry Seymour's squadron to guard 'the narrow seas,' the English admiral gave chase to the Spaniard. But English courage, though capable of great efforts, requires to be supplied with the ordinary means of subsistence. A stern chase is proverbially a long chase, but it becomes infinitely longer when the crews in pursuit are decimated by scurvy and dysentery, are weakened by absolute hunger, are in want of water, and are only animated by the undying pluck of their race.

Sadder reading there is not than the piteous moans for provisions, to be met with in the State Papers of this date, from the captains of the different men-of-war then watching the Channel for the protection of England. Wages were in arrears, every farthing of extra expenditure had to be rigidly accounted for to the Queen, whilst sailors brought on shore sick or dying had no place to receive them. 'It would grieve any man's heart,' writes Howard, 'to see men who had served so valiantly die so miserably.' Yet Elizabeth, who owed her realm to the efforts of these her gallant subjects, though she could speak brave words to them which stirred their blood like a trumpet, would permit no lavish encroachments upon her exchequer. She doled out in miserable portions money, food, drink, and clothes. Even her cherished favourite Leicester had to complain that on 4,000 men coming into Tilbury after twenty miles march, 'as forward and willing men as ever I saw,' there was not 'a bartel of beer nor a loaf of bread' to give them.[1] The one cry throughout the correspondence of this period is, 'Nothing can exceed the patient and willing spirit of both sailors and soldiers; but for God's sake send us provisions, send us powder, send us money, clothes, and drink, else we be too enfeebled to fight.' Still, the miserable parsimony of the Queen was deaf to all entreaties, in spite of Drake's advice that it was an ill policy 'to hazard a kingdom with saving a little charge.'

degrees, you shall run W.S.W. until you be found under 58 degrees, and thence to S.W. to the height of 53 degrees, and then to S.S.W., making to Cape Finisterre, and so to the Groin [Corunna].'

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, July 26, 1588.

The result of all this cheese-paring was now to tell its tale. Off Norfolk a storm arose: the men under Howard in pursuit of the Armada were too weak to work the ships—the Admiral himself was compelled to satisfy the pangs of hunger with a few coarse beans, whilst the crews were forced for drink—the story can hardly be credited—to fall back upon the resources of human nature,[1] and the chase had to be abandoned. With extreme difficulty Howard, accompanied by the largest of his ships, reached Margate: the rest of the fleet were driven into Harwich. 'Our parsimony at home,' writes Captain Whyte to Walsyngham,[2] 'hath bereaved us of the famousest victory that ever our nation had at sea.' Upon his return home the Admiral sent to Walsyngham[3] the following brief diary of the events that had occurred whilst the English fleet was under his command:—

'July 19, Friday.—Upon Friday, being the 19th of the present month, part of the Spanish navy, to the number of fifty sail, were discovered about the isles of Scilly, hovering in the wind, as it seemed, to attend the rest of the fleet; and the next day, at three of the clock in the afternoon, the Lord Admiral got forth with our navy out of Plymouth, though with some difficulty, the wind being at south-west. Notwithstanding, through the great travail used by our men, they not only cleared the harbour, but also, the next day being Sunday, about nine of the clock in the morning, recovered the wind of the whole fleet, which being thoroughly descried was found to consist of 120 sail, great and small.

'At the same instant the Lord Admiral gave them fight within the view of Plymouth, from whence the Mayor with others sent them continually supplies of men till they past their coast. This fight continued till one of the clock the same day, wherein the enemy was made to bear room with some of his ships to stop their leaks. The same day, by an accident of fire happening in one of their great ships of the burden of [1,200] tons, they were blown up with powder, about 120 men, the rest being compelled to leave her, and so she was by the Lord Admiral sent into the west part of England.

'July 22, Monday.—Upon Monday, the 22nd, one of the chief gallcons, wherein was Don Pedro de Valdez with 450 men, was taken by reason of his mast that was spent with the

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, August 9, 1588.
[2] *Ibid.* August 8, 1588.
[3] *Ibid.* August 7, 1588.

breaking of his bowsprit, so as he presently yielded with sundry gentlemen of good quality.

'July 23, Tuesday.—On Tuesday, the 23rd, the Lord Admiral charging the enemy, who had then gotten some advantage of the wind, and thereupon seemed more desirous to abide our force than before, fell in fight with them over against St. Alban's, about five of the clock in the morning, the wind being at north-east, and so continued with great force on both sides till late in the evening, when the wind coming again to be south-west and somewhat large, they began to go homeward.

'July 24, Wednesday.—The same night and all Wednesday the Lord Admiral kept very near unto the Spanish fleet.

'July 25, Thursday.—Upon Thursday, the 25th, over against Dunnose, part of the Isle of Wight, the Lord Admiral espying Captain Frobisher with a few other ships to be in a sharp fight with the enemy, and fearing they should be distressed, did with five of his best ships bear up toward the admiral of the Spanish fleet, and so breaking into the heart of them began a very sharp fight, being within two or three score one of the other, until they had cleared Captain Frobisher and made them give place.

'July 26, Friday.—The next day being the 26th, the Lord Admiral only continued his pursuit of the enemy, having still increased his provisions, and keeping the wind of them.

'July 27, Saturday.—Upon Saturday, the 27th, about eight of the clock at night, the Lord Henry Seymour, admiral in the narrow seas, joined with the Lord Admiral in Whitsand Bay, over against the cliff of Calais, and anchored together, and the Spanish fleet rode also at anchor to leeward of the Lord Admiral, and nearer to Calais roads.

'July 28, Sunday.—The 28th, the Lord Admiral prepared seven ships fitted with pitch, tar, and other necessaries for the burning of some of the enemy's fleet; and at eleven of the clock at night, the wind and tide serving, put the stratagem into execution, the event whereof was this:—

'July 29, Monday.—Upon Monday, the 29th, early in the morning, the admiral of the galleasses riding next to our fleet, let slip her anchor and cable to avoid the fires, and driving thwart another galleass, her cable took hold of the other rudder and broke it clean away, so that with her oars

she was fain to get into Calais roads for relief. All the rest of the Spanish fleet either cut or let slip their anchors and cables, set sail and put to the sea, being chased from that road.

'After this the Lord Admiral sent the lieutenant of his own ship with 100 of his principal men in a long-boat to recover the galleass so distressed near Calais, who, after some sharp fight, with the loss of some men, was possessed of her, and having slain a great number of the enemy, namely, their captain-general of the four galleasses, called Don Hugo de Montcaldo, son to the Viceroy of Valencia, and divers gentlemen of good reckoning, carried prisoners to the English fleet.

'In this pursuit of the fire-works by our force, the Lord Admiral in fight spoiled a great number of them, sunk three, and drove four or five on the shore, so as at that time it was assured that they had lost at the least sixteen of their best ships. The same day after the fight the Lord Admiral followed the enemy in chase, the wind continuing at west and south-west, who bearing room northwards directly towards the isles of Scotland, were by his lordship followed near hand, until they brought themselves within the height of 55 degrees.'

The naval captains lying idle in the harbours of Margate, Harwich, and Plymouth, with their ships dismantled and their crews reduced, were loud in their complaints that the enemy had been permitted to escape them. They cursed the wretched parsimony of their sovereign, which had been the sole cause of their vessels being sent to sea short-handed and unprovisioned, thus rendering them unable to avail themselves to the full of the advantages of victory. Yet the Spanish seamen had little cause to congratulate themselves upon seeing no longer the English fleet hanging upon their rear. Storms and sickness, as they sailed northwards seeking the open to effect their return, had punished the Spaniards far more severely than ever would have been within the power of Howard's guns and fire-ships. Ship after ship, the sport of the raging tempest, and manned by an exhausted crew, was driven a wreck upon the iron-bound coast. Around the Faroe Isles, the Orkneys, and the islands off the western shores of Scotland were strewn the timbers of the once mighty galleons of Spain. Their rich cargoes had perished in the waves; most

of the sailors had met with a watery grave; whilst the few who had struggled to the shore were murdered in cold blood by the inhabitants, who dared not give them refuge.

A small portion of the Armada had worked its way farther south; but the western coast of Ireland failed to prove itself a whit more kind than the sister kingdom. From the bays of Donegal to Bantry there was the same story of wreck, plunder, and wholesale slaughter. Had the Spaniards been victorious, the native Irish would gladly have welcomed them on their island; but fugitive and defeated, they showed them scant mercy, and handed them over to the English, who gave no quarter. 'The Irish,' writes Sir George Carew, 'were very doubtful before the victory was known to be her Majesty's; but when they saw the great distress and weakness that the enemy was in, they did not only put as many as they could to the sword, but were ready with all their forces to attend the deputy in any service. The ancient love between Ireland and Spain is broken.' Orders had been issued by Sir Richard Bingham, the Governor of Connaught, that all Spanish seamen driven on shore should be brought to Galway, and scouts were despatched to explore the coast-line to carry out these instructions. Day after day haggard and famished Spaniards were marched into Galway to be hanged or shot, whilst the same fate awaited their fellows in the counties of Sligo, Mayo, Clare, and Kerry. As the towering hull of a crippled galleon was seen dashed against the rocks which form the fringe of that terrible western coast, the savage Irish leaped down upon the beach, clubbed the defenceless crew, and stole all that they could lay their greedy hands upon.

From the Irish State Papers we learn how merciless was the punishment dealt out to the unhappy Spaniard who found himself a castaway upon the shores of the Emerald Isle—shipwreck and slaughter are almost in every despatch forwarded to London at this time. Let us cull a few extracts.

'The miseries they sustained upon this coast,' writes Sir George Carew,[1] 'are to be pitied in any but Spaniards. Of those who came to the land by swimming, or enforced thereto by famine, very near 3,000 were slain, besides about 2,000 drowned between Lough Foyle and the Dingle.' 'That intelligence sent me from my brother George,' writes

[1] *State Papers, Ireland*, September 18, 1588.

Bingham to the Lord Deputy,[1] 'that the 700 Spaniards in Ulster were despatched; and this I dare assure your lordship now, that in some fifteen or sixteen ships cast away on the coast of this province, which I can in mine own knowledge say to be so many, there hath perished at the least some 6,000 or 7,000 men, of which there have been put to the sword, first and last, by my brother George, and in Mayo, Thomond, and Galway, and executed, one way and another, about 700 or 800 or upwards.' 'At my late being at Sligo,' writes Sir Geoffrey Fenton to Burghley,[2] 'I found both by view of eye and credible report that the number of ships and men perished upon these coasts was more than was advertised thither by the Lord Deputy and Council, for I numbered in one strand of less than five miles in length eleven hundred dead corpses of men which the sea had driven upon the shore since the time of the advertisement. The country people told me the like was in other places, though not of like number.' The Lord Deputy made a journey from Dublin to the west coast, and he thus communicates his impressions to the Council:[3]—'As I passed from Sligo,' he writes, 'having then gone 120 miles, I held on towards Bundroys, and so to Ballyshannon, the uttermost part of Connaught that way: and riding still along the sea-coast, I went to see the bay where some of those ships were wrecked, and where, as I heard, lay not long before twelve or thirteen hundred of the dead bodies. I rode along upon that strand near two miles (but left behind me a long mile and more), and then turned off from that shore; in both which places they said that had seen it there lay a great store of the timber of wrecked ships as was in that place which myself had viewed, being in mine opinion (having small skill or judgment therein) more than would have built five of the greatest ships that ever I saw, besides mighty great boats, cables, and other cordage answerable thereunto, and some such masts for bigness and length as, in mine own judgment, I never saw any two that could make the like.' Well might the Lord Deputy exclaim, 'God hath fought by shipwrecks, savages, and famine for her Majesty against the proud Spaniards!' Well might Medina Sidonia have warned his men to avoid Ireland, 'for fear of the harm that may happen unto you upon that coast.'

[1] *State Papers, Ireland*, September 21, 1588.
[2] *Ibid.* October 30, 1588. [3] *Ibid.* December 31, 1588.

Of the mighty fleet that had sailed forth from Lisbon, blessed by priest and prelate, to lay England low in the dust and assert the supremacy of the Catholic faith, 'only fifty-six ships escaped back to Spain, and they were so shaken by the English bullets and severe storms that some of them sank in the havens.' [1]

Such was the end of the Invincible Armada, the first and only attempt, since the Conquest, to carry out the design, often threatened, and so often abandoned, of the invasion of England. Three hundred years have passed since Spanish bones lay whitening upon the western shore of Ireland, and since the dangerous northern seas played havoc with Spanish galleons and galleasses; yet more than once plans for the subjection of our island have been brought forward by the foreigner, to the no little consternation of the timorous within our midst. At one time we dreaded a Dutch invasion, at another a French invasion; whilst there are some who, even at the present day, fear that our unprotected east coast may fall a prey to the greed of aggressive but impoverished Germany. Yet all such dismal forebodings have never been, and we are sure never will be, realised. Whoever be the enemy who builds his fleet and collects his forces for the conquest of England, he will find that history repeats itself with a terrible monotony; for assuredly the same punishment, varied perhaps in its details, but not the less deterrent and complete, will be dealt out to him as, in the days of Howard and of Drake, was dealt out to the Spaniard.

[1] *State Papers, Ireland.* Examination of John Brown, mariner February 11, 1588.

THE EARL OF ESSEX'S REBELLION.

Essex. Was ever wretch like Essex thus undone
By goodness in excess, and lavished grace!
Oh, I could tear my erring heart, with these
Revenging hands! What blessings have I lost!
What clemency abused! Now could I wish
For lengthened life—indeed for endless years.
A whole eternity's too short to show
My pious sorrows, and atone my folly.

The Earl of Essex. Act iv. sc. 1.

On the death of the Earl of Leicester, the vacancy his departure had created in the ranks of the favourites around the throne was soon filled up. In spite of her intellectual gifts, the firmness and determination of her character, and a repellant hauteur which was due to her Tudor blood, Elizabeth was as susceptible to flattery as if she had been the silliest of her sex. Though now long past the age when woman inspires admiration for her beauty, she loved to be surrounded by courtiers who read sonnets in her praise, who lauded her classic brow and the exquisite regularity of her features, and who paid her the same homage as if she had been not only a reigning queen, but a reigning belle. As time sped on, and made her all the more the wreck of her former self, she became more and more exacting; she hated her gallants to express admiration for any woman but herself, or to speak of beauty unless their remarks applied to herself, or to marry without her approval. A vain, elderly creature, she, who in Council could be so keen and penetrating, would greedily swallow the most fulsome flattery, without observing its inconsistency or the sneer that often lay hid in its words. In spite of failing health and of the reflections from her mirror, she considered herself the loveliest of women, and that all her courtiers were enamoured of her.

At this time her special favourite was Robert Devereux, the second Earl of Essex. Young, handsome, a scholar and

a poet, with a courage which was noted even in those days, when courage was considered everything, he had all the gifts to seduce the affections of a woman of the temperament of Elizabeth. From the first hour when he had been presented at Court by his stepfather, the favourite Leicester, he had won the regard of the Queen. He was different from the scheming, servile courtiers who surrounded her. Educated at Cambridge, and the friend of Burghley, the young man was well read in his sovereign's favourite classics; his conversation had all the charms of culture and yet of originality, and he was of the age when poetry becomes the most fascinating of studies. Elizabeth took no pains to conceal her liking for the boy Earl. He was during the first months of his life at Court her constant companion; he read aloud to her, he composed sonnets to her, and there was that sympathetic relationship between them which often exists between a lad and a woman much older than himself. Like most whose character is naturally domineering, the Queen fully appreciated the cool audacity of the young Earl, who, declining to be intimidated by her presence, offered his opinions and maintained them, in spite of all opposition from her Majesty.

Essex was, however, not to pass his youth in the luxurious ease of a Court. Towards the close of the year 1585, he accompanied the Earl of Leicester to Holland, where he so distinguished himself at the battle of Zutphen, that the honour of a Knight Banneret was conferred on him. Returning home, the Queen advanced him to the office of Master of the Horse, though he was then barely twenty years of age; and on the approach of the Armada she appointed him a general of horse and presented him with the coveted Order of the Garter. These rewards made him all the more eager for further action. He accompanied the expedition of Norris and Drake to Spain, to place Don Antonio on the throne of Portugal, much to the Queen's disgust, who wrote him a sharp letter, bidding him return at once. 'Whereof you see you fail not,' she said, 'as you will be loath to incur our indignation, and will answer for the contrary at your uttermost peril.' To this command Essex, with his customary boldness, paid not the slightest attention; yet on his return, Elizabeth, after a few days of ill-simulated anger, fully pardoned him, and conferred upon him several valuable grants from the Crown. In 1591 the favourite was

appointed commander-in-chief of the forces sent into Normandy to assist Henry IV. of France in recovering Rouen; a few years later he was despatched with Lord Howard to Cadiz, to wreck the Spanish fleet and destroy the town, in which expedition he displayed his usual gallantry. On his return he was appointed Master of the Ordnance, and created Earl Marshal of England.

Essex was now at the height of his good fortune. He held every honour and office that a courtier could covet; young men who sought advancement rather paid their court to him in preference to the Secretary of State; he was beloved by the mob; whilst the Puritans regarded him as the successor to the Earl of Leicester, and as their natural protector. So rapid an elevation to the highest honours had its usual consequences. Essex, naturally haughty, became arrogant and domineering; he dictated to all who crossed his path, and declined to be interfered with; even to the Queen he was at times most offensive, and spoke in tones which would have cost another man his head. His pride was now to receive a severe lesson. At a meeting of a few members of the Council a discussion arose between Elizabeth and the favourite as to the choice of some fit and able person to superintend the affairs of Ireland, which were as usual in a turbulent and unsatisfactory condition. The Queen gave her voice in favour of Sir William Knollys; Essex, on the contrary, voted for Sir George Carew. Hating dictation as much as her favourite, Elizabeth instructed Sir Robert Cecil to appoint Knollys to the post; whereupon Essex, forgetful of his loyalty as a subject and his manners as a gentleman, shrugged his shoulders and turned his back contemptuously upon his sovereign. Such conduct, and especially before spectators, Elizabeth declined to overlook; she walked up to the favourite, soundly boxed his ears, and bade him, in words very significant of the coarseness of her age, 'Go and be hanged!' Blind with passion, Essex clapped his hand to his sword, and with a great oath swore that 'he never would pardon so gross an affront, no, not even from Henry the Eighth,' and without another word passed through the doors and quitted the Court.

Weeks sped on, and still Essex, sullen and vindictive, refused to make apology for his conduct, preferring to shut himself up in rigid seclusion. The Queen, after her first burst of anger, had keenly regretted the insult she had put

upon her favourite; yet she felt that the dignity of the Crown must be maintained, and Essex be the one to sue for pardon. Let him, she said, but express sorrow for his rudeness, and he would not find her cruel. The friends of Essex now interfered, and advised him to be contrite and penitent. Sir Henry Ley wrote to him, and tried to pour oil on the troubled waters. 'Your honour,' he said,[1] 'is more dear to you than your life. Yet consider that she is your sovereign, whom you may not treat upon equal conditions. . . . Your wrongs may be greater than you can well digest, but consider how great she is, and how willing to be conquered; what advantage you have in yielding when you are wronged, and what disadvantage by facing her on whose favour you rely; how strong you will make your enemies, and how weak your friends; how provoked patience may turn to fury, and delayed anger to hatred. Only, whatever peace you make, use no means but yourself; it will be more honourable to you and more acceptable to her.' The Lord Keeper Egerton expressed himself to the same effect. 'I offer,' he wrote,[2] 'loving advice, as bystanders often see more clearly than people do themselves in their own causes. This long-continued and unseasonable discontent will make your cause worse and worse. You may yet return safely, but to progress is desperate; you leave your friends open to contempt, and encourage foreign enemies by the news that her Majesty and the realm are maimed of so worthy a member, who has so often daunted them. Also you fail in the duty which by nature, policy, and religion you owe to the Queen. Let me advise you to bend to the time and yield to your sovereign, whereby may ensue great good and no dishonour. The difficulty is in self-conquest, which is the height of true valour. If you do this the Queen will be satisfied, your country and friends benefited, yourself honoured, and your enemies disappointed.'

Still Essex failed to be convinced. 'I would sooner make you a judge,' he writes to the Lord Keeper,[3] 'than any other, but I must appeal from earthly judges, when the highest has imposed the heaviest punishment on me without trial. I am not unreasonably discontent; but the passionate indignation of a prince is an unseasonable tempest, when a harvest for painful labours is expected, and the smart must

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, edited by Mrs. Green [August ?], 1598.
[2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.*

be cured or the senseless part cut off. The Queen is obdurate, and I cannot be senseless. I see an end of my fortunes, and have set an end to my desires. My retirement neither injures others nor myself. I am released from duty to my country by my dismissal. I will always owe duty to her Majesty as an Earl Marshal of England, and I have served her as a clerk, but cannot as a slave. You bid me give way to time; I have done so by going out of the way, but I cannot yield truth to be falsehood.' Then he continued that his body suffered in every part of it by that blow given him by the sovereign. 'What!' he cried, 'is it impossible for crowned heads to do wrong, and so to stand accountable to their subjects? Was any power below of an unlimited nature? And has not Solomon said that he is a fool who laughs when he is stricken? I have suffered so many and great injuries,' concluded the Earl, 'that I cannot but resent them from my very heart.' Still, in spite of his determination, absence from the sunshine of the royal favour brought him after a few months into a more malleable frame of mind; he tendered an apology, which was at once accepted. It is, however, very doubtful whether the Queen ever entertained the same friendly feelings towards Essex as she had before this quarrel. His friends dated his ruin from the day when he had insulted his sovereign. 'Fortune,' they said, 'seldom caresses a cast-off favourite a second time, and princes once disobliged are seldom heartily reconciled.'

The Ireland which Elizabeth had received as one of the inheritances of the Crown, was the most miserable of countries. The island was literally inhabited by savages. The Irish led a nomad life, tending a few cattle, sowing a little corn, building mud cabins here and there when actually necessary to shield them from the inclemency of the weather, and using only their cloaks for bed and raiment. 'A man,' wrote the Archbishop of Armagh to the Queen at the beginning of her reign, 'may ride south, west, and north, twenty or forty miles, and see neither house, corn, nor cattle; many hundreds of men, women, and children are dead of famine.' The civilised Englishmen who had planted their settlements in the country looked upon the inhabitants as a race of serfs, to be worked to death, to be bullied, and, if disobedient to orders, to be shot down without mercy. 'The Irishmen,' wrote one Andrew Trollope to Walsyngham,[1] 'except in

[1] *State Papers, Ireland*, 1574–1585 edited by Hans Claude Hamilton.

walled towns, are not Christians, civil or human creatures, but heathen, or rather savage and brute beasts. For many of them, as well women as men, go commonly naked, having only a loose mantle hanging about them; if any of them have a shirt and a pair of single solid shoes, which they call brogues, they are especially provided for. And the Earl of Clancar and the Lord Maurice came to present themselves to my Lord Deputy at Dublin, in all their bravery, and the best garment they wore was a russet Irish mantle, worth about a crown piece, a leather jerkin, a pair of hose, and a pair of brogues, but not all worth a noble. And their feed is flesh, if they can steal any, for they have no occupations or have been brought up to any labour to earn anything. And if they can get no stolen flesh, they eat, if they can get them, leek-blades and a three-leafed grass, which they call shamrock, and for the want thereof carrion and grass in the fields, with such butter as is too loathsome to describe. The best of them have seldom bread, and the common sort never look after any.' Savage, half-starved, hating their conquerors, the Irish were always on the watch for opportunity to rise against the English. Any leader who came forward to redress their grievances was sure of a following; if the English troops in possession of the island had their ranks thinned, the Irish at once broke loose and robbed and murdered all within their reach; the whole reign of Elizabeth was one incessant struggle to keep under Irish disaffection.

Shortly after the release of Essex, these difficulties became a great source of anxiety to the Government. Hugh O'Neale, the nephew of Shan O'Neale, or the Great O'Neale, had been created, by the favour of Elizabeth, Earl of Tyrone. This noble savage, after murdering his cousin, the heir of the rebel, caused himself to be acknowledged as head of the clan, and at once proceeded to dispute the feeble authority of the English in the island. Having entered into a correspondence with Spain, he obtained a large supply of arms and ammunition, from Madrid; and then, uniting all the Irish chieftains under his standard, he boldly assumed the agressive. For years he successfully defied the arms of Sir John Norris, the English commander, and inflicted a severe defeat upon Sir Henry Bagnal, Norris's successor, in a pitched battle at Blackwater. These victories caused Tyrone to be regarded by his countrymen as the deliverer of Ireland, and

stimulated the efforts of the Irish to further and more dangerous opposition. It now became evident to the Council at home that the rebellion across St. George's Channel had assumed a form which it was most short-sighted to ignore or trifle with. An army of eighteen thousand men was raised to crush the disaffected Irish, and Essex—for the Ireland of Elizabeth's day was the great school of rude soldiership—prevailed upon the Queen to appoint him governor of Ireland, with the title of Lord Lieutenant. Amid the applause of the nation he crossed over to Dublin to take command of the troops. Unfortunately, though all his applications for reinforcements and arms were readily granted by the Council, and the parsimonious Elizabeth moaned that she paid him a thousand pounds a day, Essex failed to distinguish himself. He dawdled his time away, he exhausted his men by useless marches and countermarches, sickness set in and reduced the number of his forces, whilst the enemy hung upon his rear worrying the English in irregular skirmishes, yet ever carefully avoiding a decided engagement.

Negotiations now took place. Tyrone sent a message to Essex, desiring a conference, which was agreed to; proposals for a truce most favourable to the Irish were discussed, and it appears that Essex had at this time also commenced a disloyal correspondence with the enemy. The anger of the Queen at this termination of hostilities so degrading to her troops was extreme. She expressed her dissatisfaction to Essex, but ordered him to remain at his post until he received her further commands. The Lord Lieutenant, however, fully aware of the capital that his enemies would make out of his misdirection of the campaign, and not yet certain that he had completely regained the good favour of his mistress, refused to give malice time enough to insinuate its poison, but hurried home with all haste. Wearied and travel-stained, he presented himself at Court at an early hour of the morning, hastened upstairs, looked in at the presence-chamber, then at the privy chamber, nor scrupled to enter the royal bedchamber, where Elizabeth, her toilet not completed, was sitting with her hair unbrushed and falling about her face and shoulders. Essex threw himself upon his knees before her, kissed her hands, and implored her not to judge him by the counsels of his enemies. The Queen, now only under the influence of the tender feeling

consequent upon seeing her favourite again, was very kind and gracious. She looked lovingly upon him, and failed to say a single word of reproach. Quitting the chamber, Essex, most agreeably disappointed, thanked God that, though he had suffered much trouble and many storms abroad, he had found a sweet calm at home.

But the favourite had been too hasty in arriving at his conclusions. His offences were not to be so easily condoned. On reflection the Queen felt that the case before her was one to be decided, not by the heart, but by the head. Essex had been guilty of the most culpable military negligence, he had spent vast sums of money for no purpose, and in arranging a truce with Tyrone he had acted with an independence which was an insult to the Crown. Elizabeth soon showed the change in her sentiments. In the afternoon she met Essex, looked darkly upon him, and bade him be confined to his chamber until she gave orders for his release. A few days afterwards his case was made a special subject of discussion by the Council. The Lord Keeper, Egerton, expressed himself very severely. The whole campaign, he cried, had been most disgracefully mismanaged. The directions of her Majesty had not been followed. 'Instead,' said his Lordship, 'of the army being led against the arch-rebel in Ulster, it was carried into Munster, and people and treasure wasted. Then a parley was had with Tyrone, and dishonourable conditions accepted, which left her Majesty Queen only in name, whilst my Lord of Essex presumed on a bare promise of truce to leave the realm and come over, contrary to her Majesty's express command.'

The Lord Treasurer followed suit. The expenses of this attempt, he said, had been enormous. All the demands of the Lord Lieutenant had been amply answered. Arms, ammunition, and clothing had been sent to Dublin without stint. As to pay, the army had been royally treated. No fault could be found with the commissariat, for there had always been a three months' supply of provisions beforehand. 'This expedition,' concluded the Treasurer, 'has hardly cost her Majesty less in the seven months than 300,000*l*. My Lord of Essex is too honourable and just to deny that he has been royally furnished.' After speeches of a similar character from the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Secretary Cecil, the Council delivered their verdict. They were of opinion that Essex had made wrong use of the treasure committed to him, that

he had been dilatory in his movements, that he had exceeded his powers and had disobeyed orders.[1] Their report was handed to the Queen, and the favourite was kept in strict seclusion, not even being permitted to see his Countess, in the house of the Lord Keeper. From the Michaelmas of 1599 to the August of 1600 Essex was a prisoner.

During the weary months of his confinement he wrote frequently to the Queen.[2] He openly acknowledged his offences, trusted to her 'princely and angelic nature,' and implored that this cup might pass from him. He only desired life, he said, to expiate his former offences, and to recover the favour of his Queen. Still, he pleaded in vain. His successor in Ireland was winning brilliant victories, and the Queen, played upon by the malice of those who hated Essex, refused to grant the prayers of her former favourite. To the prisoner life unsunned by the royal presence was worse than death. 'Before all letters written in this hand be banished,' he pleads again,[3] 'or he that sends this enjoins himself eternal silence, be pleased to read over these humble lines. At sundry times I received those words as your own, "that you meant to correct and not to ruin," since which time when I languished in four months' sickness, forfeited almost all that I was able to engage, felt the very pangs of death upon me, and saw my poor reputation not suffered to die with me, but buried and I alive. I yet kissed your fair correcting hand, and was confident in your royal word; for I said to myself, "Between my ruin and my sovereign's favour there is no mean; and if she bestow favour again, she gives it with all things that in this world I either need or desire.' But now that the length of my troubles and the increase of your indignation have made all men so afraid of me as my own poor state is ruined, and my friends and servants like to die in prison, because I cannot help myself with my own, I not only feel the weight of your indignation, and am subject to their malicious informations that first envied me your favour and now hate me out of custom; but, as if I were thrown into a corner like a dead carcass, I am gnawed on

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Speeches by the Council in the Star Chamber, November 28, 1599.

[2] His letters begging to be restored to favour, amongst the *State Papers*, are those of February 11 and 12; April 4; May 12 (two); June 21; July 26; August 27; September 6, 9, and 22; September? (two); October 4 and 18; October? 1600.

[3] *Stat Papers, Domestic*, May 12, 1600.

and torn by the basest creatures upon earth. The prating tavern-haunter speaks of me what he lists; the frantic libeller writes of me what he lists; they print me and make me speak to the world, and shortly they will play me upon the stage. The least of these is worse than death, but this is not the worst of my destiny; for you, who have protected from scorn and infamy all to whom you once avowed favour but Essex, and never repented of any gracious assurance you had given till now, have now, in this eighth month of my close imprisonment, rejected my letters and refused to hear of me, which to traitors you never did. What remains is only to beseech you to conclude my punishment, my misery, and my life all together, that I may go to my Saviour, who has paid Himself a ransom for me, and who (methinks) I still hear calling me out of this unkind world in which I have lived too long, and once thought myself too happy.'

The continued silence of his Queen pained him beyond measure. 'I must sometimes moan, look up and speak, that you may know your servant lives,' he writes again.[1] 'I live, though sick in spirit unto death, yet mourn not for impatiency, as commonly sick men do. I look up to you, mine only physician, yet look for no physic till you think the crisis past and the time fit for a cure. I speak the words of my soul, yet cannot utter that which most concerns me, and should give my full heart greatest ease; therefore I say to myself, "Lie still, look down and be silent." You never buried alive any creature of your favour, and have passed your princely word that your correction is not intended for the ruin of your humblest vassal.' Then, since moaning will not move his mistress, he tries a lighter strain: 'Haste, paper, to that happy presence,' he exclaims,[2] 'whence only unhappy I am banished! Kiss that fair, correcting hand which lays now plasters to my lighter hurts, but to my greatest wound applieth nothing. Say thou camest from shaming, languishing, despairing Essex.'

To many, the harshness with which the ex-favourite was now treated by the Court was far from approved of. His courage, his genial manners, the cool audacity which characterised his opposition to most things, had raised Essex to the position of a mob hero. The crowd cheered him under the windows of his prison, murmured against his confinement,

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, July 26, 1600.
[2] *Ibid.* September 6, 1600.

and groaned at the names of his enemies. With a certain section of the clergy, the favourite, from the comparative purity of his past life, the soundness of his Protestantism, and from his position as patron of the Puritans, had always been popular. In his hour of need, and more especially as he was laid low with fever, the Church now proved her friendship for him. In the diocese of London, special prayers were put up for him, and allusions made to his case from the pulpit. For such ecclesiastical sympathy the Bishop of London fell into bad odour at the Court. 'My Lord Grace tells me,' writes Dr. Edward Stanhope to his brother, Sir John Stanhope, the Treasurer of the Chamber,[1] 'that her Majesty has taken offence at my Lord of London, and is not well pleased with his Grace for the indiscretion of some ministers in and about London. Some have, in their sermons at Paul's Cross, uttered matters impertinent to her government and unfitting their place, and therein have preached undutifully; others, not respecting the Earl of Essex's restraint as they ought to have done, have in their sermons, also at Paul's Cross, prayed for him by name; others have caused their bell to be knelled as a passing-bell for him, and have recommended him by name to God in their public prayers, and have had prayers purposely made for him.'

From a statement made to the Council by the rector of St. Andrew's in the Wardrobe, London, we learn the form of prayer that was used on that occasion; it ran as follows:[2]— 'I humbly beseech Thee, dear Father, to look mercifully with Thy gracious favour upon that noble Barak Thy servant, the Earl of Essex, strengthening him in the inward man against all his enemies. O Lord, make his bed in this his sickness, that so Thy gracious corrections now upon him may be easy and comfortable unto him as Thy fatherly instructions. And in Thy good time restore him unto his former health, and gracious favour of his and our most dread sovereign, to Thy glory, the good of this Church and kingdom, and the grief and discouragement of all wicked Edomites that bear evil will to Zion, and say to the walls of Jerusalem "There, there, down with it, down with it to the ground."' Babington, Bishop of Worcester, was also reprimanded for having given expression to this sympathy.

The prisoner was now to be set at liberty. So much

[1] *State Papers. Domestic*, December 29, 1599.
[2] *Ibid.* Statement by David Roberts, B.D. January 1, 1600.

mercy the Queen showed him, that before he gained his freedom she had his case submitted judicially to the Privy Council, instead of to the terrible Star Chamber. The trial lasted eleven hours; Essex defended himself with ability and a dignified humility. The sentence passed upon him was, that he should be deprived of all his public offices except the post of Master of the Horse, and that he should return to his own house, and there remain a prisoner until it pleased her Majesty to give orders for his release. To Essex this verdict was more lenient than he had expected; he had regained his liberty, and his estates were not burdened with heavy fines; for offences much less than his, men had suffered death upon the scaffold, and their wives and children had been left destitute. 'Words, if you can,' he writes to the Queen,[1] 'express my lowly thankfulness, but press not, sue not, move not, lest passion prompt you, and I by you both be betrayed. Report my silence, my solitariness, my sighs, but not my hopes, my fears, my desires; for my uttermost ambition is to be a mute person in that presence where joy and wonder would bar speech, from the greatest lady's, in power and goodness, humblest vassal.'

On his release from custody, Essex hastened down to his country seat, Ewelme Lodge, Oxfordshire. Both he and his friends were confident, since he had been allowed to hold the office of Master of the Horse, that he would speedily be summoned to Court, and be once more reinstated as the powerful Essex of old, the cherished favourite of his sovereign. Still, weeks passed on, yet no messenger rode up to his gates in hot haste with the summons he so ardently expected. He was alone, and he felt he was forgotten; his mistress was of sterner stuff than he had imagined, for he had offended her where she was most resentful; he had acted independently of her authority—for Elizabeth was not only the Queen, but the Government—and he had made deep inroads upon her purse. The debts of Essex had always been enormous, and now that he was out of favour his creditors became exacting and pressed him for payment. In his more fortunate days the Queen had granted him a monopoly of sweet wines; the patent was on the eve of its expiration, and the quondam favourite was most anxious to have it renewed. He knew that the moment was most critical: if the grant were confirmed to him, he felt that all was not yet lost; if, however,

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, September 9, 1600

it were refused, it would prove to him that the hope of restoration to the royal favour would henceforth be but the idlest of dreams.

He wrote to the Queen.[1] 'If conscience did not tell me,' he said, 'that without imploring your goodness at this time I should lose the present support, my poor estate, the hope of any ability to do you future service, and the means of satisfying a number of hungry creditors, who suffer me, in my retired life, to have no rest, I would still appear before you as a mute person. But since, this day seven night, the lease which I hold by your beneficence expires, and that farm is my chief maintenance and only means of compounding with the merchants to whom I am indebted, give me leave to remind you that your courses were to tend to correction, not to ruin. If my creditors would take for payment many ounces of my blood, or if the taking away of this farm would only for want pinch my body, you should never hear of this suit. I have no boldness to importune, and can draw no argument to solicit. The only suit which I can make willingly and must make continually, to you is, that you will once again look with gracious eyes upon me.'

Elizabeth, however, refused to be moved by honeyed words. She declined his request, adding that 'an ungovernable beast must be stinted in his provender!' This contemptuous reply was the one drop that caused Essex's bitter cup to flow over. He had been imprisoned, he had been separated from his wife, he had been deprived of his offices, he had been reprimanded by the Council and had been exiled by his Queen from her Court. Whatever were the offences he had committed, he had never attempted to palliate or deny them; he had acknowledged his guilt, and had been incessant in his prayers for pardon. Though his letters to his sovereign had remained unanswered, he had always written to her as the most penitent and respectful of subjects. 'Until I may appear in your presence, and kiss your fair correcting hand, time itself is a perpetual night, and the whole world but a sepulchre,'[2] were almost the last words he wrote to her before maddened into desperation. He had never taken advantage of his popularity to side with the Queen's enemies and thus make himself a danger to the State. He had been loyal, repentant, and above the intrigues of a traitorous ambition. But the bow too much strained will break; and

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, Sept. 22, 1600. [2] *Ibid.* October 18, 1600.

beneath the constant refusals of Elizabeth, the loyalty of Essex at last gave way. His wounded pride bade him abandon the humiliating pleadings of the past, and make his harsh mistress regret that she had ever driven him into the ranks of the opposition. Who was this relentless woman, he cried, to embitter his career and hand him over to his enemies? He did not attempt to conceal his opinions; he uttered insolent remarks about the Queen, which he knew would come to her ears, whilst he openly defied the Council.

There is no quarrel so bitter as the one between friends who have been estranged, where the man has had his pride wounded and the woman her vanity. The Queen called Essex a needy suppliant and a trickster, whilst the favourite retorted that Elizabeth was as crooked in her mind as in her body. From uttering offensive words, Essex now proceeded to meditate disloyal actions. Aware that he owed all his disgrace to the malice of his enemies, he resolved upon playing the part in England which the Duc de Guise had played in France—and compelling the Queen, even at the hazard of inciting the mob to revolt, to change her Ministers. He secretly filled his house on the banks of the Thames with disaffected Catholics and Puritans, and had the rooms guarded by a strong force of armed retainers. Informed of these preparations, the Lord Keeper, the Earl of Worcester, Sir William Knollys, and the Lord Chief Justice visited Essex House, and inquired, on behalf of the Council, what was the meaning of this armed assembly? Essex replied that, as his life was in danger, it was necessary for him to seek the protection of his retainers. To this the Lord Chief Justice answered, that if Essex dismissed his forces, his case should be brought before the Queen, and justice done him. Hereupon the adherents of the favourite shouted that the Lords of the Council were only thus parleying to gain time, and a few raised the cry of 'Kill them! kill them!' The Lord Keeper now asked to speak privately with Essex in his study. The request was granted; but once in the room Essex gave orders that the Lord Keeper and the rest of the Lords of the Council with him should be detained, with 'all honour and courtesy,' until his return from the City. 'You will be deceived there,' said the Lord Keeper; 'for the Queen has many good subjects in the City.' 'I have great hopes of the City,' replied Essex, 'else I would never go there.' 'Then, if that be so,' added the Lord Chief

Justice, 'it will be an occasion of effusion of much English blood, and an occasion of spoiling of the City by desperate persons, and it will be the worst for the Earl of Essex and his company in the end.' The Lords were kept in custody about three hours; but, 'the better to pass the time,' the Countess of Essex and Lady Rich came into the chamber and chatted with the prisoners.[1]

Meanwhile Essex had been busy trying to win over the citizens to his side. Accompanied by the Earls Rutland, Southampton, and Bedford, Lords Sandys, Monteagle, and Chandos, Sir William Constable, Sir Charles Danvers, Sir Charles Percy, Sir John Tracy, and a following of gentlemen of birth to the number of nearly two hundred, armed only with rapiers, the favourite marched east, bidding all he met to join him. But the affair had now got wind, and hasty preparations were made to defeat the ends of the rebel. The Lord Mayor and aldermen hurried from St. Paul's, where they were listening to a sermon, to put the City in arms. Charing Cross and the back parts of Westminster were strongly barricaded. Whitehall was guarded by troops. A proclamation was hastily drawn up, calling Essex a traitor, and a handsome reward offered to all who would capture him. It had been the intention of the favourite to go straight to the Court and seize the person of the Queen; but, hearing of the barricades at Charing Cross, and how well Whitehall was protected, he changed his mind and proceeded to the City to swell his following. Recruits, however, failed to enter his ranks. Essex walked up and down for four or five hours, but the citizens to a man refused to join him, though they dared not arrest him. Finding everywhere repulse instead of adherence, he began to return home. At Ludgate the gate was shut and vigorously defended by pikes. Sir Charles Blount was wounded and Sir John Tracy killed. To force the gate with his ill-armed retainers was impossible, and the rebel now rapidly beat a retreat to Queenhithe, where he took boat for Essex House. Here he and his followers shut themselves in, vowing 'not to come alive into their enemies' hands.'[2]

This stern resolve, however, soon cooled. Essex House, though well supplied with 'warlike provisions,' was not

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Examination of Sir John Davies. February 10, 1601.

[2] *Ibid.* Cecil to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, February 10, 1601. Also Vincent Hussey to ——. February 11, 1601.

adapted to stand a siege. From three in the afternoon till late in the evening the troops of the Lord Admiral surrounded the house and essayed to take it by storm, but on each occasion they were vigorously repulsed by the besieged. Petards were now brought from the Tower, and the Lord Admiral threatened to blow up the house, which hitherto 'he had forborne to do because my Ladies Essex and Rich were within it.' The Queen had sent word that she would not sleep until Essex House had surrendered, and the Lord Admiral now proceeded to carry his threat into execution. To spare the gentlewomen in the house he offered Essex two hours' respite, so that such dames could be removed from all danger. This proposal was readily accepted. 'And yourself, my Lord,' cried Sir Robert Sydney to Essex, 'what mean you to do? for the house is to be blown up by gunpowder unless you will yield.' The only answer given was that they would the sooner fly to heaven. Essex was now remonstrated with upon the desperate act he was committing, and the Lord Admiral promised to place his grievances before the Queen if he would but surrender. 'Ah!' cried Essex in despair, 'there is no one near the Queen that will be suffered to make a true report of this action, or to speak a good word for me.' On the promise, however, of the Lord Admiral that such would not be the case, both Essex and Southampton consented to yield. They were at once arrested, and, in company with the leaders of their conspiracy, sent to the Tower. 'And so,' writes Vincent Hussey,[1] 'that dismal tumult, like the fit of Ephemera, or one day's ague, ceased.'

On February 19, 1600, the Earls of Essex and Southampton stood at the bar of the Court of the Lord High Steward in Westminster Hall to be tried for treason. The case was so clear against Essex that it seemed impossible he could be acquitted. It was proved by witness after witness that he had gone about with armed men to coerce or disinherit the Queen, that he had imprisoned the Lords of the Council sent with orders to disarm the rebels, that he had attempted to raise the citizens, and that he had turned his house into a fortress for unlawful purposes. 'What need I,' said Coke, 'to stand upon further proofs?' 'Essex's best cover,' cried Bacon, 'is to confess and not to justify.' The

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, February 11, 1601. See also Cecil to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Same date.

favourite did not attempt to justify himself. He was not, he said, disloyal, nor had he ever entertained any idea of harming the Queen. His only object was to secure access to her Majesty, in order to unfold his griefs against his private enemies. He had never been a friend of sectaries or Papists, hypocrites or atheists. He admitted that he was wrong to have barricaded his house; his adherents had wished him to yield, and he hoped, he said generously, that no crimes of his would be visited upon them. Both prisoners were unanimously found guilty of treason, and sentence of death passed upon them. Southampton was afterwards reprieved. To the legal mind this trial is of great importance, since it was then laid down that to compel by force the King to change his policy was treason, and that rebellion and killing the King were offences deserving the same punishment. Upon this construction of Lord Coke's much of the subsequent law of treason rests.

As it was well known that Essex was beloved by the mob, and that an outcry might be raised against his imprisonment, instructions were drawn up by the Council for the use of the London clergy. In their sermons on the approaching Sunday they were to make special mention of the rebellion, and to paint the character of Essex in the blackest colours. They were to allude to the favourite's ingratitude in turning against the Queen after having had innumerable princely benefits heaped upon him; to his dissimulation and hypocrisy in matters of religion; to his disloyal conduct in Ireland, and to the courage and heroic magnanimity of the Queen. 'Move, therefore,' concludes the document,[1] 'all thanksgiving to the Lord of hosts for her Majesty's most mighty deliverance, and to faithful prayer that God of His infinite mercy will still protect her.'

These instructions were carried out. 'Order was taken the Sunday following,' writes Vincent Hussey,[2] 'that the preachers at Paul's Cross and other churches in London should deliver the same matters from the pulpit, and decry the Earl of Essex as a hypocrite, Papist, and confederate with the Pope and the King of Spain, to make him king and bring in idolatry. But, as is usual in such cases, they, from malice or desire to please, amplified it beyond all pro-

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* 'Directions for the Preachers.' February 14? 1601.

[2] *Ibid.* February 18, 1601.

bability. On the one side they "crucify;" on the other there is such a jealousy of light and bad fellows, that it is rumoured the preachers of London will rise and deliver him out of the Tower. The trained bands of Essex, Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Surrey are called up to London, and lie in the suburbs adjoining the Court, which is guarded like a camp; and troops of armed men march up and down, as if the Spaniards were in the land. There is a company continually in Paul's Churchyard, two at the Exchange, and the Mayor of London has two knights in show, as though there were great mistrust.'

It was not considered advisable by the Council that a long interval should elapse between the passing of the sentence and its execution. Essex was a prisoner who so warmly stirred the sympathies of the people, that every day his confinement became more and more dangerous. Now that her old favourite had been condemned to death, the Queen looked tenderly back upon the past, and was at times more prone to forgive the traitor than to send him to the scaffold. She thought of all that was in his favour—his daring, his handsome presence, his accomplishments, the pleasure she had enjoyed in his society, and preferred to forget his treachery and misconduct. She hated the sight of those who pressed her to sign the fatal warrant; she put off the evil day, she wept, and at last, torn by conflicting emotions, she fell seriously ill. Surrounded by the enemies of the prisoner, only one side of his case was constantly presented to her—his defiance of her authority, his ungenerous return for all the favours he had received, the flagrant character of the revolt he had excited, and, above all, the evil influence it would exercise upon the disaffected in the country should such an arch-traitor be pardoned. The unhappy woman hesitated between following the dictates of her heart and those of her judgment. At one time she took up her pen, resolved to end this painful indecision; but when she read what were to be the consequences of her signature, she bent her head upon the parchment and freely gave way to her emotions. Thus days passed, and Essex knew not whether he might expect pardon or suffer condemnation. Then the influence of Cecil prevailed, and the warrant was signed.

Late on the night of Tuesday, February 24, a despatch from the Lords of the Council was handed to Lord Thomas

Howard, the Constable of the Tower. He was informed that early on Wednesday morning he was to receive at the Tower 'two discreet and learned divines,' who had been sent by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the special request of her Majesty, to be present at the execution of the Earl of Essex, and 'to give all comforts to his soul.' Two divines had been sent, 'because, if one faint, the other may perform it to the prisoner, of whose soul God have mercy.' The Constable was then enjoined to take heed, with all care and circumspection, that Essex on the day of his execution rigidly confined himself in his speech from the scaffold within these limits: 'viz., the confession of his great treasons and of his sins towards God, his hearty repentance and earnest and incessant prayers to God for pardon. But if he shall enter,' continued the despatch, 'into any particular declaration of his treasons, or accusation of any of his adherents therein, you shall forthwith break him from that course, for that the same was published at full length of his arraignment. Hereof you must have a very great and vigilant care, for it is no ways fit that at that time he enter into any such course.' The writs of execution were enclosed, and the Constable was instructed 'within half an hour after his Lordship has supped' to repair to the prisoner and inform him that 'to-morrow between six and seven he is appointed to receive the execution of his judgment; that therefore, like as hitherto he has always owned himself most resolute and constant to die, so now he do prepare himself accordingly, that his soul may participate of heaven, freed from the miseries of this wicked world.' At ten o'clock at night, two hours after the warders had taken away the prisoner's supper, Sir John Peyton, the lieutenant of the Tower, informed Essex that on the morrow at dawn he was to be sent into eternity.[1]

On receiving this intelligence Essex threw up the window of his cell and cried to the guard, 'My good friends, pray for me, and to-morrow you shall see in me a strong God in a weak man; I have nothing to give you, for I have nothing left but that which I must pay to the Queen to-morrow in the morning.' He then laid down in his bed to rest, but shortly after midnight rose and dressed. In his cell were the two divines, Doctors Montfort and Barlow, sent by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and one Ashton, the

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Lords of Council to the Constable of the Tower. February 24, 1601.

private chaplain of Essex; with these the prisoner spent the time till morning in prayers, confession, and preaching. Between seven and eight A.M. Sir John Peyton entered his cell and bade the condemned man prepare for execution. Accompanied by his divines, Essex walked from his cell to the scaffold, which had been erected in the high court where the church stands above Cæsar's tower. At his special request, he had begged to be executed privately within the Tower, and the Queen had answered his prayer.

All the way from his prison to the scaffold Essex kept calling on God to give him strength and patience to the end, saying, 'O God, give me true repentance, true patience, and true humility, and put all worldly thoughts out of my mind;' at the same time he entreated those who went with him to pray for him. Having ascended the scaffold, which was draped in black cloth, he stood surveying the scene for a moment. He was dressed in a gown of wrought velvet, a satin suit, and felt hat, all black. In the middle of the scaffold was the block, with the masked executioner standing at its side, and behind him the guard. Seated on forms three yards from the scaffold were the Earls of Cumberland and Hertford, Viscount Bindon, Lords Thomas Howard, Morley, and Compton, in company with several knights, gentlemen, and aldermen, to the number of one hundred. After a brief silence Essex turned towards the three divines and said, 'O God, be merciful unto me, the most wretched creature upon earth.' Then gazing at the peers and gentry in front of him he took off his hat, and made them a profound reverence. Casting his eyes up to heaven, he thus addressed his audience:—

'My lords, and you my Christian brethren who are to be witnesses of this my just punishment, I confess to the glory of God that I am a most wretched sinner, and that my sins are more in number than the hairs of my head; that I have bestowed my youth in pride, lust, uncleanness, vainglory, and divers other sins, according to the fashion of this world, wherein I have offended most grievously my God; and notwithstanding divers good motions inspired unto me from the Spirit of God, the good which I would I have not done, and the evil which I would not I have done: for all which I humbly beseech our Saviour Christ to be the Mediator unto the Eternal Majesty for my pardon; especially for this my last sin, this great, this bloody, this crying, and this infec-

tious sin, whereby so many for love of me have ventured their lives and souls, and have been drawn to offend God, to offend their sovereign, and to offend the world, which is as great a grief unto me as may be. Lord Jesus, forgive it us, and forgive it me, the most wretched of all: and I beseech her Majesty, the State, and Ministers thereof, to forgive it us. The Lord grant her Majesty a prosperous reign, and a long one if it be His will. O Lord, grant her a wise and understanding heart; O Lord, bless her, and the nobles and ministers of the Church and State. And I beseech you and the world,' he said, looking at his hearers, 'to have a charitable opinion of me for my intention towards her Majesty, whose death, upon my salvation and before God, I protest I never meant, nor violence to her person; yet I confess I have received an honourable trial, and am justly condemned. And I desire all the world to forgive me, even as I do freely and from my heart forgive all the world.' He then concluded, in refutation of the charges of his enemies, by declaring that he was neither an atheist nor a Papist, but a true Christian, trusting entirely for his salvation to the merit of his Saviour Jesus Christ, crucified for his sins. In this faith he had been brought up, and in this faith he died.

He now took off his gown and ruff, and advanced to the block. The executioner came to him and asked his pardon. 'Thou art welcome to me,' said Essex, 'I forgive thee; thou art the minister of true justice.' Then kneeling down on the straw before the block, with hands clasped and eyes raised to heaven, he prayed earnestly for faith, zeal, and assurance, craving patience 'to be as becometh me in this just punishment inflicted upon me by so honourable a trial.' On repeating the Lord's Prayer, in which all present joined with tears and lamentations, instead of the words 'as we forgive them that trespass against us,' he said, with marked emphasis, 'as we forgive *all* them that trespass against us.' Rising from his knees, he asked the executioner what was fit for him to do for disposing himself to the block. His doublet was taken off, but on hearing that his scarlet waistcoat would not interfere with the proceedings, he retained it. Then he laid himself flat upon the boards of the scaffold, and cried out, 'Lord, have mercy upon me, Thy prostrate servant!' He was conducted to the block by his chaplain, and as he knelt before it said, 'O God, give me true humility and patience to endure to the end; and I pray you all to pray with me

and for me, that when you shall see me stretch out my arms and my neck on the block, and the stroke ready to be given, it may please the everlasting God to send down His angels to carry my soul before His mercy-seat.' Then fitting his head into the hollow of the block, so that his neck rested firmly on the wood and was fully exposed to the stroke, he was bidden by the divines to repeat after them the beginning of the Fifty-first Psalm. He obeyed their request in a clear, loud voice:

'Have mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness: according to the multitude of Thy mercies do away mine offences.

'Wash me throughly from my wickedness, and cleanse me from my sin.'

No sooner had he repeated these words, 'cleanse me from my sin,' than he cried out, 'Executioner, strike home! Come, Lord Jesus; come, Lord Jesus, and receive my soul! O Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!'

The executioner had to strike three times before the head was severed, though at the first blow the victim was deprived of all sense and motion. As the head rolled on to the straw, the executioner took it up by the hair, saying, 'God save the Queen!' It was noticed that the eyes were still fixed towards heaven.[1]

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* 'Account of the Execution of the Earl of Essex.' February 25, 1601. It varies considerably from all other published accounts.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

Almighty God, who hast in all ages shewed thy Power and Mercy in the miraculous and gracious deliverances of thy Church, and in the protection of righteous and religious Kings and States professing thy holy and eternal truth, from the wicked conspiracies, and malicious practises of all the enemies thereof: We yield thee our unfeigned thanks and praise, for the wonderful and mighty deliverance of our gracious Sovereign King *James* the First, the Queen, the Prince, and all the Royal Branches, with the Nobility, Clergy, and Commons of *England*, then assembled in Parliament, by Popish treachery appointed as sheep to the slaughter, in a most barbarous and savage manner, beyond the examples of former ages. From this unnatural conspiracy, not our merit, but thy mercy; not our foresight, but thy providence delivered us: And therefore not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name be ascribed all honour and glory, in all Churches of the saints, from generation to generation; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.—Prayer for the happy deliverance of King James the First and the Three Estates of England.*

At the accession of James I. the condition of the Roman Catholics in England was one of galling restrictions, spiteful intolerance, and constant persecution. Under Mary the Protestants were the martyrs of the State; under Elizabeth the reaction set in, and the Papists had to reap the whirlwind they had sown during the preceding reign. The crop was an evil one, and as the unhappy son of an oppressed faith had to eat its bitter food, he had every reason to admit that his lines had not fallen in pleasant places. On all sides the Papist was the object of State inspection and irritating control. He dared not confess to his priest or bend the knee to the Host in his own temples; whilst if he failed to attend a Protestant place of worship on the Sabbath, he was liable to a fine of twenty pounds for every month during which he had absented himself. If he were a priest and attempted to say mass, he could be punished by a forfeiture of two hundred marks and a year's imprisonment. Indeed, such a man had no right at all to enjoy English hospitality. By a statute passed in 1585 it was enacted that 'all Jesuits, seminary and other priests ordained since the beginning of the Queen's

reign should depart out of the realm within forty days after that session of Parliament; and that all such priests or other religious persons ordained since the said time should not come into England or remain there under the pain of suffering death as in case of treason;' it was also declared that 'all persons receiving or assisting such priest should be guilty of capital felony.' The Papist who refused to bow down in the house of Rimmon—or, in other words, attend the Sunday services in a Protestant church—was branded as a 'recusant,' and on persisting in his refusal was forced to quit the kingdom; if he dared to return without leave, he laid himself open to execution as a felon, without benefit of clergy. It is true that these harsh laws were not always put into operation, yet no Papist ever felt himself safe from becoming one day their victim. It was a matter of lenity that he escaped, not of right.

As the health of Elizabeth began visibly to decline, the English Catholics looked forward with hope to the arrival of her successor. It was known that James was the son of Catholic parents; that he had been baptized by a Catholic archbishop, and that he had on more than one occasion openly avowed that he was not a heretic, and that he had not severed himself from the Church. Even if his faith had been doubtful, was it to be expected, it was asked, that he would regard with favour the party which had been the chief agent in hunting his mother to her death? In addition to these surmises, James had given positive proof of the toleration he intended to display. Whilst Elizabeth was lying ill, one Thomas Percy, a kinsman of the Earl of Northumberland, and subsequently one of the Powder Plot conspirators, had been sent on a mission to Scotland, and had returned with the answer that James, on his accession, would deal well with the English Catholics. At the same time the King of Scotland wrote with his own hand a letter to the Earl of Northumberland, stating that when his Majesty should cross the Tweed to wear the crown, the Catholic religion would be tolerated.[1] Buoyed up with these hopes, the Catholics of England warmly supported the cause of James, and were among the most loyal of those who rallied round the throne during the first months of the new monarch's reign.

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, edited by Mrs. Green, November 23, 1605; also, *The Gunpowder Plot*, by Daniel Jardine: a most careful work, now out of print.

For a time it appeared as if the reign of persecution had come to an end. The English Catholics were exempt from attendance upon Protestant churches, they were exonerated from the fines for recusancy, and they were appointed to lucrative posts under the Crown. They were informed that this happy state of things would continue 'so long as they kept themselves upright and civil in all true carriage towards the King and State without contempt.' But the wily James had only used the policy of toleration for his own ends. No sooner did he find himself firmly settled upon the English throne, and felt conscious that the national feeling was warmly hostile to the Papacy, than he resolved to be independent of Catholic support, and to withdraw from the pledge he had solemnly given. He denied that he had ever returned a favourable answer to Percy's mission. He had always been a true son of the English Church, and rather than change his religion he would lose his crown or his life. He summoned his Council, and assured them that he had never entertained any intention of granting toleration to the English Catholics, and that if he thought his sons would condescend to any such course, he would wish the kingdom translated to his daughter. To prove the truth of his words, he issued a proclamation, ordering all Jesuits and priests to quit the kingdom, under pain of being left to the rigour of the laws.

And now, to the dismay and indignation of the duped Catholics, a return to the persecuting policy of Elizabeth was openly adopted. The recusancy fines were enforced. All the laws of Elizabeth against Jesuits and priests were ordered to be put in execution. A bill was passed, declaring that all persons who had been educated in Catholic colleges on the continent should be incapable of holding lands or goods within the King's dominions. At the same time, any one keeping a schoolmaster who refused to attend a Protestant Church, or who was not licensed by the bishop of the diocese, was liable to forfeit forty shillings for every day he was retained. Thus, practically, Catholic children were to grow up untaught. Their parents declined to entrust them to a Protestant tutor; whilst, if they sent them abroad, they would lose their rights as English subjects. Well might Sir Everard Digby thus write to Lord Salisbury, when he saw promises shamelessly broken and hopes raised only to be cruelly crushed: 'If your Lordship and the State,' he says,[1]

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, December, 1605.

'think it fit to deal severely with the Catholics, within brief there will be massacres, rebellions, and desperate attempts against the King and State. For it is a general received reason amongst Catholics, that there is not that expecting and suffering course now to be run that was in the Queen's time, who was the last of her line and last in expectance to run violent courses against Catholics; for then it was hoped that the King that now is would have been at least free from persecuting, as his promise was before his coming into this realm, and as divers his promises have been since his coming. All these promises every man sees broken.'

When men are subject to persecution for the sake of their religion, the course they pursue is suggested by the temperament each possesses. The timid shuffle and conceal, the bold defy the law or seek the overthrow of their oppressors. Such was now to be the conduct of the English Catholics. The weak, though sincere, pandered to the policy of the Court; they worshipped in secret, they attended every Sunday a Protestant Church, and they sent their children to Protestant schools. The more bold refused to dismiss the priests hidden in the secret chambers of their halls and manor-houses, or to follow their religion as if ashamed of it, and were content when discovered to pay the penalty. But there were men amongst the number who openly advocated the Catholic faith, who scorned to accept any compromise, who so fully believed in the truth and purity of their religion, that they not only professed it, but resolved to brave all dangers to see it freed from persecution and once more reinstated as the faith of England. It was this last class which, now that all hopes of relief from the King had to be abandoned, determined to gain its ends by other means and from other agents. In religion, when harassed by persecution, there is little patriotism; the interests of the creed dominate over those of the country. The Huguenots looked towards England for aid, so now the Catholics looked towards Spain. Negotiations were reopened with the King of Spain for money and assistance. His Majesty was informed that the condition of the English Catholics was hopeless without his help, and he was invited to land an army at Milford Haven, when the western counties would rise in his favour, and every Catholic in England would rally round his standard. In the reign of Elizabeth such appeals were familiar at the Court of Madrid; but now the

Most Catholic King took very little interest in England, and was far more anxious to conclude an advantageous peace with James than to convert him into a dangerous enemy. He declined to tempt fortune by the creation of another Armada.

Thus foiled in all their attempts to ameliorate their condition, the English Catholics were ready to give ear to the most dangerous counsels. And now it was that the idea of destroying at one fatal blow King, Lords, and Commons, through the agency of gunpowder, began to assume a definite shape in the minds of some of the more desperate of the party. At this time Robert Catesby, who was the representative of one of the oldest families in England, and who, during the former reign, had entered warmly into the Earl of Essex's insurrection, John Wright, a scion of the Wrights of Plowland in Holderness, and Thomas Winter, who came of a line that had held estates in Worcestershire since the wars of the Roses, were frequently in the habit of meeting together at Lambeth, to discuss the fortunes and future of their Church. On one of these occasions Catesby took Winter aside and told him that 'he had bethought him of a way at one instant to deliver them from all their bonds, and without any foreign help to replant again the Catholic religion.' On being pressed to explain his meaning, he answered that 'his plan was to blow up the Parliament House with gunpowder; for,' added he, 'in that place they have done us all the mischief, and perchance God hath designed that place for their punishment.' Winter, taken aback at the suggestion of so terrible a deed, made objections. 'True it was,' he said, 'that this struck at the root, and would breed a confusion fit to beget new alterations; but if it should not take effect, the scandal would be so great which the Catholic religion might thereby sustain, as not only their enemies but their friends also would, with good reason, condemn them.' Catesby shortly replied that 'the nature of the disease required so sharp a remedy.' Then he bluntly asked if Winter would consent to join with him. At once Winter answered that, 'in this or what else soever, if Catesby resolved upon it, he would venture his life.'

It was however now agreed that, if possible, the ends of the conspirators should be attained by all peaceful means. Accordingly, Catesby recommended Winter to cross over to Flanders, and there see Velasco, the Constable of Castile,

then on his way to England to conclude a peace between James and the King of Spain, and to beg the Constable to use his efforts with the King of England to have the penal laws against Catholics repealed. This suggestion was at once adopted, and Winter hastily proceeded to Bergen, where he had an interview with Velasco. The discreet Constable received him courteously, but dismissed him with platitudes. The King of Spain, he said, entertained the most friendly feelings towards the Catholics of England; he himself personally much regretted the painful position in which they were placed, but he could not definitely promise that in the treaty about to be signed he could specially stipulate for the redress of their grievances; he would however see what could be done. This answer was not satisfactory to Winter, and finding from the English Catholics then in Flanders that Spain had no intention of actively interesting herself on behalf of the Catholic cause in England, he returned home accompanied by one Guido Fawkes, who had been recommended to him by the Flemish priests as a 'fit and resolute man for the execution of the enterprise.'[1]

Guido Fawkes, whose name history will ever hand down as the chief mover in the plot, was sprung from a respectable Yorkshire family. In his examination[2] he admits that he was born in the city of York, and that his father was one Edward Fawkes, a notary, who has now been identified with the Edward Fawkes who held the office of 'registrar and advocate of the Consistory Court of the Cathedral Church of York,' and who was buried in the Cathedral Church, January 17, 1578. His parents being Protestants, Guido was brought up in the faith of the Church of England and educated in a free school near York. On the death of Edward Fawkes the widow married a very devoted Catholic, and we may therefore conclude that the future conspirator was made a convert to his step-father's religion. Sir William Waad, the Lieutenant of the Tower, writes to Lord Salisbury, after the discovery of the plot,[3] that 'Fawkes' mother is still alive, and married to Foster, an obstinate recusant, and he hath a brother in one of the Inns of Court. John and

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Examination of Thomas Winter, January, 1606. The Papers relating to the Plot, though calendared by Mrs. Green have been separated from the Domestic Series of State Papers, and are now bound up in two volumes.

[2] *Ibid.* November 7, 1605.

[3] *Ibid.* December 8, 1605.

Christopher Wright were schoolfellows of Fawkes and neighbours' children. Tesmond the Jesuit was at that time schoolfellow also with them; so as this crew have been brought up together.' After having spent the 'small living' left him by his father, Guido enlisted in the Spanish army in Flanders, and was present at the capture of Calais by the Archduke Albert in 1598. His devotion to the Catholic cause, his high courage, and in an age of dissoluteness his purity of life, soon caused him to be looked upon as one of the pillars of the party. He had been sent on more than one mission to Spain to obtain help for his brethren in England, and those who knew him felt assured that the interests of their Church could not be entrusted to safer hands. He is described by Father Greenway as 'a man of great piety, of exemplary temperance, of mild and cheerful demeanour, an enemy of broils and disputes, a faithful friend, and remarkable for his punctual attendance upon religious observances.' When in Flanders, we are told that his society was 'sought by all the most distinguished in the Archduke's camp for nobility and virtue.' Such was the dangerous enthusiast who was now to play a prominent part in the conspiracy then being matured in the unscrupulous brain of Catesby. Vice and fanaticism often tread the same path to reach their goal.

On arriving in London, Winter, accompanied by Fawkes, went to see Catesby at his lodgings. There he met Percy and Wright. It was evident to the little band that, deceived by James and deserted by Spain, the English Catholics, if they wished to free themselves from the galling restrictions by which they were surrounded, would have solely to rely upon their own energies and resources. They discussed their position and the future before them. 'Are we always to talk,' said Percy angrily, 'and never to do anything?' Catesby took him aside and whispered in his ear that he knew what should be done, but before he divulged his views it was necessary that every one should be bound by a solemn oath of secresy. Percy readily agreed, and on the meeting breaking up it was arranged that they should all assemble in a few days at a house in the fields beyond St. Clement's Inn. At the time appointed the conspirators came together; the only addition to their number being Father Gerard, a Jesuit priest. The moment they had assembled, and without any conversation taking place, Father Gerard stood in their

midst and administered the oath to each, beginning with Catesby and ending with Fawkes. 'You shall swear,' he said, 'by the Blessed Trinity, and by the Sacrament you now propose to receive, never to disclose directly or indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter that shall be proposed to you to keep secret, nor desist from the execution thereof until the rest shall give you leave.' The oath taken, all 'kneeling down upon their knees with their hands laid upon a primer,' Catesby requested Gerard to quit the room whilst he made his project known. He then stated that he proposed, when the King went in state to the House of Lords, to blow up the Parliament House with gunpowder. The scheme met with the approval of his hearers, and after a brief discussion as to the course that was to be pursued they adjourned to an upper room, where they heard mass and received the Sacrament from the Jesuit father.[1]

The plan of the plot, once adopted, was quickly put into execution. A house adjoining the Parliament House which happened to be vacant was taken by Percy, and there the conspirators daily met. It was proposed that a mine should be constructed from the cellar of this house through the wall of the Parliament House, and that a quantity of gunpowder and combustibles should be stored in the vault of the House of Lords. At the same time a house was rented in Lambeth where wood and timber could be deposited, to be ferried across the river to Westminster in small quantities so as not to excite suspicion. Fawkes, being unknown in London, kept the keys and acted as Percy's servant, under the name of Johnson. The frequent prorogation of Parliament allowed the conspirators ample time to mature their schemes and to proceed with their mining operations. These latter were more arduous than

[1] That Gerard was ignorant of the plot, see Examination of Fawkes, November 9, 1605: 'Gerard, the Jesuit, gave them the Sacrament, to confirm their oath of secresy, *but knew not their purpose*;' also Examination of Winter, January 9, 1606, Gerard, *alias* Lee: 'The priest gave them the Sacrament afterwards, *but knew not of the plot*.' The Jesuits at this time were in the habit of assuming several pseudonymes. The following occur amongst the State Papers:—

Henry Garnet	*alias*	Walley, Darcy, Farmer, and Meaze.
Edward Oldcorne	„	Hall, Vincent, Parker.
Nicholas Owen	„	Andrews, Littlejohn, Draper.
Oswald Greenway	„	Greenwell, Tesmond.
John Gerard	„	Brook, Staunton, Lee.
Thomas Strange	„	Anderson.

had been expected. The wall which separated the house from the Parliament Chamber was a stout piece of masonry three yards in thickness, and required all the efforts of the plotters to make any impression upon it. All day they worked with their pickaxes, and at night removed the rubbish into the garden behind the house, strewing it about and then covering it with turf. With the exception of Fawkes, who wore a porter's dress over his clothes, and passed for a servant taking care of a house in the absence of its master, none of the conspirators were ever seen at the windows, but lived in strict seclusion in the basement. It was with no little pride that Guido Fawkes remembered that those who were then spending their days in arduous toil and depressing isolation were men of ancient race working like the lowest for the sake of Holy Mother Church. 'All,' he afterwards avowed,[1] 'were gentlemen of name and blood, and not any was employed in or about this action—no, not so much as in digging and mining—that was not a gentleman. And while the others wrought, I stood as sentinel to descry any man that came near; and when any man came near to the place, upon warning given by me they eased until they had again notice from me to proceed; and we lay in the house and had shot and powder, and we all resolved to die in that place before we yielded or were taken.'

An accidental circumstance, which seemed as if fortune at first was propitious to the plot, was now to relieve the conspirators from much of this toil. One morning, whilst at work as usual upon the wall, a loud grating noise was suddenly heard above their heads. The men suspended their labours and kept dead silence, fearing that at last all had been discovered. The noise continued, and Fawkes was sent upstairs to ascertain, if he could, the cause. To his delight he found that a cellar immediately below the House of Lords was being emptied of coals, and that the sound which had so startled them was owing to this circumstance. In the character of Percy's servant Fawkes approached the coal-merchant, whose name was Bright, and asked him if he was disposed to let the cellar, as his master was in want of one to store his own coals and wood. Bright replied that the cellar would shortly be vacant, and that he had no

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Examination of Guy Fawkes, November 8, 1605.

objection to Mr. Percy renting it from him. Such an arrangement was of the greatest service to the conspirators. There was now no necessity to continue boring through the wall which separated them from the Parliament House, for the cellar they were about to hire was a large vault, dry and dark, directly below the House of Lords, and exactly suited to the fell purpose they had in view. Terms were soon settled between Percy and Bright, and within a month the vault was filled with barrels of powder hidden in hampers, iron bars and tools to 'make the breach the greater,' and the whole covered with faggots and billets of wood. The better to conceal the purpose for which the cellar was used, a quantity of lumber was thrown carelessly about. It was now May, and Parliament did not meet till the first week of October. The preparations complete, the conspirators agreed to part company during the months that intervened, so as not to excite suspicion by being seen together. It was considered advisable that Fawkes should make London his head-quarters, and we now learn that he lodged at a Mrs. Woodhouse, 'at the back of St. Clement's Church.' His landlady does not appear to have been impressed in his favour. 'She disliked him,' she said, 'suspecting him to be a priest; he was tall, with brown hair, auburn beard, and had plenty of money.' Here he carried on an active correspondence with Catesby, Percy, Winter, and the two Wrights.[1]

When men meet together to carry out some terrible deed, it is seldom that the secret is only confined to the originators of the scheme. As the plot thickens, and success becomes more and more probable, other agencies have to be introduced, and the band of conspirators has to increase its numbers. This was now the case with the designers of the Powder Plot. One by one the original five had to admit others into their confidence, until the heads of many were compromised in the matter. First, it had been necessary to obtain further assistance for the mining of the party-wall, and Robert Keyes, the son of the vicar of Stavely in Derbyshire, and Christopher, the brother of John Wright, had the oath administered to them and were duly enrolled members of the dangerous fraternity. Then John Grant, of Norbrook, near Warwick; Robert, the eldest brother of Thomas Winter; and Thomas Bates, a servant of Catesby, were sworn as

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, November 7, 1605

confederates. As money was an important element in the undertaking to bring it to a successful issue, Catesby and Percy were of opinion that the secret should be divulged to some of the wealthy English Catholics, who should be asked to contribute funds towards the object in view. Accordingly, Sir Everard Digby, of Tilton and Drystoke, in Rutlandshire; Ambrose Rookwood, of Coldham Hall, in Suffolk; and Francis Tresham, the eldest son of Sir Thomas Tresham, and a relative of Catesby's—all zealous Catholics and men of large estate—took the oath and became adherents to the cause. Thus the ranks of the conspirators had been swelled from five to thirteen, not including certain persons who had been sent on foreign missions, who were supposed to be, if not entirely, at least partly, in the secret.

As the dread day for the meeting of Parliament approached, the plans of future operations were discussed and finally arranged. The King and the Prince of Wales, it was concluded, would perish in the explosion. The Duke of York, afterwards Charles the First, it was supposed, would not accompany his father, and to Percy, therefore, was entrusted the task of securing the lad and carrying him off in safety to be subsequently proclaimed King. Should the Duke not be found, then the Princess Elizabeth, who was under the care of Lord Harrington at Coventry, was to be surprised and taken off instead of her brother. Warwickshire was to be the place of general rendezvous. Arms and ammunition were stored up in the houses of various conspirators in the midland counties, while Catesby, under pretence of uniting with the levies then being collected in England for service in Flanders, had raised a troop of three hundred horse to meet any resistance which might be offered by the Government after the execution of the plot.[1] Thus, as matters had been arranged, the Parliament House was to be wrecked; the King, the heir apparent, and a large portion of the aristocracy were to be suddenly sent into eternity; a new sovereign was to be elected; the Protestants were to be demolished, and all Catholic grievances consequently redressed. The mine had been laid, it was only necessary now to fire it.

Parliament had been prorogued from the third of October to the fifth of November. As the day came nearer and

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Examination of Guy Fawkes, November 8, 1605; also examination of Thomas Winter, January 17, 1606.

nearer for the perpetration of the awful act, a natural feeling of humanity impressed itself upon the members in the secret of the conspiracy. Every man amongst them knew that within a few days a terrible slaughter was about to be effected, that in the chamber above the murderous vault, with its powder and its faggots, there would assemble those favourable to the Catholic cause as well as those hostile to it; yet in the havoc of the explosion no distinction could be made, and both friend and foe would have to suffer the doom of sudden death. There was not one of the conspirators but had some friend he was anxious to save, and the question had often been debated amongst them how they could impart intelligence to those in whom they were interested without sacrificing the success of the plot. How could they give warning without divulging their secret? Tresham was 'exceeding earnest' to advise Lords Stourton and Mounteagle, who had married his sisters, to absent themselves from the opening of Parliament; Keyes was anxious to save his friend and patron, Lord Mordaunt; Fawkes himself was interested in the fate of Lord Montague; whilst Percy strongly interceded on behalf of the Earl of Northumberland and of the young Lord Arundel. But the stern, hard Catesby turned a deaf ear to all entreaties, and refused to be moved.

'Rather than the project should not take effect,' he cried, 'if they were as dear unto me as mine own son, they must also be blown up.' He, however, assured his colleagues that most of the Catholic peers would not attend the meeting of Parliament, and that 'tricks should be put upon them to that end.' 'Assure yourself,' he said to Digby, 'that such of the nobility as are worth saving shall be preserved and yet know not of the matter.' His advice was accepted, for all feared that any other course was too dangerous to be adopted. 'We durst not forewarn them,' said Fawkes afterwards, 'for fear we should be discovered; we meant principally to have respected our own safety, and would have prayed for them. It was, however, agreed that if anyone amongst them saw his way to warn a friend on 'general grounds' to absent himself on the occasion, he would be justified in so doing.[1]

This permission was to be fully availed of. William Parker, Lord Mounteagle, was one of the few Catholics who then enjoyed the full favour of the Court. During the last

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Examination of Digby, December 2; of Keyes, November 30; and of Fawkes, November 16, 1605.

reign he had become intimate with Catesby and Winter, and had been engaged in the rebellion of the Earl of Essex, for which he had been fined and imprisoned. He had also been one of those who had invited the King of Spain to invade England for the preservation of Catholic interests. On the accession of James, Mounteagle forsook his plotting courses, posed as a loyal adherent of the King, and became one of the most prominent of those 'tame ducks' used by the Court to 'decoy the wild ones.' He was regarded by the English Catholics as the man above all others who could obtain redress for their grievances, if redress were possible.[1] One evening—it was on Saturday, October 26—whilst Lord Mounteagle was at supper at his house at Hoxton, a letter was brought in to him. It had been handed to one of the pages by a man whose face was closely muffled up, with instructions to deliver the paper at once to his master, as it contained matters of importance. The letter ran as follows :—

'My lord out of the love i beare to some of youer friends i have a caer of youer preservacion therefore i would advyse yowe as yowe tender youer lyf to devyse some excuse to shift of youer attendance at this parleament for god and man hathe concurred to punishe the wickednes of this tyme and thinke not slightlye of this advertisment but retyere youre self into youre countri wheare yowe maye expect the event in safti for thowghe theare be no apparence of anni stir yet i saye they shall receyve a terrible blowe this parleament and yet they shall not seie who hurts them this councel is not to be contemned because it maye do yowe good and can do yowe no harme for the dangere is passed as soon as you have burnt the letter and i hope god will give yowe the grace to mak good use of it to whose holy proteccion i commend yowe.'[2]

Who wrote this letter? It has been attributed to Mrs. Abington, the sister of Lord Mounteagle, and wife of Thomas

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Examination of Thomas Winter, November 25, and of Francis Tresham, November 29, 1605. In these originals great care has been taken to conceal the name of Mounteagle. In the examination of Winter the name of Mounteagle is half scratched out and half pasted over with paper. In the examination of Tresham his name is hidden by a slip of paper being pasted over it. These are the only two examinations amongst the State Papers in which the name of Mounteagle appears.

[2] This letter is amongst the *Gunpowder Plot Papers.* It is written in Roman hand, without capital letters or punctuation. It is addressed—'To the right honourable the lord mowteagle.'

Abington, of Henlip, Worcestershire, one of the most zealous of the English Catholics. But the evidence we possess on the subject distinctly states that neither Mr. Abington nor his wife were acquainted with the plot until informed of its failure by Garnet, when they refused to join the rising of the Catholics.[1] The authorship of this letter has also been ascribed to Anne Vaux, the daughter of Lord Vaux, and devoted friend (Protestant scandal hints at a closer relationship) of Father Garnet; but such a statement is unsupported by any testimony worthy of credence. There can be little doubt, however, that the sender, if not the writer, of the letter was Francis Tresham. Everything points him out as the agent. He was known to be treacherous and unprincipled; he had always been a lukewarm adherent of the plot, and consequently regarded with suspicion by his colleagues; he had expressed himself most anxious to save the life of Mounteagle; latterly he had been absent from the proceedings of the conspirators; and on the failure of the plot he was treated with suspicious leniency by the Government. At the same time, it is hardly to be credited that this letter was the first intimation either Mounteagle or the Council obtained of the existence of such a conspiracy. No one not in the secret could guess from its contents what was about to occur; it was, as Lord Salisbury expressed it, 'too loose an advertisement for any wise man to take alarm at, and absent himself from Parliament.' There can be little doubt but that the Government were well acquainted throughout with the movements of the conspirators, and that they made use of Tresham's disclosure simply, as Father Greenway suggests, to hide the true source from which their information had been derived.

The probable solution of the discovery is as follows: The English Jesuits at Rome were well aware of the existence of the plot; the French spies at Rome heard of it, and communicated it to their government; then France, fearful lest the fate of James and the success of the conspirators should place England in the power of Spain, secretly informed the Council of what was in store for them. In the Memoirs of the Duke of Sully there are frequent allusions to the sudden blow which the Catholics are preparing against England. A recent discovery also confirms this view. Among the Cecil Papers,

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Examination of Edward Oldcorne, *alias* Hall, March 6, 1606.

lately examined at Hatfield, there is this letter, which lacks both signature and address:[1]—

'Who so evar finds this box of letars let him carry it to the King's Majesty; my Master litel thinks I know of this, but in rydinge with him that browt the letar to my Master to a Katholyk gentleman's hows anward of his way into Lincolnshire he told me all his purpose and what he ment to do; and he being a priest absolved me and made me swear never to reveal it to any man. I confess myself a Katholyk and do hate the Protestant religion with my hart and yet I detest to consent either to murder or treason. I have blottyd out sartyn names in the letars because I wold not have either my Master or ane of his friends trobyl aboute this; for by his means I was made a good Katholyk; and I wold to God the King war a good Katholyk that is all the harm I wish hym; and let him take heed what petitions or supplications he taks of ane man; and I hop this will be found by som that will give it to the King, it may do him good one day. I mean not to come to my Master any more, but will return unto my country from whens I came. As for my name and country I counsel that; and God make the King a good Katholyk; and let Sir Robert Cecil and My Lord Chief Justice look to themselves.'

The events which immediately followed upon the despatch of the letter to Mounteagle are the common facts of history, and the State Papers fail to reveal much that is new. The vaults below the Parliament House were examined by the Lord Chamberlain, who purposely deferred the inspection till the day before the meeting of the Chambers. The coals and faggots stored up in the vault were observed, and at the same time Fawkes was seen, standing in a dark corner, guarding his treasures. So vast a supply of fuel for a house seldom occupied seemed somewhat suspicious, and on the Lord Chamberlain making his report to the King it was resolved that a further examination should take place. Not to create alarm, the inspection was entrusted to Sir Thomas Knevet, a magistrate of Westminster, under pretence of making a general search in the houses and cellars in the neighbourhood for certain stuffs belonging to the King's wardrobe. At midnight, on the eve of the now memorable fifth of November, Sir Thomas with his assistants made a sudden descent upon the house. Fawkes, having finished his day's

[1] *Third Report Hist. MSS. Commission*, vol. iv. p. 148.

work, was in the act of shutting the door. He was detained whilst the magistrate visited the cellar. Here the barrels of powder hidden by the faggots, the bars of iron, and the coals at once revealed the nature of the plot. Fawkes was arrested, pinioned, and searched; slow matches and touch-wood were found upon his person. In a corner of the cellar was a dark lantern, the light still burning in it. Now that he had been caught red-handed, and all evasion was fruitless, the boldness of the man came out. Without hesitation, Fawkes avowed to Sir Thomas the ends he had in view, and declared that 'if he had happened to be within the house when he took him, he would not have failed to have blown him up, house, himself, and all.'

Under a strong guard the prisoner was marched off at once to Whitehall, there to be examined personally by the King. The Royal bedchamber was filled with members of the Council, and in the middle of the room, seated on a chair, was James. Calm, and with a lofty dignity, the conspirator faced his judges. In his own eyes he had done what was right, and he was bold with the courage of the man whose conscience completely acquits him. Question after question was put to him, often hurriedly and passionately, yet he never permitted his temper to be ruffled out of its quiet, haughty composure. His name, he answered, was John Johnson, and he was a servant of Thomas Percy. It was quite true that whilst the Upper House was sitting he meant to have fired the mine below, and escape before the powder had been ignited. Had he not been seized, he would have blown up King, lords, bishops, and all who had been in the chamber.

'Why would you have killed me?' asked the King.

'Because you are excommunicated by the Pope.'

'How so?' said James.

'Maunday Thursday the Pope excommunicates all heretics who are not of the Church of Rome. You are within the same excommunication.'

He was then asked who were privy to the conspiracy, but refused to accuse any of his friends. After further questions had been put to him, several of which he declined to answer, he was sent with a guard to the Tower.

It had been arranged that the conspirators, after the explosion, should hasten to Dunchurch, where Sir Everard Digby, under cover of a meet on Dunsmore Heath, was to

assemble a large party friendly to the Catholic cause. Catesby and John Wright were on their way thither the afternoon of the day on which Fawkes had been apprehended. At Brickhill they were joined by Keyes, Rookwood, Percy, and Christopher Wright, who now informed them of the arrest of Fawkes, when they rode for dear life into Warwickshire. At Dunchurch they met the rest of their number, but after a brief stay it was considered advisable to ride through the counties of Warwick, Worcester, and Stafford, into Wales, exciting the Catholic gentry to join them as they went along. Their efforts were, however, useless. The Catholics hounded them from their doors, and reproached them for having dragged their cause through the mire by their infamous enterprise. 'Not one man,' says Sir Everard in his examination,[1] 'came to take our part, though we had expected so many.' At Holbeach, in Staffordshire, the dejected band had to defend themselves against the county, which had been raised from all quarters, and armed by the sheriff. Surrounded by the enemy, the conspirators saw that escape was out of the question, and prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Yet even this consolation was denied them. Some powder, which Catesby and Rookwood were drying upon a platter over a fire, blew up with a tremendous explosion. Several of the party were severely burned, and Catesby fell down as dead. Disabled and discouraged, the conspirators were powerless to resist their pursuers. They were summoned to lay down their arms and surrender. They scornfully refused. An assault was now made upon the gates of the courtyard of the house in which they had assembled. Two shots from a cross-bow mortally wounded both the Wrights. Catesby and Percy, standing back to back, were shot through the body, and shortly afterwards died of their wounds. Winter was disabled by an arrow penetrating his arm. Rookwood was senseless from a thrust from a pike. At last their assailants burst into the courtyard, beat down all resistance, and made the rest of the party prisoners. They were conveyed to London, and committed to the custody of Sir William Waad, the Governor of the Tower. Within a week of the discovery of the plot, all the chief conspirators, excepting those who had perished at Holbeach, were in safe confinement.

The examination of the prisoners was at once proceeded

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, December 2, 1605.

with. Fawkes, as chief culprit, had to undergo repeated examinations, not only before the Commissioners named by the King from the Privy Council, but before Lord Chief Justice Popham, Sir Edward Coke, and Sir William Waad.[1] At first he refused to give his real name, but a letter directed to him being found in his clothes, he owned that he had assumed the name of John Johnson for purposes of concealment, and that he was called Guido Fawkes. He now candidly admitted his regret at having been concerned in the plot, 'for he perceived that God did not concur with it;' still he had acted for the best, for ever since 'he undertook that action, he did every day pray to God he might perform that which might be for the advancement of the Catholic faith and the saving of his own soul.' As close confinement began to soften his feelings, he became more amenable to the wishes of his examiners. He furnished a full account of the history of the plot, how it had been revealed to him eighteen months ago by an Englishman in the Low Countries; how he had prepared the vault; how they had resolved to surprise the Princess Elizabeth and make her Queen in the absence of Prince Charles; how they had prepared a proclamation in her name against the union of the two kingdoms, and in justification of their act; how they would have taken the Princess Mary, but knew not how; and how they had sent arms and ammunition into Warwickshire.[2]

Yet no threats nor persuasion could induce him to disclose a single name which had been connected with the plot. 'He confineth all things of himself,' writes Lord Salisbury, 'and denieth not to have some partners in this particular practice, yet could no threatening of torture draw from him any other language than this—that he is ready to die, and rather wisheth ten thousand deaths than willingly to accuse his master or any other.' When pressed by Sir William Waad that it was useless for him to conceal the names of his colleagues, since their flight had already revealed them, Fawkes quietly replied, 'If that be so, it will be superfluous for me to declare them, seeing by that circumstance they have named themselves.' Such obstinacy was not to be permitted, for we must remember that at this time the fugitive conspirators were still at large, and therefore, since persuasion had failed,

[1] His examinations and declarations amongst the State Papers are November 5, 6 (two), 7, 8, 9, and 16, 1605; January 9, 20, and 26, 1606.

[2] *State Papers, Domestic*, November 8, 1605.

it was necessary to have recourse to severity. On the appointment of the Commissioners, and with special reference to Guy Fawkes, the King had written to them in his own hand, 'The gentler tortours are to be first usid unto him *et sic per gradus ad ima tenditur*, and so God speede youre goode worke.'[1] There can be no doubt but that torture was now applied to the unhappy man, and that the rack was the means of obtaining disclosures which otherwise would not have been revealed. On November 9, Fawkes made a declaration, in which he gave the names of all the sworn conspirators without reserve. This document is amongst the pages of the 'Gunpowder Plot Book,' and is entitled 'The Declaration of Guido Fawkes, taken the 9th day of November, and subscribed by him on the 10th day, acknowledged before the Lords Commissioners.' It is subscribed in a tremulous hand 'Guido,' as if the conspirator had put pen to paper immediately after being released from torture, and had fainted before completing his signature. The agonies of the rack were no doubt unbearable, but Fawkes now heard for the first time of the fate of his friends at Holbeach, and he may have thought it useless to suffer for the concealment of facts which were no longer secret.[2]

On the morning of January 26, 1606, there entered a barge moored at the steps of the Tower, Guy Fawkes, the brothers Winter, Ambrose Rookwood, John Grant, Robert Keyes, and Thomas Bates. From the Tower the barge proceeded to Westminster. The vast hall was crowded with spectators, for this was to be the first day of the trial of the notorious prisoners. Hidden by a screen from the audience were the King, the Queen, and the Prince of Wales. Seated on the bench were the Lords Commissioners, the Earls of Nottingham, Suffolk, Worcester, Devonshire, Northampton, and Salisbury; the Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir John Popham; the Lord Chief Baron, Sir Thomas Fleming; and Sir Thomas Walmisley, and Sir Peter Warburton, Justices of the Court of Common Pleas. Confronting their judges, on a

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, November 6, 1605.

[2] That Fawkes was racked is certain. Amongst the State Papers is a document dated February 25, 1606, in which these words occur: 'Johnson has been on the rack for three hours, *whereas Fawkes confessed after being racked for half an hour.*' Again, Thomas Philippes, writing, December, 1605, to Hugh Owen, says: 'Fawkes confessed nothing the first racking, but did so when told he must come to it again and again from day to day till he should have delivered his whole knowledge.'

scaffold, stood the prisoners. To the usual question of the Clerk of Arraigns, in spite of the confessions wrung from them in the Tower, each conspirator as he was asked pleaded not guilty.

The Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, now rose up on behalf of the Crown, to accuse the prisoners of high treason. He had been instructed by Lord Salisbury what to say. He was to show that the practices of the conspirators 'began on the Queen's death and before the severe laws against the Catholics.' He was to disclaim that any of the accused wrote the letter which was the first ground of discovery. Thirdly, he was to praise the conduct of Mounteagle, and show 'how sincerely he dealt and how fortunately it proved that he was the instrument of so great a blessing as this was.' Acting upon these instructions, the Attorney-General, after having enlarged upon the enormity of 'this treason,' proceeded to relate the previous conspiracies into which several of the prisoners had entered, declaring that all of them had been 'planted and watered' by the Jesuits and the English Catholics. He contrasted the mildness of the laws passed against the Catholics with the severity of the proceedings against the Protestants under Mary. He praised the lenity of James, who had been willing to grant complete toleration until compelled to change his policy by the treasonable conduct of the Catholics, and especially of the priests. He then sketched the history of the plot, and concluded that men guilty of so monstrous a conspiracy were undeserving of mercy, and justly merited the severest punishment the law allowed. The confessions of the prisoners were now read, and after a brief summing up from the Lord Chief Justice, a verdict was brought in finding all the conspirators guilty.

Sir Everard Digby was separately arraigned. He pleaded guilty; he had been actuated, he said, by a desire to restore the Catholic religion, but he confessed that he deserved the severest punishment and the vilest death. The Commissioners gravely lectured him upon his conduct, declined to listen to his petition on behalf of his estate, wife and children, and he, with the rest, was adjudged guilty of high treason. Sentence of death was now passed upon the eight condemned men, and they were then rowed back to the Tower.

Three days after the trial the gates of the Tower again opened, and there appeared Digby, Robert Winter, John Grant, and Thomas Bates. They were pinioned and bound to hurdles

which were placed on sledges. A scaffold had been erected at the western end of St. Paul's churchyard, and thither, amid the execrations of the mob, the unhappy men were drawn. All met their fate with courage, admitting the justice of their sentence, and declaring that they died true sons of the Catholic Church. This was on the Thursday; the day following, Guy Fawkes, Thomas Winter, Ambrose Rookwood, and Robert Keyes, were drawn from the Tower to the old Palace at Westminster. The last to suffer was Fawkes. He was so enfeebled by sickness and torture, that he had to be helped up the ladder. He spoke only a few words to the crowd; he expressed his regret for the crime of which he had been guilty, and begged the King and his country to forgive him his bloody intent. Then he placed himself in the hands of the executioner and was launched into eternity.

The Judas of the band was spared the gallows. Though his colleagues had been arrested, Tresham was permitted to remain at large until several days after the discovery of the plot. This partial leniency certainly favours the conjecture that the Government were under obligations to him. On his arrest he made a clean breast of his connection with the plotters and their work. He stated that Catesby had informed him of the conspiracy, that he had strongly discouraged it, but finding that all opposition was in vain, he had begged that the execution of the plot should be deferred to the end of the session of Parliament, and that all engaged in it should obtain safety in the Low Countries. His companions once out of the country, he had intended, he said, to reveal the plot to the Government.[1] He also stated that Mounteagle and Catesby, as well as Fathers Greenway and Garnet, were privy to Winter's mission to the King of Spain. Shortly after this confession Tresham was attacked by a dangerous malady, and his life was despaired of. A few hours before his death he dictated a declaration in which he retracted in the most solemn manner that part of his statement implicating Father Garnet in the mission of Winter to Spain. This declaration he signed, and begged his wife to 'deliver it with her own hands to the Earl of Salisbury.'[2] He died December 23, 1605.

We now come to the question which has long been a

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Examinations of Francis Tresham. November 13 and 29, 1605.

[2] *Ibid.* December 22, 1605. See also Sir E. Coke to Salisbury, March 24, 1606.

subject of dispute between Protestants and Catholics—how far the Jesuit priests, Greenway and Gerard, and Garnet, the provincial of the Jesuits in England, were cognisant of the plot. All the chief conspirators in their different examinations before the Commissioners strongly denied that the priests were in their confidence.[1] The only one who accused them was Bates. And who was Bates? He was an old servant of Catesby, who, from being employed by his master about the house at Westminster, had obtained some inkling of the plot. It was therefore thought more prudent by the conspirators to let him into the secret and bind him by the oath, than to allow him to remain a free agent, and perhaps imperil the undertaking by the disclosures he might be tempted to reveal. According to Father Greenway, Bates 'was a man of mean station who had been much persecuted on account of religion.' Once, in the presence of the Commissioners, the late servant of Catesby made the most damaging disclosures. He said that after having taken the oath he confessed to Father Greenway the nature of the conspiracy in which Catesby and others were engaged; that Greenway then bade him be 'secret in that which his master had imparted to him, because it was for a good cause, and that he was to tell no other priest of it; saying moreover that it was not dangerous to him, nor any offence to conceal it.' Absolution was then given him, and he received the Sacrament in the presence of Catesby and Thomas Winter.[2] This assertion Greenway solemnly denied. Upon his salvation he declared that Bates never spoke one word to him as to the plot, either in or out of confession. Six weeks later, further revelations were disclosed. Bates appeared before the Commissioners, and as in his first examination he had compromised the character of Greenway, so now, in his second examination, his evidence was most prejudicial to the character of Garnet. He declared that after the flight of the conspirators he had been sent to Garnet with a letter from Sir Everard Digby, asking advice from the priest; that Garnet read the letter aloud in the presence of Bates, and Greenway coming into the room, he cried, 'They would have blown up the Parliament House, and were discovered, and we are utterly undone;' that Greenway then said,

[1] *See* Examinations of Fawkes and Thomas Winter, November 9, 1605.
[2] *State Papers, Domestic.* Examination of Thomas Bates, December 1 1605.

'There was no tarrying for himself and Garnet;' and that they conferred together, meditating flight.[1]

These confessions obtained every credence from the Council, and a proclamation was issued for the apprehension of Greenway and Garnet, with other Jesuit priests, whilst a sweeping bill of attainder was introduced into Parliament confiscating the property of various suspected Catholics. Greenway and Gerard managed to effect their escape to the continent, but Garnet, who was in hiding at Handlip Hall, the seat of Mr. Abington, failed to defeat the strict search made by Sir Henry Bromley throughout the mansion, and was captured in a cell, having been for days half-starved, and looking, as he said, more like a ghost than a man. He was conveyed to London, lodged in the Gatehouse, and in a few days was brought before the Privy Council. His examination was more searching and more frequent than that of any of the other conspirators.[2] At first Garnet declared that he had no knowledge of the plot, and refused to inculpate any of his colleagues; but as he saw the evidence against him becoming more and more difficult to rebut, he ended by imparting to his judges the true nature of his position. Briefly, the substance of his examinations was that he had derived his knowledge of the plot from Catesby and Greenway, under the seal of sacramental confession, so that in religion and conscience his lips were entirely closed. He was brought to trial March 28, 1606, and charged with 'compassing the death of the King and the heir apparent, and with a design to subvert the government and the true worship of God established in England, to excite rebellion against the King, to procure foreigners to invade the realm, and to levy war against the King.' He defended himself with courage and ability, but the jury, after a brief deliberation of a quarter of an hour, returned a verdict of guilty, and the accused was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

During the interval that was now to elapse between the sentence and the execution, the condemned man occupied himself in justifying the theory of equivocation, and in admitting the heinous character of the crime for which he was

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, January 13, 1606.

[2] His examinations and declarations among the State Papers are February 13; March 5, 6, 12, 13, 14, 23, 26, 29; April 1, 4, 25, and 28, 1606. The report of his conversations with Hall, which were overheard, February 23 and 25, and March 2, 1606; and as to his letters which were intercepted, March 3 and 4, and April 2, 3, and 21, 1606.

about to suffer. 'I have written a detestation of that action for the King to see,' he says in one of his intercepted letters to his devoted friend Anne Vaux,[1] 'and I acknowledge myself not to die a victorious martyr, but a penitent thief, as I hope I shall do; and so will I say at the execution, whatever others have said or held before.' The following day he sent to the Council, for the perusal of the King, his 'detestation of that action.'[2] In this document he freely protested that he held 'the late intention of the powder action to have been altogether unlawful and most horrible;' he acknowledged that he was bound to reveal all knowledge that he had of this or any other treason out of the sacrament of confession; 'and whereas, partly upon hope of prevention, partly for that I would not betray my friend, I did not reveal the general knowledge of Mr. Catesby's intention which I had by him, I do acknowledge myself highly guilty to have offended God, the King's Majesty and estate, and humbly ask of all forgiveness.' He concluded by exhorting all Catholics not to follow his example, and trusted that the King would not visit upon them the burden of his crimes. He was executed May 3, 1606, on a gibbet erected in St. Paul's Churchyard.[3]

The defence of Garnet has given rise to much controversy. It has been said by those learned in the lore of the Roman Church, that even from his own point of view he was not justified in keeping secret a disclosure of a criminal nature, in spite of his knowledge of it having been obtained under the seal of confession. Martin Delrius, a learned Jesuit, in his *Disquisitiones Magicæ*, writes: 'The priest may strongly admonish the persons confessing to abstain from their criminal enterprise, and, if this produce no effect, may suggest to the bishop or the civil magistrate to look carefully for the wolf among their flock, and to guard narrowly the State, or give such other hints as may prevent mischief without revealing the particular confession. . . . For instance, a criminal confesses that he or some other person has placed gunpowder or other combustible matter under a certain house, and that unless this is removed the

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, April 3, 1606. Indorsed by Sir William Waad, 'Garnet to Mrs. Vaulx, to be published after his death by her and the Jesuytes.'

[2] *Ibid.* April 4, 1606.

[3] For an account of his execution, see narrative of an eye witness, *State Papers, Domestic*, May 3, 1606.

house will inevitably be blown up, the sovereign killed, and as many as go into or out of the city be destroyed or brought into great danger—in such a case, almost all the learned doctors, with few exceptions, assert that the confessor may reveal it, if he take due care that neither directly nor indirectly he draws into suspicion the particular offence of the person confessing:' whilst Bellarmine himself, one of the greatest of the authorities of the Roman Church, expressly lays down the doctrine that 'it is lawful for a priest to break the seal of confession, in order to avert a great calamity.'[1]

But be this as it may, can it be really credited that Garnet derived his knowledge of the Gunpowder Plot solely from revelations in the confessional? His own evidence contradicts such a belief. In his letter to the King of April 4 he admits that he had offended God as well as the King, 'in not having revealed the general knowledge of Catesby's intention which he had by him.' He therefore owns to a general knowledge of the plot. There can be little doubt but that Garnet was throughout familiar with the proceedings of the conspirators, and constantly advised them as to the course they should follow. He was the bosom friend of Catesby, he was his companion in the different haunts he frequented, and he had been his associate in two previous treasonable actions, one immediately before and the other immediately after the death of Elizabeth. Why, if Catesby had trusted the priest on two former occasions, should he now have withheld his entire confidence on the third? Why do we find Garnet so interested in the mission of Fawkes and others to the continent to obtain foreign aid? Why is he, at the time the explosion should take place, praying specially for the success of the Catholic cause and all prepared for action at the rendezvous in Warwickshire? Why, in his secret conversations with his fellow-prisoner Hall, which were overheard and duly reported, does he never make a statement to the effect that he was ignorant of the details of the plot, and unjustly accused? On the contrary, everything he disclosed on those occasions proves him to have been an active agent in the measures of the conspirators. Looking at the conduct of Garnet throughout, it seems impossible to dispute the verdict of Lord Salisbury: 'All his defence,' said his

[1] I am indebted to Mr. Jardine's excellent work for these quotations.

Lordship, 'was but simple negation; whereas his privity and activity laid together proved him manifestly guilty.'

It may well be that at the very commencement of the plot, when all the plans were in embryo and success was doubtful, the Superior of the English Jesuits was not admitted into the full confidence of the conspirators; but that, as the conspiracy developed and the end it had in view seemed assured, he should have been constantly in the company of its chief promoters without being cognisant of all that was going on, and only, when everything had been completed, let into the secret by means of the confessional, is to insult common sense. 'It is impossible,' writes the acute Mr. Jardine, 'to point out a single ascertained fact either declared by him in his examinations to the Commissioners or to the jury on his trial, or revealed by him afterwards, or urged by his apologists since his death, which is inconsistent with his criminal implication in the plot. On the other hand, all the established and undisputed facts of the transaction are consistent with his being a willing, consenting, and approving confederate, and many of them are wholly unaccounted for by any other supposition. Indeed, this conclusion appears to be so inevitable, upon a deliberate review of the details of the conspiracy and of the power and influence of the Jesuits at that period, that the doubt and discussion which have occasionally prevailed during two centuries respecting it can only have arisen from the imperfect publication of the facts, and, above all, from the circumstance that the subject has usually been treated in the spirit of political or religious controversy, and not as a question of mere historical criticism.'

Converts have always been remarkable for the venom of their opposition to the creed they have deserted, and for their often unscrupulous ardour in support of their new faith. The history of the Gunpowder Plot is a curious instance of such conduct. With the exception of a few, every man engaged in the conspiracy was not only, as Fawkes proudly boasted, 'a gentleman of name and blood,' but had once been a Protestant. Catesby, though the son of a convert to the Catholic Church, had been brought up as a Protestant, and had married into a Protestant family. John Wright and his brother were converts from the Anglican communion. Guy Fawkes came of a Protestant stock, and in his youth had been a Protestant. Thomas Percy was a

convert from Protestantism; so was Sir Everard Digby; so was Robert Keyes, who was the son of an Anglican vicar; Henry Garnet himself did not forsake Protestantism until he had been converted as an undergraduate at Oxford. The Old Catholic element amongst the conspirators was in a minority, and only represented by the brothers Winter, John Grant of Norbrook, and Ambrose Rookwood. We have no evidence that the mass of the English Catholics approved of the plot; on the contrary, such testimony as we possess proves their repugnance of it, and their horror that such a deed should have been considered as authorised by the teaching of their Church. The advocates of the conspiracy were the Jesuits—Fawkes and his colleagues were all members of this Order—and between the Jesuits and the secular party at that time there was so bitter a feeling, that it amounted almost to a schism. The majority should not be made to suffer for the crimes of an unscrupulous minority. In accusing the Roman Catholic Church of the guilt of this plot, we should, in all fairness, bear in mind that the conspirators belonged to a body then hostile to the Church, that the Pope knew nothing of the deed that was to be perpetrated, and that we have no evidence of any of the Catholics of the secular party being accomplices in the Gunpowder Treason.

A PERISHED KERNEL.

I think it be true that writers say, that there is no pomegranate so fair or so sound, but may have a *perished kernel*.—Sir Francis Bacon *on the Trial of Lady Somerset.*

Towards the autumn of the year 1609 there arrived in London a young Scotchman who, after a few years of dazzling prosperity, was to be cast down to the lowest depths of shame and reproach. Upon our happily limited list of royal favourites the name of Robert Carr occupies a prominent position. Endowed with all the advantages of youth, a handsome figure, a face, if somewhat effeminate, yet full of charm, and possessed of the most winning manners, the lad had quitted his native town of Edinburgh to seek his fortunes at the Court. He was sprung from a good old stock, and his father, we now learn, had been actively engaged in supporting the cause of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots; for amongst the State Papers there is a petition addressed to Carr, when he was supreme in the favour of his sovereign, from one James Maitland, soliciting permission to sue in the Scottish courts for revocation of the attainder passed upon William Maitland, of Lethington, for services to the King's mother, and the petitioner apologises for his intrusion upon the favourite on the ground that 'our fathers were friends, and involved in the same cause and overthrow.' [1]

Protected by his kinsman, Lord Hay, young Carr, shortly after his arrival in London, was introduced to the gay company which then daily crowded the galleries and antechambers of Whitehall. It was known that James, who piqued himself upon being indifferent to the fair sex, was strangely susceptible to handsome looks and a graceful figure in young men. Lord Hay, as he took the young adventurer by the hand, and examined his well-knit limbs, his delicate features, his large expressive eyes, and the bril-

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, edited by Mrs. Green, July 17, 1613.

liant complexion, which had a frequent trick of blushing, felt sure that his *protégé* had only to be seen by the King to be at once ingratiated in the royal graces. An opportunity soon offered itself. At a tilting match Lord Hay ordered Carr, according to ancient custom, to carry his shield and device to the King. James was on horseback, and as Carr advanced to perform the duties entrusted to him, he was by a sudden movement of his charger thrown from his saddle, and fell heavily to the ground, breaking his leg. The accident was turned to excellent advantage. James at once dismounted, bent over the lad, and was struck with admiration at the girlish beauty of his features. He gave orders for the young sufferer to be removed to apartments in Whitehall, and to be attended upon by the Court physician. The King, who made friends as quickly as he dropped them, was soon on the most intimate terms with the fascinating Carr. He visited him daily, and spent hours in close conversation with him in his chamber. He introduced the Queen to him. He brought him fruit and gifts calculated to cheer the monotony of a sick bed. Finding him indifferently educated, the King, who was never so happy as when instructing others, began to teach him Latin and other subjects, the better to fit him for the honours to which it was intended he should be advanced. A ribald ballad of the time alludes to these attentions :—

> Let any poor lad that is handsome and young,
> With *parle vous France* and a voice for a song,
> But once get a horse and seek out good James,
> He'll soon find the house, 'tis great near the Thames.
> It was built by a priest, a butcher by calling,
> But neither priesthood nor trade could keep him from falling.
> As soon as you ken the pitiful loon,
> Fall down from your nag as if in a swoon ;
> If he doth nothing more, he'll open his purse ;
> If he likes you ('tis known he's a very good nurse)
> Your fortune is made, he'll dress you in satin,
> And if you're unlearn'd he'll teach you dog Latin
> On good pious James male beauty prevaileth,
> And other men's fortune on such he entaileth.[1]

On recovering from his accident, Carr became the constant companion of the King and his chief adviser in all affairs of State and pleasure. 'The favourite,' writes Lord Thomas Howard, 'is straight-limbed, well-favoured, strong shouldered, and smooth-faced, with some sort of show of

[1] *Ben Jonson*, by W. R. Chetwood, 1756.

modesty. He is so particular in his dress to please the King that he has changed his tailors and tire-men many times. And he is so decidedly the Court favourite that the King will lean on his arm, pinch his cheek, smooth his ruffled garment, and when directing discourse to others nevertheless still will keep gazing on him.' Honours and dignities were showered on the fortunate youth in quick succession. He was appointed keeper of Westminster Palace for life, Treasurer of Scotland, Lord Privy Seal, Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Lord Chamberlain.[1] He wore the riband of the Garter; he was created Viscount Rochester; the Barony of Brancepeth, bishopric of Durham, was conferred on him; and on his marriage he was raised to the Earldom of Somerset.[2] He became the owner of Rochester Castle; the lands, forfeited by Lord Darcy in Essex, were granted to him; while the 'manor of Sherborne, and all the manors and lands in Dorsetshire, whereof Sir Walter Raleigh was possessed,' fell also into his hands.[3] In vain the unhappy widow of the great sailor-historian pleaded that her husband's estates might be restored to her children. 'I mun have it for Carr,' was the harsh reply of the sovereign.

James was infatuated with his idol, and placed him in boundless authority. Next the throne stood the favourite, and in the opinion of many he could not have been more supreme had he been seated upon it. We have only to scan the volumes of the State Papers relating to this period which have been published, to see how powerful and extensive was the control which the recently-created peer then exercised. Did a divine solicit promotion in the Church, he begged the favourite to mention his name to the King, and to use his good offices to further his suit. Was it considered advisable for some curious foreign correspondence to be placed before the royal eyes, the Secretary of State forwarded it to Carr for the purpose. Did the Archbishop of Canterbury wish a volume against the Papists to be read by James, he enclosed it to my Lord of Somerset with the necessary instructions. The Merchant Adventurers, anxious for trading privileges, sent their petitions in the first instance to the favourite for

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, June 12, 1611; October 27, 1613; June 30, 1614; July 13, 1614.

[2] *Ibid.* May 1, 1611; March 25, 1611; November 3, 1613; November 11, 1613.

[3] *Ibid.* July 2, 1611; November, 1612; November 25, 1613.

his approval. Old place-hunters seeking after the reversion of a pension besought the omnipotent Carr to be their friend. The auditors of the revenue took their instructions from him. He who was desirous of farming the imposts on French and Rhenish wines made his application to Rochester. If the Court physician found James a refractory patient—and, like many men who dabble in medicine, he was the most trying and self-willed of invalids—he begged the favourite to come to his aid. 'The King is threatened,' writes Dr. de Mayerne to Carr,[1] 'with a multiplication of his fits of gravely cholic, unless he will listen to advice and adopt the necessary remedies. I have written a long discourse on the subject, but I fear he will throw it aside unread. I beg your lordship to read it to his Majesty and urge on him the necessity of attending to it.'

The Company of East India Merchants, anxious for future favours, presented Carr with a piece of gold plate valued at six hundred pounds. The town of Rochester, hearing that the King intended to call a Parliament, wrote to the favourite offering him the nomination of one of their two burgesses.[2] Whilst the famous College of Christ Church, at Oxford, forwarded him a petition desiring him 'to become their patron and a member of their college, which boasts a regal foundation, and has the Duke of Lennox, Lord Aubigny, the Sackvilles, Cliffords, and Sydneys as members.' Yet this homage and recognition of absolute power do not appear to have turned the young man's head. He was courteous, urbane, and not too difficult of access. 'Many people,' writes Lord Northampton to him,[3] 'noting your lordship's skill in answering letters, and your urbanity, wish to see you Secretary.' Nor did the favourite place a price upon the service he was called upon to render. It was his boast, as he wrote to Northampton, that he was a courtier whose hand never took bribes. In one of his despatches to Madrid, the Spanish Ambassador, after giving a few particulars of the English Court—that the King grows too fat to hunt comfortably, and eats and drinks so recklessly that it is thought he will not be long lived; that the Queen leads a quiet life, not meddling with business, and is on good terms with the King; that the Prince Henry is a fine

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, August 22, 1613.
[2] *Ibid.* February 13, 1614.
[3] *Ibid.* August 12, 1612.

youth, of sweet disposition, and, under good masters, might easily be trained to the religion his predecessors lived in; that the Council is composed of men of little knowledge, some Catholics, but most schismatics or atheists; and the like;—winds up by saying: 'The King resolves on all business with Viscount Rochester alone. His chief favourites are Scotchmen, and especially Viscount Rochester.'[1]

The young man was now at the very meridian of his splendour; as a subject it was almost impossible for him to attain to higher honours. We have now to trace the causes which ushered in his overthrow. Among the beauties of the Court was Frances, Countess of Es-ex, a daughter of the family of Howard—a house then noted for the unscrupulous ambition of its men and for the open frailties of its women. Poets raved about her wealthy auburn locks, her dazzling complexion, her small ripe mouth, her perfectly chiselled features; whilst her wondrous hazel eyes were scarcely felicitously described as 'wombs of stars.' The married life of this 'beauty of the first magnitude in the horizon of the Court' had not been a happy one. At the age of thirteen she had been wedded to the Earl of Essex, who was then but a mere boy. On account of their tender years, the young couple for a time were separated; but, if we are to believe the evidence before us, when their union was permitted, their relationship still continued on its former footing. The Countess, after a trying interval, prayed for a divorce on the ground of nullity of marriage. She declared she was a virgin-wife, and satisfied a jury of her own sex of the truth of her assertion; but as her ladyship, during this Platonic alliance with her husband, had amply avenged herself for all marital shortcomings, the gossip of history declares that, to prevent any unpleasant disclosures, 'another young gentlewoman (the Countess was closely veiled during the investigation) was fobbed in her place.'

The trial was the great topic of the hour. The Court was divided in opinion; some of the judges, like the Archbishop of Canterbury, declaring that those whom God had joined together could not be divided, whilst others held the views on the subject which at the present day prevail. The King, however, was the warm friend of the petitioner, and used all his authority to obtain a verdict in her favour. He browbeat the judges who differed from him, he laid down

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, September 22, 1613.

the law with his usual travesty of wisdom and erudition, and declared that none should entertain opinions which were opposed to those of their sovereign. 'If a judge,' he writes to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 'should have a prejudice in respect of persons, it should become you rather to have a *faith implicit* in my judgment, as well in respect of some skill I have in *divinity*, as also that I hope no honest man doubts of the uprightness of my conscience. And the best thankfulness that you, that are so far "*my creature*," can use towards me is to reverence and follow my judgment, and not to contradict it, except where you may demonstrate unto me that I am mistaken or wrong informed.' The royal wishes carried the day. Save a few dissentient voices, the Court declared the marriage between Robert Earl of Essex and the Lady Frances Howard void and of none effect, 'and that the Lady Frances was, and is, and so ought to be free and at liberty from any bond of such pretended marriage *de facto* contracted and solemnised. And we do pronounce that she ought to be divorced, and so we do free and divorce her, leaving them as touching other marriages to their consciences in the Lord.'

The Lady Frances was not slow to avail herself of the freedom granted her. Ever since the handsome face of Robert Carr had been seen in the galleries of Whitehall, the young Countess had been smitten with the favourite. At balls and masques she had crossed his path, and her words and looks had revealed the feelings that had been awakened within her. She had also visited a noted astrologer in Lambeth, and had begged him to give her potions which would cause the object of her attachment to respond to her passion. Yet there had been no need for philters and magic arts. Young Carr was neither cold nor obdurate; at first the amorous Countess was the one who loved, whilst her gallant was the other who allowed himself to be loved; but soon the sprightly gaiety and beauty of his mistress brought the favourite to her feet, and he vowed that life unshared by her was robbed of all its sweetness. And now it was that Lady Essex brooded over the thought of divorce. The King, who but re-echoed the wishes of Carr, cordially approved of her resolve, and, as we have seen, strongly prejudiced the Court in the interests of the young wife. 'The divorce between the Earl and Countess of Essex,' writes Chamberlain to Carleton,[1] 'is soon to

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, June 23, 1613.

be decided, and is as important as opening a gap which would not soon be stopped. It is said that Rochester is in love with her.'

The report was fully justified. A few weeks after the divorce had been pronounced, Lady Essex was led a second time to the altar, to be united now to no mere boy, but to a powerful peer, the fondly cherished friend of his sovereign, and one of the handsomest men of his day. The ceremony was attended with every sign of homage and rejoicing. The King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the bench of bishops, and all the leading peers of the realm were present at the marriage. The bridegroom, in order that there should be no disparity between him and the late husband, was created Earl of Somerset. The young Countess, as she walked up the aisle of the Chapel Royal on the arm of the King, allowed her hair to fall unfettered to her waist as a proof of the innocent character of her former union, for to be 'married in their hair' was a privilege only accorded to maidens. The Bishop of Bath and Wells performed the ceremony, and his Majesty was graciously pleased to pay all expenses. In the evening, 'a gallant masque of lords' took place in honour of the occasion. Every attention that servility and respect could inspire was lavished upon the newly-wedded Earl and Countess. They were the recipients of the most magnificent presents. They were lavishly entertained by the Lord Mayor and aldermen at a splendid banquet in the City, their carriage was escorted through Cheapside by torchlight, amid the cheers of the mob, and their healths were drunk with vociferous applause. The members of Gray's Inn, disguised as hyacinths, jonquils, daffodils, and other flowers, performed a masque, especially written in their honour by the great Lord Bacon, before the King and a brilliant company. Masques, plays, and 'wassailes,' in commemoration of the event, followed each other in quick succession. Indeed, the national rejoicings could scarcely have been more marked had the heir-apparent to the throne taken unto himself a princess. Shortly after the honeymoon the Earl of Somerset settled himself in London, taking Sir Baptist Hicks' house in Kensington, which he sumptuously furnished.[1]

But a cloud was slowly springing up, which was to cast its black shadows over all this prosperity, and turn the future into hopeless gloom. Among the eminent men who

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, November and December, 1613; January, 1614.

then adorned the Court of James, the name of Sir Thomas Overbury takes high rank. Though eclipsed by the fame of his more splendid contemporaries, his works were much read and admired; and even at the present day his poem of the 'Wife' and his 'Characters' will repay perusal by the curious. But apart from his literary fame, Overbury exercised considerable influence in the circles of the Court from the soundness of his judgment, his knowledge of men and affairs, and his decision of character. He had, shortly after Carr's introduction into the society at Whitehall, struck up a warm friendship with the favourite. He was the young man's adviser-in-chief, his father-confessor, and the instigator of most of his actions. It was said that, indirectly, the knight was the sovereign of the country: for though Rochester ruled the King, it was Overbury who ruled Rochester. To the intrigue with the Countess of Essex, Overbury had raised no obstacle. Nay, he had even facilitated matters by helping the untutored Rochester to indite the love-letters he sent to his mistress. But in the eyes of Overbury, there was a wide distinction between an intrigue with a divorced woman and a passion which would be satisfied with nothing less than honourable marriage.

The keen man of the world was no stranger to the antecedents of Frances, Countess of Essex, and he felt assured that his friend would bitterly rue the day he made so fickle a dame his wife. Accordingly, he essayed all his efforts to dissuade the infatuated youth from his purpose, but in vain. Rochester was enslaved by the charms of the fascinating Countess, and swore that nothing in her past history should be regarded by him as an obstacle to marriage. High words broke out between the two friends. 'Well, my lord,' cried Overbury at the close of a discussion, 'if you do marry that filthy base woman, you will utterly ruin your honour and yourself. You shall never do it by my advice or consent.' Hot with rage, Rochester replied, 'My own legs are straight and strong enough to bear me up, but in faith I will be even with you for this,' and he indignantly turned upon his heel. The conversation took place in one of the galleries at Whitehall, and was overheard by two persons in an adjoining chamber, whose evidence became afterwards of importance.

On quitting his mentor, Rochester went straight to the King and begged that Overbury might be appointed to the vacant embassy at St. Petersburg. We now learn that

James, whether from jealousy of the influence exercised by the knight over Rochester, or from jealousy of the reputation that the author of the 'Characters' enjoyed, or from whatever other cause, cordially disliked Overbury, and had long wanted to get rid of him at Court.[1] He had refrained, however, from giving expression to this dislike, in order not to pain his cherished Carr, who he saw was devoted to the knight. But when he heard that it was the favourite himself who was suggesting the absence of Overbury from the country, he gladly acceded to the request, and at once made out the appointment. The treacherous Rochester, playing a double part, now resumed his intimacy with his former friend, pretended that he had forgotten the words that had passed between them, and when the offer of the diplomatic post was mentioned, strongly advised Overbury not to accept it. 'If you be blamed or committed for it,' said he, 'care not, I will quickly free thee.' Accordingly, the knight, who at first had been willing to go abroad, declared that 'he could not, and would not accept a foreign employment.'[2]

The King, worked upon by Rochester, vowed that such disobedience should meet with its deserts, and committed Overbury to the Tower. Here the unhappy man languished for months. He ardently begged for liberty; he implored the promised aid of the favourite. 'Sir,' he wrote to Somerset, 'I wonder you have not yet found means to effect my delivery; but I remember you said you would be even with me, and so indeed you are. But assure yourself, my lord, if you do not release me, but suffer me thus to die, my blood will be required at your hands.' All prayers and remonstrances were, however, useless. The health of the prisoner gave way; he was seized with frequent vomitings, and, after a confinement which lasted from May to the following October, he passed away in agonies. No one was permitted to view the corpse. A pit was dug within the precincts of the Tower, and into it the body, with the burial of a dog, was hastily thrown. 'Nobody pities him,' writes Chamberlain, of the dead man, who was noted for his arrogant and imperious demeanour to all with whom he came in contact, 'and his own friends do not speak well of him.'[2]

We pass over an interval of two years. The Earl and Countess of Somerset had been made man and wife, and

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, May 19, 1613. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Ibid.* October 14, 1613.

were spending their time in the amusements of the hour, in frequent sojourns at their country seat of Chesterford Park, whither the King sometimes went, and in buying paintings of the old masters for their town house at Kensington. My lord of Somerset was still the special favourite of his sovereign, though there were signs that his power was on the wane. Success and prosperity had made him insolent, and his enemies were longing for his downfall. His former vivacity had deserted him, his face looked worn, and those charms and graces which had been so specially attractive to James were now on the decline. He became dull, morose, and imperious. A handsome Leicestershire lad had lately been appointed cup-bearer to the monarch, and the courtiers recognised in the new arrival the successor to the favourite.

And now dark rumours began to be circulated of foul play in the Tower. It was said that Overbury had not met with his death honestly; that one of the accomplices had confessed that the knight had for months been systematically poisoned, and that certain noble persons, deep in the intimacies of the throne, were gravely implicated in the matter. It was impossible that the affair could be hushed up. The King issued instructions to inquire into the case, the law officers of the Crown set to work with their investigations, and soon every detail touching the terrible deed was laid bare. It now transpired that the Countess of Somerset, infuriated against Overbury for the manner in which he had spoken of her, and, above all, for his having attempted to prevent the marriage between herself and her lover, had resolved to surround him when in the Tower with her creatures, and put him to death by poison. Her agents were examined, denied the charge, then fully confessed, and suffered penitently the extreme penalty of the law. Four persons were pre-eminently implicated—Richard Weston, Anne Turner, Sir Gervais Helwys, and James Franklin. Franklin was the apothecary who sold the poisons; Helwys was the Lieutenant of the Tower, who was privy to the proceedings; Mrs. Turner—the introducer of starch into England—was the confidante of the countess, who procured the poisons from Franklin; whilst Weston, as the gaoler of the unhappy Overbury, was the agent appointed to administer the drugs to the prisoner.

As none of these persons had any cause of resentment against Overbury, it was evident that they were only the

instruments of others. Warrants were now issued for the arrest of the Earl and Countess of Somerset. Lady Somerset was at her town house, and at once was taken to the Tower, where she implored her keepers not to confine her in the same cell as that in which Overbury had breathed his last. The King was at that time at Royston on a royal progress, and accompanied by Somerset. As the messenger arrived with the warrant, his Majesty, according to his custom, was lolling upon the favourite's neck and kissing him. 'When shall I see thee again? On my soul, I shall neither eat nor sleep until you come again,' he asked Somerset, who, unconscious of the writ issued against him, was on the point of quitting Royston for London. The favourite replied that he would return in a few days. The King then lolled about his neck and kissed him repeatedly. At this moment Somerset was arrested by the warrant of the Lord Chief Justice Coke. He started back indignantly, exclaiming that never was such an affront offered to a peer of England in the presence of his sovereign. 'Nay, man,' said the King, 'if Coke were to send for me I should have to go.' Then, as Somerset quitted the royal presence, the crafty James, who had been mainly instrumental in obtaining the warrant for the arrest of the favourite, and who now, wearied with the intimacy, was only too glad of an opportunity of effectually breaking it off, said aloud, 'Now, the devil go with thee, for I will never see thy face any more!' Shortly after the departure of Somerset, the Lord Chief Justice arrived at Royston. The King took him on one side and told him that he was acquainted with the most wicked murder by Somerset and his wife that was ever committed; that they had made him their agent to carry on their amours and murderous designs, and therefore he charged the Chief Justice with all the scrutiny possible to search into the bottom of the conspiracy, and to spare no man, however great, who was implicated in the affair. 'God's curse,' he cried passionately, 'be upon you and yours if you spare any of them! And God's curse be upon me and mine if I pardon any one of them!'[1]

The trial created the greatest sensation. All places of public business and amusement were deserted during the proceedings. Westminster Hall was crowded in every part from floor to roof. Seats were sold at enormous prices.

[1] *Court and Character of King James*, by Sir A. Weldon, 1651.

Three hundred pounds of our money were given for a corner which would scarcely contain a dozen persons. Sixty pounds for the two days during which the trial lasted was no unusual sum to be paid for the accommodation doled out to a small family party. No seat could be obtained for less than three pounds. The Court opened at nine, but by six o'clock in the morning the doors in front of Westminster Hall were thronged by eager competitors for unreserved places. Beneath a cloth of estate at the upper end of the hall sat Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, as the Lord High Steward. Close to him stood Garter King-at-Arms, the Seal-bearer and Black Rod, supported by the Sergeant-at-Arms. On either side of the High Steward sat the peers who constituted the Court. The judges, clad in their scarlet robes, were collected in a row somewhat lower than the peers, the Lord Chief Justice occupying the most conspicuous position on the bench. At the lower end of the Hall were the King's Counsel, with Sir Francis Bacon, who then held office as Attorney-General, at their head. Separated from the counsel by a bar was a small platform on which the prisoners were to stand. In front of it stood a gentleman porter with an axe, who, when sentence of death was pronounced against a peer or peeress, turned its edge full upon the condemned.

Lady Somerset was the first to be put upon her trial. She was dressed 'in black tammel, a cypress chaperon, a cobweb lawn ruff and cuffs.' She was deadly pale, but her terror only the more enhanced her bewitching beauty, which made a great impression upon the Court. As she took her place she made three reverences to her judges. The Lord High Steward then explained the object of the proceedings, and it was noticed that during the reading of the indictment, when mention was made of the name of Weston and of the part that he had played in the crime, the prisoner put her fan before her face, nor did she remove it until the reading of the indictment was ended. This preliminary over, the Clerk of the Crown, amidst the most painful silence asked :—

'Frances, Countess of Somerset, art thou guilty of the felony and murder, or not guilty?'

In a low voice, 'but wonderful fearful,' the Countess, bowing to her judges. answered, 'Guilty.'

The Attorney-General now rose up and addressed the Court in a few words. He congratulated the prisoner upon

freely acknowledging her guilt; he eulogised the conduct of the King in seeking only the ends of justice; and he held out hopes of pardon to the Countess by quoting the words, 'mercy and truth be met together.' The King's instructions for the investigation of the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury were then read, the Lord Chief Justice declaring that they were so masterly that they 'deserved to be written in a sunbeam.' Again the Clerk of the Crown put a question to the prisoner:—

'Frances, Countess of Somerset, hold up thine hand. Whereas thou hast been indicted, arraigned, and pleaded guilty as accessory before the fact of the wilful poisoning and murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, what canst thou now say for thyself why judgment of death should not be pronounced against thee?'

'I can much aggravate, but nothing extenuate my fault,' was the reply, in such low tones as scarcely to reach the ears of the High Steward 'I desire mercy, and that the lords will intercede for me to the King.'

There was a pause whilst the white staff was delivered to the presiding judge.

'Frances, Countess of Somerset,' said the Lord High Steward solemnly, 'whereas thou hast been indicted, arraigned, pleaded guilty, and that thou hast nothing to say for thyself, it is now my part to pronounce judgment; only thus much before, since my lords have heard with what humility and grief you have confessed the fact, I do not doubt they will signify so much to the King and mediate for his grace towards you; but in the meantime, according to the law, the sentence must be this: "That thou shalt be carried from hence to the Tower of London, and from thence to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck till you be dead, and the Lord have mercy on your soul."' The Countess was then removed to her quarters in Raleigh's house in the garden of the Tower.

The proceedings had been very rapid. The Court had opened at nine, and by eleven the prisoner had been condemned.[1] On the whole, the impression made by the Countess had been favourable. 'Her carriage hath much commended her,' writes one to Sir Dudley Carleton, the English Ambassador at the Hague,[2] 'for before and after her condemnation she behaved so nobly and worthily as did

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, May 25, 1616. [2] *Ibid.*

express to the world she was well taught and had better learned her lesson.' Chamberlain also writes to Sir Dudley: 'She won pity by her sober demeanour, which in my opinion was more curious and confident than was fit for a lady in such distress, and yet she shed or made show of some tears divers times. She was used with more respect than is usual, nothing being aggravated against her by any circumstance, nor any invective used but only touching the main offence of murder; as likewise it was said to-day to be the King's pleasure that no odious or uncivil speeches should be given. The general opinion is that she shall not die, and many good words were given to put her in hope of the King's mercy.'[1] One Pallavicino, with the enthusiasm of his nation, comments upon the trial in quite an excited strain. 'The first Friday wherein the lady was tried,' he writes to our Ambassador at the Hague,[2] 'imagine you see one of the fairest, respective (*sic*), honorable, gracefullest proceedings for judgment, reverence, humbleness, discretion that ever yet presented itself to public view; the prisoner's behaviour truly noble, fashioned to act a tragedy with so much sweetness, grace and good form, as if all the Graces had heaped their whole powers to render her that day the most beloved, the most commiserated spectacle, and the best wished unto that ever presented itself before a scene of death. The modesty of confession in her shortened all legal openings of the cause; wrought the most courteous language from the attorney Sir Francis Bacon that his eloquence, favour, modesty and judgment might afford; all consequently exacting from the Lord High Steward a judgment and sentence (harsh truly according to the law), but so sweetened by the deliverer that it is certainly affirmed death felt not her sting nor she knew at her departure to have been of the condemned.'

Still, no little disappointment had been created by the course pursued by the fair culprit. It had not been expected that she would at once criminate herself by pleading guilty, and the Attorney-General, on the presumption that she would avow her innocence, had prepared an elaborate speech, which can be read in his works, eloquently inveighing against her sinful conduct. The proceedings, instead of being eminently sensational, had been dull and commonplace in the extreme. From the testimony of the accomplices who

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, May 25, 1616. [2] *Ibid.* May 29, 1616.

had recently expiated their crimes upon the gibbet, the public were well aware that the case presented features full of excitement. It was anticipated that the whole past life of the Countess would be laid bare—how she had flirted with Prince Henry; how, before her divorce, she had arranged stolen interviews with her lover in Paternoster Row; how she had availed herself of the philters and potions, the charms and immodest emblems of the fashionable astrologer to attain her ends; how she had intrigued to surround Overbury in the Tower by her paid creatures; how she had sent him poisoned tarts and jellies: in short, it was expected that every detail in this drama of love and murder would be disclosed. And yet nothing fresh had been divulged; the vast audience had been gratified by a sight of the notorious criminal, but no highly-spiced incident, as had been fondly hoped, had been brought forward for their horror or amusement. Those who had paid large sums for their seats did not consider they had received their money's worth.

Matters, however, looked more promising with the husband. On his imprisonment in the Bloody Tower, the Earl of Somerset assumed a threatening attitude. He declined to acknowledge the jurisdiction of his peers. He swore that he would not plead before the Court. He had been advised to follow the example of his wife, to confess his guilt, to bow to the verdict, and to trust to the King for pardon. These he sternly refused to do; nay, he threatened that if he were brought face to face with his peers he would disclose matters which would prove most injurious to his Majesty. For a whole week frequent were the negotiations that were entered into between Somerset and the Crown, the King imploring the favourite to admit his crime, and to have no fear of the consequences; but still the prisoner maintained his morose and defiant air. At last, by a trick of the Lieutenant of the Tower, Somerset was induced to appear before his judges. He was told that if he only would present himself at Westminster Hall he would be permitted to return instantly again 'without any further proceedings, only you shall know your enemies and their malice, though they shall have no power over you.' By this shallow device he allowed himself to be entrapped, and on finding that he had been overreached, 'recollected a better temper, and went on calmly in his trial, where he held the company until seven at night.' He was dressed in deep mourning, as if the sen-

tence of the Court had already plunged him into the grief of a widower. He wore 'a plain black satin suit, laid with two satin laces in a seam; a gown of uncut velvet, lined with unshorn, all the sleeves laid with satin lace; a pair of gloves with satin tops; his George about his neck, his hair curled, his visage pale, his beard long, his eyes sunk in his head.' On being called he pleaded not guilty. It was feared that in his temper he would divulge matters which might gravely compromise the King. Two servants were accordingly placed on either side of him, with cloaks on their arms, and the prisoner was warned that if he uttered but a word against his Majesty these men had orders to muffle him instantly, drag him down, and hasten him off to the Tower. He would then be sentenced in his absence, and at once be put to death.

Into the details of the trial we shall not enter; never was the machinery of the law more flagrantly put in motion to bring in a verdict against a prisoner. Stripped of all technicalities, Somerset was accused of having incited the keeper of Sir Thomas Overbury to administer poison to his prisoner. The administering of the drugs was thus stated: 'Rose-acre, May 9, 1615; white arsenic, June 1; mercury sublimate in tarts, July 16; and mercury sublimate in a clyster, Sept. 14, all in the same year.' The Lord Chief Justice, with a partiality not often exhibited on the Bench, employed his talents to prejudice the jury against the accused. Testimony that would have been of service to the prisoner was rejected. Hearsay evidence of the loosest character was freely admitted. The most important witnesses against Somerset were men who had been hanged for their crimes, and whom he could not cross-examine. After a whole day thus passed in burlesquing justice a verdict of guilty was brought in, and the quondam favourite was sentenced to death.

Contemporary opinion was strongly opposed to the finding of the Court. 'The least country gentleman in England,' writes the French Ambassador at the Court of London, 'would not have suffered for what the Earl of Somerset was condemned, and that if his enemies had not been powerful he would not have been found guilty, for there was no convincing proof against him.' 'Some that were then at Somerset's trial,' says another, 'and not partial, conceived in conscience, and as himself says to the King, that he fell rather by want of well

defending than by force of proofs.' He was prosecuted, writes a third, because 'King James was weary of him, and Buckingham had supplied his place.' The most probable view of this *cause célèbre* is that Somerset was perfectly innocent of any attempt at poisoning Overbury. He had been instrumental in confining his former friend in the Tower, and it had been his intention that the knight should be kept prisoner for some time; but we have no evidence that Somerset knew anything of the terrible vengeance which Lady Essex (for she was not then his wife) was wreaking upon the prisoner; on the contrary, what trustworthy evidence we possess is in his favour, for we find him giving orders that physicians were to see Overbury and look after his health. Had he been cognisant of the plot to poison the prisoner, he would scarcely have despatched those who, on investigation, might have detected the conspiracy. 'Many believed,' writes Weldon,[1] 'the Earl of Somerset guilty of Overbury's death, but the most thought him guilty only of the breach of friendship (and that in a high point) by suffering his imprisonment, which was the highway to his murder; and this conjecture I take to be of the soundest opinion.'

It is unfortunate that the reports we possess of this famous trial are open to question. In the version in Howell's State Trials we are referred to no authorities, nor have we any evidence to the contrary that we are not studying a garbled account, furnished by those interested in condemning the prisoner. The reports of our earlier State trials were often prepared under the inspection of the law officers of the Crown, and sometimes were even revised by the sovereign himself; hence they give only a partial and one-sided view of what took place. 'The course of proceeding in ancient times,' writes Amos, who has made the legal aspect of this trial a special study,[2] 'for crushing an individual who had excited fears or kindled hatred in the breast of a sovereign, was somewhat after the following manner: Written examinations were taken in secret, and often wrung from prisoners by the agonies of the rack. Such parts of these documents, and such parts only, as were criminative, were read before a judge removable at the will of the Crown, and a jury packed for the occasion, who gave their verdict under terror of fine

[1] *Court and Character of King James.*

[2] *The Great Oyer of Poisoning*, by Andrew Amos. A most curious and able work.

and imprisonment. Speedily the Government published whatever account of the trials suited their purposes. Subservient divines were next appointed to "press the consciences," as it was called, of the condemned, in their cells and on the scaffold; and the transaction terminated with another Government *brochure*, full of dying contrition, and eulogy by the criminal on all who had been instrumental in bringing him to the gallows. In the mean while the Star Chamber, with its pillories, its S. L.s branded on the cheeks with a hot iron, its mutilations of ears, and ruinous fines, prohibited the unauthorised publication of trials, and all free discussion upon them, as amounting to an arraignment of the King's justice.' Such compulsory testimony certainly does not inspire confidence.

Among the State Papers of this period is an account of this famous trial, which differs in many respects from the report to be found in the pages of Howell. In the manuscript we read nothing of that dispute between Somerset and Overbury in the galleries at Whitehall, relative to Lady Essex, which is so circumstantially related in Howell. From the manuscript we learn that Somerset relied greatly in his defence upon a letter written to him by Overbury, to the effect that 'a powder which he had received from the Earl had agreed with him, but that, nevertheless, he did not intend to take any more powders of the same kind.' In Howell there is no mention of this letter. According to the manuscript, the apothecary in his examination is made to state that Somerset ordered him to write to the King's physician touching physic to be given to Overbury. This is a circumstance favourable to Somerset, but is not to be found in Howell. The speech of the prisoner in his defence is given variously in the two accounts. In the manuscript Somerset attacks the credit of the witnesses hostile to him, and desires that 'his own protestations on his oath, his honour, and his conscience should be weighed against the lewd information' of such miscreants. In Howell we have no trace of these observations. 'It is obvious,' writes Amos, 'that such passages would be the most likely to be struck out, by persons desirous of publishing a version of the proceedings which might diffuse an opinion among the public that one of the wickedest of men had been condemned after one of the fairest of trials, and by one of the justest of prosecutions.'

We have now to deal with the strange conduct of the

King throughout this affair. What was the nature of the secret he feared Somerset might reveal? Why should orders have been given by the Lieutenant of the Tower to silence the prisoner and drag him away did he say a word against the King? We learn that James was so nervous and restless throughout the day on which the favourite was tried that he sent to every boat he saw landing at the bridge, and cursed all who came without tidings.[1] He refused all food. What was the occasion of this anxiety? One reason has been given which appears to answer the question more conclusively than other guesses. It has been suggested that the King himself had a share in the murder of Overbury. We know that James had a 'rooted hatred' towards the knight; that he had been a co-operating party in the persecution; that he had enjoined the Privy Council to send Overbury to the Tower, and that he had turned a deaf ear to all petitions from the prisoner for release. He may have been cognisant of the plot of the Countess to poison Overbury, though unknown to her, and may have employed her guilt to screen his own purposes. We know that his own physician had attended upon Overbury during the latter part of his confinement, that this doctor was never called as a witness, and that the prescriptions he made out for the prisoner were never produced. We know that when foul work had been suspected, the King was among the busiest, the better to conceal his own agents, in prosecuting those accused of poisoning Overbury. We know that the proceedings against the Countess of Somerset were far from harsh, and that, in spite of the royal oath to the contrary, she received a full pardon. We know that the King used all his arguments to force the Earl of Somerset to plead guilty and to throw himself upon the mercy of the Crown, when he would have nothing more to fear. If Lord and Lady Somerset were guilty, and the King not implicated in the matter, what is the meaning of those communications between James and Carr when the latter was in the Tower? What is the meaning, in the face of the solemn promise to Coke, of a full pardon being granted to the guilty couple?

But if the King had given instructions, independently of and unknown to Lady Somerset, to make an end of Overbury, nothing is more probable than that the favourite, at that time the bosom friend of the Crown, would have been informed of the design. Acquainted with this

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, May 31, 1616.

plot within a plot, Somerset on the day of his trial might have disclosed matters which would have caused a far bolder man than James to tremble. It is not surprising, therefore, if the surmise be correct, that the King was terribly nervous throughout the hours the favourite was before the Court. Nor is there anything in the life of James to render this suspicion unjustifiable. The first Stuart on the English throne was a true son of the vicious beauty, his mother. He was a hard, cruel, weak, degraded creature. In the opinion of several of his sober contemporaries, he was addicted to heathenish practices. There were dark stories about his having poisoned his own son, the popular Prince Henry. He immured Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower, under the harshest restrictions. He proved himself utterly destitute of feeling in his conduct towards his kinswoman, the ill-fated Arabella Stuart. A career thus sullied is capable of any crime; and when suspicion points the finger, and raises its accusing voice, saying, 'Thou art the man,' posterity cannot be considered hasty or vindictive in giving credence to the charge.

After an imprisonment of some years in the Tower, a full pardon was granted to the Earl and Countess of Somerset.[1] The guilty beauty and the exiled favourite passed the remainder of their life in seclusion, and it is said in mutual estrangement. One daughter was born to them, the Lady Anne, who afterwards became the mother of that Lord William Russell who, endowed with virtues his grandparents never possessed, met the fate from which they had been spared.

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, January 17, 1622.

THE MASSACRE OF AMBOYNA.

With an ill-grace the Dutch their mischief do;
They've both ill-nature and ill-manners too.
Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation;
For they were bred ere manners were in fashion:
And their new commonwealth has set them free
Only from honour and civility.—DRYDEN'S *Amboyna.*

THE rise and development of the East India Company are among the most romantic passages of history. That a small body of English merchants should have settled themselves in a strange and distant land, should have overcome all opposition, and by their courage and firmness should have gradually extended their operations until they had compelled the fiercest princes to do them homage, are events so full of incident and plot that they never fail to excite our interest even when our sympathies are repelled. Thrice told as has been the story, the State Papers of our colonies yet shed a new light upon the subject, and illuminate the narrative with details not visible in the printed works of the chroniclers and historians of our Indian Empire.[1] Thanks to their chatty letters and business-like minutes we read how our East India Company originated, the prosperity it achieved, and the animosities it excited. We are taken behind the scenes of Eastern courts, and watch the intrigues of rival trading associations for special support and patronage. We are introduced to that mysterious personage of the seventeenth century, the Great Mogul, and are made acquainted with his tastes and habits. We see the bitter jealousy of Spain and Portugal at the success of our factors. We learn how false was the amity of the Dutch, and how terrible was the tragedy which was the end of their treacherous friendship. Indeed, there is little connected with the rise and progress of our commercial relations with the East which will not be

[1] *State Papers, East Indies*, edited by W. Noel Sainsbury, 1513–1624, 3 vols.

found in the collection of documents relating to our colonies narrated with a breadth and fulness which leave nothing to be desired.

The defeat of the Spanish Armada had not only established the maritime supremacy of England, but had aroused the cupidity of our trading classes to take part in the enterprises which had resulted in the realisation of such wealth to the Iberian peninsula. Within a few months of the destruction of the proud fleet which was to have made the Spaniard the master of our shores, a body of English merchants petitioned the Virgin Queen for permission to send ships to India. In their memorial they alluded to the prosperity which had attended upon the establishment of the Spanish and Portuguese settlements, and drew attention to the many ports in the countries bordering on the India and China seas, which might be visited with advantage by English ships, 'where sales might be made of English cloths and other staple and manufactured articles, and the produce of those countries purchased; such a trade would by degrees add to the shipping, seamen, and naval force of the kingdom, in the same manner as it has increased the Portuguese fleets.' Elizabeth, always willing to lend the weight of her authority to the furtherance of any scheme calculated to add to the power of England, provided it did not lead to severe encroachments upon the Royal Treasury, readily granted the desired permission, and accordingly, in 1591, three ships, under the command of Captain Raymond, sailed for the East.

An account of this voyage is printed in Hakluyt; the ships were separated from each other by a severe storm, Raymond was wrecked and never heard of again, and the only vessel, after 'many grievous misfortunes,' that accomplished the voyage was the 'Rear-Admiral,' commanded by Master James Lancaster. It has been generally supposed that this was the first English expedition despatched to the East Indies, but both in the volumes of Purchas and of Hakluyt accounts of two previous voyages will be found, one in 1579 by Stevens, and the other in 1583 by Fitch, 'wherein the strange rites, manners, and customs of those people, and the exceeding rich trade and commodities of those countries, are faithfully set down and diligently described.' Other detached expeditions followed in the wake of that of Raymond, and the reports that were brought home of the treasures obtained by the Portuguese and the Dutch in those regions led certain

English merchants, in 1599, to form themselves into a company, with the special object of trading with the East Indies. A sum of over thirty thousand pounds was subscribed for; a petition was presented to the Council praying for incorporation as a company, 'for that the trade of the Indies, being so far remote from hence, cannot be traded but in a joint and united stock.' Both the Queen and her Council cordially approved of the enterprise, and no opposition was raised in any quarter.

The 'Charter of Incorporation of the East India Company, by the name of the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading into the East Indies,' was granted December 31, 1600. It was to remain in force fifteen years. George, Earl of Cumberland, and 215 knights, aldermen, and merchants were the original members of the company. Lancaster was appointed admiral of the fleet, with John Davis, the North-West navigator, as second in command. In order that the expedition should be stamped with the impress of the royal approval, Queen Elizabeth had herself issued a circular letter to 'the Kings of Sumatra and other places in the East Indies,' desiring them to encourage her subjects in their attempt to open up a commerce between the two countries, whereby her amity and friendship would be maintained and greater benefits be derived by the Indies from intercourse with England than from intercourse either with Spain or Portugal.[1] The wishes of her Majesty were obeyed. The voyage was eminently successful. Factories were settled at Acheen and Bantam by Lancaster. The King of Sumatra gave permission to English merchants, under the most favourable terms, to trade within his territories, whilst, in reply to the letter of the Queen, he handed Lancaster a despatch full of the warmest feelings of friendship towards England and her sovereign, accompanied by 'a ring beautified with a ruby, two vestures woven and embroidered with gold, and placed within a purple box of china,' which he requested should be presented to Elizabeth.[2] The customs on the goods brought home from this first voyage amounted, it is said, to nearly one thousand pounds. So good a beginning was not permitted to come to nought through apathy or negligence. Voyage succeeded voyage, and in spite of the hostility of the Spaniards and the Portuguese, and of the treacherous friendship of the Dutch,

[1] *State Papers, East Indies*, January [?], 1601.
[2] *Ibid.* October, 1602.

England, at the end of a few years, had succeeded in firmly establishing a lucrative and increasing trade in the East Indies.

'To almost every place,' writes Mr. Sainsbury, 'where there was the least likelihood of obtaining a communication with the natives, English vessels resorted, in most instances with success; and where this was not so, the cause was rather attributable to the conduct of the Dutch than to the Company's neglect of the necessary precautions, the English being almost invariably received with courtesy, and even kindness, wherever they went. The Company never lost sight of the danger of attack from Spaniards and Portuguese. Care was always taken, before trading or settling in a new country, to ascertain the feeling of the natives, and in most cases leave or "licence" was granted for the English to do as they liked.'

Shortly after the accession of James the charter of the Company was renewed, but with most important additions. Instead of their privileges being limited to fifteen years, 'the whole, entire, and only trade and traffic to the East Indies' were granted to the Company for ever. The result of this monopoly was the speedy establishment of factories at Surat, Agra, and Masulipatam; at the chief ports of Java, Sumatra, and Borneo; and at many of the towns in the kingdoms of Malacca, Camboja, Pegu, Siam, and Cochin-China. Shares in the voyages were often 'sold by the candle,' and commanded exorbitant prices, the object being that the Company 'may better know the worth of their adventures.' We read of adventures of 60*l.* being knocked down at 130*l.*, and of those of 100*l.* realising nearly 200*l.* It is not, therefore, surprising that shares in the Company were eagerly sought after, and that as much intrigue and competition were required to obtain the post of director as were necessary for high office at Court.

At the outset of their proceedings the Company were fortunate in securing the support and protection of the Great Mogul. This terrible personage, whom both rumour and fable had succeeded in raising to the position of the one potentate of the East, whose frown was death, but whose friendship was omnipotent, had been appeased by courteous letters from James, and, what had appealed more closely to his Oriental mind, by numerous presents from the English merchants. The papers calendared by Mr. Sainsbury afford

us some interesting particulars in connexion with the life and character of this powerful prince. We are told that 'he takes himself to be the greatest monarch in the world,' is 'extremely proud and covetous,' a drunkard, 'and so given to vice that the chief captains care not for him, and willingly would never come near him.' Music, it appears, 'had a great charm for him;' playing upon the virginals, however, was 'not esteemed,' but with the cornet and the harp he was so 'exceedingly delighted' that he offered to make any of his subjects who could learn these instruments 'a great man.' His rapacity for presents was unbounded. 'Something or other, though not worth two shillings, must be presented every eight days,' writes the chief factor at Ajmere. 'Nothing is to be expected,' says another, 'from the King without continual gifts.' Like all savages, he was delighted with strange things, no matter how intrinsically valueless they might prove. Rich gloves, embroidered caps, purses, looking-glasses, drinking-cups, pictures, knives, striking clocks, coloured beaver hats or silk stockings for his women, were recommended by the factors abroad to the officers of the Company as presents to be brought out. 'Indeed,' writes one, 'if you have a jack to roast meat on, I think he would like it, or any toy of new invention.'

The importance which the Great Mogul attached to gifts was not overlooked by the authorities at home. One Edwardes was sent over as 'lieger,' with 'great presents.' Among his stock-in-trade, which was to propitiate the barbarous monarch, were suits of armour, swords, mastiffs, greyhounds, little dogs, pictures of King James and his Queen, and a coach and horse, together with 'a coachman who had been in the service of the Bishop of Lichfield, to drive the coach.' The portraits of the King and Queen of England struck the Great Mogul with admiration. 'He esteemed it so well for the workmanship,' writes Edwardes, 'that the day after he sent for all his painters in public to see the same, who did admire it, and confessed that none of them could anything near imitate the same, which makes him prize it above all the rest, and esteem it for a jewel.' He was almost as much delighted with one of the English mastiffs that had been brought out. With the instinct of the savage, he at once wished to witness the prowess of the animal in an unequal battle. The mastiff was first pitted against a tiger and then with a bear, both of which it killed, 'whereby the King was exceedingly

pleased.' Pictures, mastiffs, Irish greyhounds, and well-fed water-spaniels, seem to have been the gifts most approved of by his Majesty. But, though the Great Mogul was a glutton touching the things he expected to be given him, we are informed that he was no mean purchaser of the Company's goods. 'Pearls, rubies, and emeralds will be bought by the King in infinite quantities,' writes a factor from Agra, 'as also rich velvets, cloth of gold, rich tapestry, satins, damasks,' &c.; and he significantly adds, 'the King is the best paymaster in the country.'[1]

The authority of the Great Mogul was soon to be of service to English interests. At none of the settlements had the Company's servants been more subject to opposition and annoyance than at Surat. At this port the influence of the Portguese was dominant, and as Portugal, at the very outset of the Company's proceedings, had warmly objected to the establishment of English factories within the dominions to which she was trading, she exercised her power to crush the ascendency of her rivals. The Governor of Surat, Mocrob Khan, 'whose disposition savoured more of child than man,' pursued a policy very disadvantageous to the English. Though he feared the enmity of the Portuguese, he mistrusted the friendship of the Company, and argued, with characteristic indecision, that if he 'broke' with the former he should be sure of the friendship of neither. Influenced by the suggestions of the Jesuits, who were rapidly becoming a power in the country, under the ardent generalship of Xavier, the governor, 'this malicious wretch' allowed himself to become a complete tool in the hands of the Portuguese. In all disputes between the two nations he at once decided in favour of the Lisbon adventurers. He seized the goods of the English factors, and did what he pleased with them. To prevent all opposition he compelled the English to yield up to him their arms of defence. He used his authority to delay the unlading of English goods, and hampered the merchants on all sides in their purchase of commodities. 'Numerous are the injuries he inflicts upon us,' writes one of the factors, 'discovering the secret rancour of his poisoned stomach and the hidden malice which he beareth unto our nation.'

So baneful was the conduct of Mocrob Khan to the es-

[1] *State Papers, East Indies*, September 7, 1613; November, 1614; March, 1615; January 25, 1616; November 26, 1616.

tablishment of English commerce in 'the Oriental Indies,' that the authorities at home gave orders for a fleet to sail for the redress of the Company's complaints, and despatched Sir Thomas Roe, 'he being a gentleman of pregnant understanding, well-spoken, learned, industrious, of a comely personage, and one of whom there are great hopes that he may work much good for the Company,' as special envoy to the Governor of Surat. At this juncture of affairs, and fortunately for the interests of our merchants in the East, a quarrel broke out between the Great Mogul and the Portuguese, who had made themselves odious by capturing 'a great ship, of eleven hundred or twelve hundred tons, in Swally Road, worth from one hundred to one hundred and thirty thousand pounds,' in which the mother of the Great Mogul was a considerable adventurer. The indignation of the son was aroused, and he fiercely resolved to avenge the insult that had been passed upon himself and the losses his parent had sustained.

Uniting his forces with the troops of the King of Deccan, he fell upon the Portuguese at Surat, drove them out of the city, and laid siege to the fort that they had raised between that place and Goa. In vain the Portuguese offered amends and sued for peace. The Great Mogul declined to listen, 'forewarning all men any more to solicit their cause,' and sternly vowing that 'he would not leave the Portugals until he had expelled them their countries.' Orders were given to arrest all Portuguese and to seize their goods; the doors of the Portuguese churches were sealed up, the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion forbidden, and Xavier, whom before the Mogul had much liked, was imprisoned. The Portuguese city of Damaun was also closely environed by the troops of the King of Deccan, and its surrender imminent. A third enemy now appeared upon the scene. Captain Downton had anchored his fleet in the roads of Surat, and it struck him that a fitting opportunity had arrived to avenge the humiliations the English had suffered at the hands of the Portuguese. Accordingly he bore down upon the Portuguese fleet, which consisted of nine ships, two galleys, and fifty-eight frigates, and after a brief engagement utterly defeated the enemy; 'many of the gallants of Portugal were killed, besides above 300 men carried in the frigates to Damaun to be buried.' With this victory the Mogul was highly pleased. 'The King,' writes the factor at Ajmere, 'much applauded our people's resolution, saying his country

was before them to do therein whatsoever ourselves desired, and spoke very despitefully and reproachfully of the Portugals.'[1]

Upon this arrived Sir Thomas Roe. The English ambassador was evidently a man of bold and vigorous conduct, who brooked no opposition to his demands, and who was not to be defeated by the delays and empty promises of a shuffling policy. In spite of the victories of the English and the disgrace into which the 'Portugals' had fallen, the Governor of Surat still continued his irritating course of wounding and humiliating the Company's servants within his jurisdiction. On his arrival at Surat, Roe at once made his 'demands and complaints' to the Governor. 'I come hither,' he said proudly, 'not to beg, nor do nor suffer injury, for I serve a King who is able to revenge whatsoever is dared to be done against his subjects.' He then detailed the injuries complained of, how chests had been ransacked, presents sent to the King taken by violence, servants of merchants cruelly whipped, and every obstacle placed in the way of the development of English commerce. He demanded instant redress, under threat of appealing to the Great Mogul, and concluded by saying that 'I am better resolved to die upon an enemy than to flatter him, and for such I give you notice to take me.'[2] His remonstrance proving ineffectual, the envoy now demanded an interview with the Mogul, when his vigorous disapproval of the conduct of Mocrob Khan carried the day, and the objectionable Governor was removed. The next step of Roe was to pen a severe despatch to the Viceroy of Goa,[3] complaining of the course pursued by the Portuguese towards the English in the East Indies, and informing him, in the plainest terms, of what would be the result unless such a policy was at once abandoned.

'I am commanded,' he wrote, 'to admonish you to desist from doing what can only bring forth war, revenge, and bloodshed, and to inform you that the English intend nothing but free trade open by the law of nations to all men. It is not the purpose of the English to root out or to hinder your trade, or to impeach the receipt of your revenues, and it is strange you should dare to infringe upon

[1] *State Papers, East Indies*, November 9, 1613; August 19, 1614; January 1, 1615; March, 1615.
[2] *Ibid.* October 19, 1615
[3] *Ibid.* October 20, 1615.

the free commerce between their masters and subjects. Let me advise your barbarous miscellaneous people to use more reverent terms of the majesty of a Christian king. I give you further notice that his Majesty is resolved to maintain his subjects in their honest endeavours in spite of any enemy, and to that purpose has sent me to conclude a league with the Great Mogul for ever, in which I am commanded to offer you comprisure, and will wait your answer at Ajmere forty days. In case of your refusal or silence, letters of reprisal will be granted to make war upon you in all parts of the Indies.' He concludes, 'Your friend or enemy at your own choice.'

No reply was received to this ultimatum, and Roe pronounced 'open war against the Portugals in the East Indies with fire and sword, in the name of the King of England.' The English ambassador soon proved himself the most fitting agent that could have been sent out to uphold the interests of the Company. He became the confidential friend of the Great Mogul, and was the means of cementing a cordial alliance between England and 'the Mogores country.' He had all the proclamations forbidding the factories at Surat and Ahmedabad to trade rescinded. He procured firmans encouraging English commerce throughout the country. He recovered all the extortions which had been exacted from the Company's servants by sundry unjust governors, and in order to leave 'all matters in a good, settled, and peaceful course,' he drew up twenty-one articles, regulating the conduct of English trade in the East, most of which he succeeded in having confirmed by the Mogul. In the following letter, now for the first time brought to light through the labours of Mr. Sainsbury, we have a plain proof of the feelings entertained by the monarch of the Mogores towards England, and of his appreciation of the conduct of Sir Thomas Roe. We have modernised the spelling of the ambassador's translation from the Arabic.[1]

'*The Great Mogul to King James I.*

'When your Majesty shall open your letter, let your royal heart be as fresh as a sweet garden. Let all people make reverence at your gate; let your throne be advanced high and amongst the greatest of the kings of the prophet

[1] *State Papers, East Indies*, No. 525, 1618 [?].

Jesus; let your Majesty be the greatest, and all monarchs derive their counsel and wisdom from thy breast as from a fountain, that the love of the majesty of Jesus may revive and flourish under thy protection.

'The letter of love and friendship which you sent me, and the presents, token of your good affection toward me, I have received by the hand of your ambassador, Sir Thomas Roe (who well deserves to be your trusty servant), delivered to me in an acceptable and happy hour, upon which my eyes were so fixed that I could not easily remove them to any other object, and have accepted them with great joy and delight, upon which assurance of your royal love I have given my general command to all the kingdoms and posts of my dominions to receive all the merchants of the English nation as the subjects of my friend, that in what place soever they choose to live in they may have reception and residence to their own contents and safety; and what goods soever they desire to sell or buy they may have full liberty without restraint; and at what port soever they shall arrive, that neither Spaniard, Portugal, nor any other shall dare to molest their quiet; and in what city soever they shall have residence I have commanded my governors and captains to give them freedoms answerable to their own desires to sell, buy, or to transport into their country at their pleasures. For confirmation of our love and friendship, I desire your Majesty to command your merchants to bring in their ships of all sorts of rarities and rich goods fit for my palaces; and that you be pleased to send your royal letters by every opportunity, that I may rejoice in your health and prosperous affairs, and that our friendship may be interchangeable and eternal. Your Majesty is learned and quick-sighted as a prophet, and can conceive much by few words that I need not to write more. The great God of heaven give us increase of honour!'

It was natural that the success which had attended upon the operations of the English Company in opening commercial relations with every country of importance in the East should have excited the hostile jealousy of those European nations which now found themselves confronted within their own special province by a most formidable rival. With the enmity of Spain and Portugal England was perfectly prepared to cope; on the numerous occasions when English interests in the East were affected by Spanish or

Portuguese intrigues, the despatches of the Company were powerfully seconded by the guns of our fleet, stationed in Indian waters, and the machinations of the enemy were speedily brought to nought. The treacherous amity of Holland was, however, an obstacle of a far more serious character in the path of the Company's progress. In the second volume of Mr. Sainsbury's interesting work, the majority of the letters that he has calendared refer to the inimical conduct of the Dutch and to their persistent efforts to displace the English from all their most profitable settlements in the East Indies. Much of the wealth of Holland was derived from her prosperous factories on the coast of India and in the islands around the peninsula, and though peace reigned between the two countries the Dutch had no idea of seeing themselves ousted from a lucrative trade by the energy and diplomacy of England. Accordingly Holland used all her arts to poison the minds of the natives against the English settlers, to interfere with the dealings of English trade, and, where she safely dared, to oppose the Company's servants by actual force. Indeed, so grave became her animosity, that at last, in the autumn of 1618, the East India Company drew up two formal declarations of complaints, one of which was presented to the King, the other to the Privy Council.

In these documents the Company complained of 'the efforts of the Hollanders to dispossess them by force' of many places in the East Indies; 'of their most outrageous behaviour, as any mortal enemies could do,' in seizing certain of the Company's vessels, imprisoning the crews, 'and showing our chained men to the people of the isle of Neira, the mother of the isles of Banda, saying, "Lo! these are the men whom ye made your gods, in whom ye put your trust, but we have made them our slaves;"' of 'their threatening mortal war against any English who dare trade to the Moluccas;' of their robbing the Chinese under English colours 'to bring us into hatred and contempt;' and of their endeavours to disgrace the English nation by openly going about boasting that 'one Holland ship would take ten English, that they care not for our King, for St. George was now turned child.' These declarations were, by the King's command, sent to the English ambassador at the Hague, who was required to present them to the States-General, and 'to demand their answers how far they will allow these insolencies of their

subjects, or how they will punish them and make reparation; and to insist particularly that they send commissioners articulately instructed to give satisfaction at the treaty to be instantly held between us and them.'

Into the negotiations that ensued, which lasted more than seven months, it is needless for us to enter; a clear and succinct account of all the proceedings that took place will be found fully calendared in the second volume of Mr. Sainsbury's work.[1] From the numerous despatches of the English ambassador at the Hague, and from the constant instructions that were sent out to him from Whitehall, we see the exact working of the King's mind at this contentious period; whilst the valuable court minutes of the East India Company admit us into the very confidence of the governing body of the English Company, and lay before us every detail connected with these proceedings. After numerous delays a 'treaty between the English and the Dutch concerning trade in the East Indies' was concluded June 2, 1619.

The Company had now been established some eighteen years; and, in looking back upon their past efforts, the directors had every reason to congratulate themselves upon their good fortune. Thanks to the protection of the Great Mogul, the factors of the East India Company were the most active in the peninsula of India. In Siam and the islands of the Celebes Sea the prosperity of the English had aroused the fiercest animosity of the Dutch, who until then had enjoyed a monopoly of the trade in those regions. From Japan, in spite of the hatred of its Emperor towards Christians, silver, copper, and iron were being freely obtained. Permission had been given by exclusive China to the English to send annually two ships to Foochow for the purpose of trading with the Celestials. With Persia the Company transacted a large business by exchanging cloth, tin, brass, and sword-blades for silks, damasks, spices, velvets, satins, and fruits. Not a State of importance east of the Red Sea excluded the English from her ports, or, when native prejudice had been removed, objected to the development of commercial relations with the 'white infidels.' The foes of the Company were among the civilised powers of the West, not among the barbarians of the East.

An alliance was, however, now to be effected with one former opponent Negotiations had for some time been on

[1] *State Papers, East Indies*, 1617–1621.

foot between Russia and England with regard to the opening of the Volga to English merchandise destined for Persia. The 'Duke of Russia,' though he had always opposed the proceedings of our Company, was anxious to stand well with England, for he was burdened with debts, and he knew that in no capital could he so easily be furnished with a loan as in London. He despatched an ambassador with an imposing retinue to James, and the papers before us offer an interesting account of the reception of the northern envoy.[1] Sunday afternoon was appointed for the interview. The King and Queen, accompanied by a large suite, were seated in the banqueting house at Whitehall. The ambassador was driven from Crosby House, Bishopsgate Street, where he lodged, in one of the state coaches, but his retinue refused to enter the carriages appointed for them, 'alleging servants ought to be known from their lords, and that it was fit they should go afoot.' On entering the hall the ambassador, with four of his chief followers, bowed low to the ground, kissing it, and then approached the royal circle and kissed hands. We are informed that, whilst in the performance of this act of homage, the envoy and his retinue 'looked up no higher than the hand they were to kiss, which so soon as kissed, presently ran back with all the speed they could. In going forwards they put their left hand on their breech behind, and used gesture and fashion very strange and unusual in these parts.'

The envoy was treated with every distinction. Banquets were given in his honour, crowds cheered his coach as it passed through the City to Whitehall, and everything connected with himself and his retinue was listened to with avidity. The presents he brought from the north were much admired, 'the very furs being estimated by those that are skilful at better than 6,000 pounds.' These were received very graciously by the King, who expressed himself as much pleased with them, 'and the more when he understood Queen Elizabeth never had such a present thence.' Yet the mission ended in a diplomatic triumph for Russia. A treaty of amity and peace was entered into between the two countries; a sum of 60,000 marks was advanced to the Duke of Russia, 'towards the maintenance of his wars against the Poles;' but the one great request of the East India Company was refused. Russia, from the facilities offered her by her geographical situation, carried on

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, March 26, 1618.

a large trade with Persia, and she had always watched with jealousy the progress of the Company's dealings with Abbas Mirza. Accordingly she now refused to grant to the English 'the free passage for the silks of Persia up the Volga.' Still, not wishing to appear ungrateful, she agreed, short of permitting Persian goods to pass through her territories for the benefit of English commerce and to the detriment of her own merchants, not to interfere with the proceedings of the Company, and to remove the obstacles as to 'the trade in cordage and other real commodities,' which she had formerly been active in preventing.

Disappointed in their object, the Company now 'contracted with the King of Persia to bring their silks by the Persian Gulf, paying one-third in money and two-thirds in commodities.' From these volumes we see how profitable was the trade with the East. Commodities from the East Indies were brought to England at a quarter of the price hitherto paid in Turkey and Lisbon. Pepper alone to the value of 200,000*l.* was imported into England in 1623, nine-tenths of which was exported within twelve months. It was estimated that the commerce of the Company with the East would maintain 10,000 tons of shipping, and employ 2,500 mariners and as many artisans. In 1622 the trade to the East Indies brought in a revenue to the King of 40,000*l.*, which in 1624 increased to 50,000*l.* When we read that the goods which had been bought in India for 356,288*l.* produced in England no less a sum than 1,914,600*l.*, we are not surprised at the large dividends paid by the Company, and the eagerness of the proudest peers of the realm to be enrolled—like Lord Bacon—as shareholders.

This dazzling prosperity was soon to be overshadowed by one of the foulest massacres which a high-spirited nation has ever permitted to remain unavenged. The treaty between England and Holland with regard to the trade in the East Indies turned out, as had been foreseen, practically useless. Within a couple of years of its ratification, the old jealousies were again at work, the old disputes again broke out, and it again became necessary to attempt to settle the differences by fresh negotiations. Both sides complained of 'the insufferable wrongs' they had to endure, and each was loud in the protestations of its own innocence. According to the East India Company, the Dutch had flagrantly broken the treaty of 1619; they had not restored the goods they had

taken from the English, but had imported them instead to the Netherlands; they had 'imprisoned, imposed fines, inflicted corporal punishment in the market-place, and kept in irons the English;' they would not suffer the English to buy merchandise until the Dutch had been first served; they imposed 'great taxes and tolls upon English goods, and levied great fines for non-payment;' they prevented the English from trading in the Moluccas, Banda, and Amboyna; they pressed the English 'to pay their proportion in money towards maintaining the forts and garrisons in those islands, notwithstanding they have no trade there;' and they required the English to furnish a ship to remain in the Moluccas for a whole year, contrary to the articles of the treaty. In reply the Dutch complained that the English Company had neglected to maintain the ships of defence as had been agreed upon, that the English interfered unlawfully with the trade of the Dutch in the Spice Islands, and that, as for the specific charges brought forward by the Company, they were 'so obscure, confused, and ill-prepared,' that it was impossible to return a satisfactory answer.

England, however, determined at first to tolerate no shuffling in the matter. Our ambassador at the Hague was informed that unless commissioners were sent from the States to London, to redress the grievances complained of, and enter into a new treaty, the English would have 'letters of reprisal against Dutch ships, for that his Majesty had sworn his subjects would not let him rest until he had granted them.' The prospect of this alternative roused Holland from her apathy, and on November 28, 1621, ambassadors from the States arrived in London, and negotiations were at once opened with certain lords of the Privy Council, who were appointed by the King lords commissioners for the treaty. The proceedings were most tedious and protracted. Conferences were held and then suddenly broke up, owing to the 'wayward proceedings' of the Dutch commissioners. Committees sat, but so futile and barren of result were the proposals to be discussed that the chairman, the Lord Treasurer, tore up the minutes in a passion, and 'cut off all further negotiations, saying that he knew how to spend his time better.' 'Scandalous words,' too, we are informed, passed between the merchants on both sides, and on one occasion the papers laid before the Lords Commissioners were so very personal in their nature, that they were ordered to be de-

stroyed. At length, after numerous delays and hot disputes, a treaty was signed January 30, 1623. It consisted of fourteen articles, the chief of which were that neither of the rival companies was to grant letters of marque against each other, that there was to be perfect freedom of traffic between the two, that the natives were not to be supplied by either company with arms or other munition of war, that the expenses of the Council of Defence were to be borne equally by both companies, and that all the articles of the treaty of 1619 were to be observed. 'Such,' writes John Chamberlain, with a sneer at the conditions to be observed, 'is the hard knot which it has taken from thirteen to fourteen months to tie. Our East India Company will never be the better for it.'[1]

Whilst these matters were being settled, 'bloudy newes from the East Indies' reached our shores. It was said that the English at Amboyna had been cruelly put to death by the Dutch, on the pretence of being guilty of treasonable proceedings. The story in circulation throughout London was as follows.[2] A Japanese soldier in the service of the Dutch was observed in conversation with a sentinel then on guard by the castle walls at Amboyna, as to the strength of the castle and the character of the people who garrisoned it. He was arrested upon suspicion of treason and put to the torture, when he confessed that he and others of his countrymen were to have contrived the taking of the castle. The Japanese in Amboyna were seized and at once tortured; these, unable to bear their sufferings, and at the instigation of their tormentors, now asserted that in their attempt to capture the castle they were to have been assisted by the English residing there. Upon this suggested confession, Captain Towerson and all the English in Amboyna were sent for by the governor, and after being accused of a conspiracy to surprise the castle, were informed that they would be kept prisoners for further examination. The next day the English factors in the neighbourhood were arrested and brought in irons to Amboyna.

It appears that there was confined in the castle a dissolute Englishman, one Abel Price, a surgeon, who had been imprisoned for attempting, in a drunken fit, to set fire to the house of a Dutchman. This man was now threatened by the

[1] *State Papers, East Indies*, 1622–1624.
[2] *Ibid.* Carleton to Sec. Conway, May 28, 1624.

authorities with the same tortures as had been applied to the Japanese, unless he swore to corroborate all the statements that had been made against the English. For a short time Price manfully held out against the terrors of the torture-chamber, but, on pain overcoming his scruples, he confessed what was desired of him. The English factors were then separately confronted with Price and accused of treachery. They one and all indignantly denied the charges brought against them, and loudly protested their innocence. Upon their persistent refusal to convict themselves they were led to the cells below and put to the torture. From the State Papers before us we are made acquainted with the sufferings they had on these occasions to endure.[1] On entering the torture-chamber each prisoner was first 'hoisted by the hands, with a cord attached to his wrists, upon a large door, where he was made fast to two staples of iron fixed on both sides at the top of the doorposts, his hands being hauled, the one from the other, as wide as they could stretch.' Thus secured, his feet, which were suspended some two feet from the ground, were 'stretched asunder as far as they could reach, and so made fast beneath on each side of the doorposts.' A cloth was then bound round the lower part of the face of the victim, tight at the throat and loose at the nose. Water was now poured gently upon the head, until the cloth was full to the mouth and nostrils, so that the prisoner could not draw breath without sucking in the water, 'which, being continually poured in, came out of the nose, ears, and eyes, causing the greatest agony, till he became insensible.' This result attained, the tortured man was taken down quickly and made to vomit the water. Occasionally these torments were varied by incisions being made in the breasts of the unhappy captives, which were filled with powder and then ignited.

In this fiendish manner, we read, some of the factors were tortured 'three or four times, until their bodies were frightfully swollen, their cheeks like great bladders, and their eyes starting out of their heads.' One John Clarke, a factor at Hitto, we are told, bore all his sufferings without confessing anything, upon which the Dutch fiscal said he must be a devil or a witch, and have some charm about him that he could bear so much. 'So they cut his hair very short, and, hoisting him up again as before, they burnt the bottoms of

[1] *State Papers, East Indies*, 'Narration of the bloody proceedings at Amboyna,' July 10, 1624.

his feet with lighted candles until the fat dropped from them; they also burnt the palms of his hands and under his armpits, until his inwards might evidently be seen.' At last, wearied and overcome by these tortures, Clarke confessed all that was suggested to him, 'to wit, that Captain Towerson had sworn all the English, with the help of the Japanese, to surprise the castle of Amboyna and put the governor and all the Dutchmen to death.' His statement was corroborated by most of the other factors, who were prepared to admit anything in order to terminate the horrible torments they had to suffer.

Against this cumulative evidence the assertions of Captain Towerson that he was perfectly innocent of the charges brought against him were in vain. 'He was led up into the place of examination, and two great jars of water carried after him. What he there did or suffered was unknown to the rest of the English, but he was made to underwrite his confession there.' These examinations, tortures, and confessions were the work of eight days—from February 15 to February 23—and on February 26, 1623, all the prisoners were brought into the great hall of the castle, and solemnly condemned to death. Their last moments were worthy of the nation to which they belonged, and of the religion which they professed. Each man 'went one to another, begging forgiveness for their false accusation, being wrung from them by the pains of torture. And they all freely forgave one another, for none had been so falsely accused, but he himself had accused another as falsely.' The night before execution was passed in prayer, the prisoners turning a deaf ear to the offers of their Dutch guards, who bade them 'drink lustily and drive away their sorrow.' Early in the morning they were led out into the castle yard, and the sentence of death read to them. Before 'suffering the fatal stroke' the condemned 'prayed and charged those that were saved to bear witness to their friends in England of their innocency, and that they died not traitors, but so many innocents, merely murdered by the Hollanders, whom they prayed God to forgive their blood-thirstiness, and to have mercy upon their souls.' Ten Englishmen, one Portuguese, and nine Japanese were then executed with the sword, and all the English save Captain Towerson were buried in one pit. The day following the execution was spent by the Dutch in public rejoicing for their deliverance from this pretended plot.

When the news of the Amboyna massacre reached England the greatest excitement prevailed. The nation cried out loudly for revenge, and our ambassador at the Hague was instructed to demand reparation from the Dutch. At a court meeting of the Company three points were resolved on —justice against the murderers, reparation for injuries, and a separation of the two companies. And now ensued one of the most ignominious chapters to be found in the history of English diplomacy. The States General declined to be convinced that our version of the story was the correct one; they upheld the conduct of their agents. It was the English who had attempted to seize the castle of Amboyna; their designs had been frustrated, and the ringleaders of the plot had been deservedly executed. It was true that the English prisoners had been tortured, but the accounts that had been circulated of their sufferings had been much exaggerated. Nor was it for England, sneered the States General, where men were pressed to death for political crimes, to cry out against the punishment of torture. The Dutch proceedings in Amboyna, argued the Hollanders, were neither against justice nor without formality, and certainly not with extremity against the conspirators.[1]

In reply England stated that the factors condemned to death were not conspirators; the men were innocent of any designs against the governor of Amboyna, and only accused each other of imaginary crimes to escape the torments of torture. It was evident upon the very face of it, she said, that this pretended attack was impossible for the English to execute. The castle of Amboyna was of great strength, it was garrisoned by some 200 men, whilst living in the town were as many more of their free burghers. 'Durst ten English, whereof not one a soldier, attempt anything upon such strength and vigilancy?' Whilst as for the assistance of the Japanese, 'they were but ten neither, and all unarmed as well as the English!' And suppose, it was argued, that these twenty persons had been so desperate as to venture the exploit, how could they be able either to master the Dutch in the castle or to keep possession when they had gotten it? What seconds had they at hand? There was neither ship nor pinnace of the English in the harbour, and not an Englishman to be found within forty leagues of Amboyna to render assistance. The idea was as mad in its conception as it was impossible in its

[1] *State Papers, East Indies*, Barlow to Carleton, August 5, 1624.

execution. Whilst, on the other hand, in addition to the strength of the castle and town of Amboyna, the Dutch had three other strong castles well furnished with soldiers in the same island and at Cambello adjoining. They had vast stores of arms and ammunition, and lying at anchor in the roads of Amboyna were eight men-of-war. Was it probable, said the English Commissioners, that a few unarmed men would contend to overthrow such a power?[1]

Still, the States General maintained that the conduct of their East India Company, if not perfectly blameless in the matter, was not very guilty. They would institute an inquiry into the affair, and punish the offenders if found to be deserving of punishment, but they declined to make the humiliating reparation required of them. Those who wish to study despatches full of bluster and evasion have only to read the third volume of Mr. Sainsbury's Calendar, where the history of the negotiations that took place on this occasion is for the first time made public. The King vowed vengeance, but his ire spent itself in idle threats. He declared that by August 12, 1624, he would have satisfaction 'both for the slaughter of our people and the spoil of our goods.' Yet said Governor Abbott, in full court of the Company, 'the day is come and past, and we have heard nothing.' His Majesty swore that unless reparation was made he would attack the Dutch ships in the Channel, but no orders were issued for the English fleet to stand out to sea to attack the enemy. The truth was that the treaties between England and the United Provinces, who were then fighting against Spanish dominion in the Netherlands, rendered it most undesirable that a rupture should take place between the Courts of St James's and the Hague. England fancied that she was avenging the insult done to her flag by a bluster which deceived no one, and threats which caused no apprehension.

'And thus the matter rested,' writes Mr. Sainsbury, 'three months after King James had ceased to reign; and though efforts were made from time to time by his successor to see justice done, which were renewed again and again during the interregnum, and even in Charles the Second's reign, whenever any treaty between England and the United Provinces was in question, so the matter rested.'

[1] *State Papers, East Indies*, 'An answer to the Dutch relation touching the pretended conspiracy of the English at Amboyna,' September [?], 1624.

THE GATHERING OF THE STORM.

There was ambition, there was sedition, there was violence; but no man shall persuade me that it was not the cause of Liberty on one side and of Tyranny on the other.—LORD CHATHAM.

The right divine of kings to govern wrong.
The Dunciad, Book IV.

SHORTLY after the year 1625 had dawned upon the world the condition of James the First caused much anxiety to those in attendance upon him. After slowly recovering from a severe attack of the gout, he had fallen a victim to tertian ague. No immediate danger was apprehended, but the King, who had always been nervous about himself where his health was concerned, took a graver view of his illness than did those around him, and said, 'I shall never see London more.' Remembering that Buckingham had derived great benefit from the prescription of a country doctor at Dunmow, James was now anxious to adopt the same remedies. A messenger rode post haste into Essex, and brought back the village quack's recommendation. The King was to be kept in bed, to be given a posset, which would promote perspiration, and to have a plaster placed upon his stomach and his wrists. The advice was faithfully carried out, but instead of relieving the invalid, only aggravated his malady. The Court physicians, irritated at this interference with their treatment, declined to visit the King unless he would place himself unreservedly in their hands, and abandon the Dunmow posset and plasters. A returning fit of great severity now compelled James to listen to his recognised medical attendants, and under their skill and care his health began gradually to mend. But with regaining vigour came back the short-sighted obstinacy which had always been one of the evil features in his character. In spite of all opposition the King resolved to give the Dunmow treatment another trial. Once more he poured down his throat the posset, and applied the plasters to his stomach and

his wrists; from that hour the improvement that had taken place in his condition became checked, and he grew rapidly worse. Fit succeeded fit, and it was evident to all the end was nigh. The divines in attendance upon the royal bedside told the sufferer that his recovery was now despaired of. 'I am satisfied,' said James, 'and I pray you to assist me to make ready to go away hence to Christ, whose mercies I call for, and I hope to find them.' On March 27, 1625, he passed away. 'He died at twelve at noon,' writes Chambermayd to the Queen of Bohemia, 'and before six at night the accession of King Charles was proclaimed, and all persons commanded to see the King's peace duly kept, and to be obedient to his laws.'

Of the young King little was known. Shy, reserved, and accustomed to stand much upon his dignity, except to the very few friends who possessed his confidence, as Prince of Wales Charles had never come prominently before the nation. The grasp of his mind was limited, he had many prejudices and few ideas, the flow of his thoughts was slow and laboured, and he was by nature reticent and reserved. Conscious that his gifts did not tend to shed a lustre upon his father's Court, he had held himself aloof from its more boisterous festivities, and from the homage of the vulgar. The loquacity, the pedantry, the vanity of his coarse self-asserting sire jarred upon the sensitiveness of the young Prince, and caused him to withdraw from the society of those who by their servile flatteries had wormed themselves into the intimacies of the throne. The select and limited few, however, who had been afforded the opportunities of judging the character of Charles were strongly impressed in his favour. He was not a ready talker, but when he spoke he showed that he was able to bring to bear upon the subject under discussion, if not much original thought, at least much reading. He had a keen appreciation of the fine arts, and in his travels on the Continent had struck those who surrounded him by the depth and judgment of the criticisms he passed upon the different paintings that met his view. In an age of much licence he had worn the white flower of a blameless life, and had been sneered at by the wits of Versailles as being as virgin as his sword. So far as externals went Nature had been most kind to him. His face was expressive, and the features marked by that purity and refinement which are termed aristocratic; his figure was graceful, his manners, though somewhat haughty, were eminently courtly and win-

ning. As it was said of his unhappy descendant, the Young Pretender, on his first entrance into Edinburgh, so it could be said of Charles, he was 'not only a king but a gentleman.'

His accession to the throne had occurred at a season which required no ordinary capacity to contend with the surrounding difficulties. Both at home and abroad dark clouds had sprung up, obscuring the political horizon. On the Continent England was engaged in a war to oppose the might of the Austrian family, and to recover the Palatinate. Spain, irritated at the rupture of the marriage-treaty between Charles and the Infanta had become our bitter enemy. France, though she had consented to the union of the Princess Henrietta with the young King of England, hovered between her hatred of Spain and her hatred of the Huguenots, and declined to give any decided support to the English policy in Europe. Whilst at home the opposition of the House of Commons to the claims of Prerogative, which had embittered the relationship between the Crown and the people during the latter part of the preceding reign, was now again being mischievously agitated. To add to these difficulties, the question of religious toleration was demanding an immediate settlement. Shortly after his accession Charles had united himself in marriage with the Princess Henrietta Maria, the daughter of Henry IV. of France, whose beauty, it is said, had attracted him at a ball in Paris, whilst *en route* for Madrid to pay his court to the Spanish Infanta. The young Queen was a devoted Catholic, and it was expected that her elevation to the English throne would result in the removal of those penalties and restrictions which at that time visited severely upon the adherents of the Holy See.

These hopes resolved themselves into certainty when the private views of the King became known. On the day of his marriage he had issued instructions to the Lord Keeper 'to cease all manner of prosecution against Roman Catholics, as well on their persons as goods, for the exercise of the said religion, provided always that they behaved themselves moderately therein, and yield us that obedience which good and true subjects owe unto their King.' It was soon found, however, that in the present temper of the English people it would be most unwise to carry these concessions into effect. The war in the Palatinate and the attitude assumed by the Huguenots had aroused both the Protestant sympathies and jealousies of

the nation. Throughout England the recent alliance with France was looked upon coldly, men fearing that the union had been purchased at the expense of the established religion of the country. Charles, at the very outset of his marriage and in the face of his instructions to the Lord Keeper, was bidden to put in force the statutes for the suppression of Popery, really to 'execute the laws against the wicked generation of Jesuits, seminary priests, and incendiaries ever lying in wait to blow the coal of contention.' He hesitated and dallied with the demand, hoping that time might extricate him from the embarrassment.

Nor did the conduct of the young Queen tend to smooth over the difficulties of the situation. Her beauty was acknowledged by both friend and foe, yet from such brilliant personal attractions much danger was to be apprehended. It was known that the King was deeply attached to her, that his disposition caused him to give an undue weight to the counsels of those by whom his affections were engaged; and it was felt that the influence of his young and beautiful consort might be very detrimental to the activity of Protestantism. Henrietta had surrounded herself by a little band of advisers of her own creed, to whom she always referred before entering on any act, private or political. At the instigation of her confessor she had made a pilgrimage across Hyde Park to the gallows at Tyburn, where she had prayed to the Catholic victims executed there in the preceding reigns, as to so many saints and martyrs. She had declined to be crowned by the Archbishop of Canterbury, but had requested that the ceremony might be performed by her own bishop, which had been refused. 'His Majesty was yesterday crowned,' writes Sir Benjamin Rudyard. 'The Queen was not crowned (her Church not recognising our bishops), but stood in a window at Sir Abraham Williams's to see the show.' The feelings of the people were excited against her, and she was called a Daughter of Heth, a Canaanite, and an Idolater.

So pernicious was the influence of her advisers that at last it became imperatively necessary for the King to interfere. Attended upon by the Duke of Buckingham and the Earls of Holland and Carlisle, Charles came to Somerset House, where the retinue of the Queen had assembled to await his orders. 'Gentlemen and ladies,' said the King, 'I am driven to that necessity as that I am personally come to acquaint you that I very earnestly desire your return into France; true it is the

deportment of some amongst you hath been inoffensive to me, but others again have so dallied with my patience and so highly affronted me as I cannot, I will not, longer endure it.' In vain certain of the officials of the Queen's household raised their voices in earnest protestation against this summary dismissal; they were ordered to quit the kingdom and not to irritate further the royal will. 'On Tuesday,' writes Sir Benjamin Rudyard, 'the Queen's French attendants were suddenly commanded to quit the Court; the Queen takes the act very passionately, but having prevailed for the return of her nurse, is reasonably pacified.' With the departure of her mischievous advisers the influences that had been at work to create a breach between husband and wife were silenced, and the domestic life of Charles, which at one time had been gravely threatened by the bigotry and obstinacy of the Queen, was restored to that harmony and affection which ever afterwards characterised it.

Whilst these private differences were being settled matters of great public moment had made large claims upon the temper and discretion of the young King. Into the thrice-told story of the reign of Charles we have no intention of entering, except as a new light is shed upon it by disclosures from the State Papers. On June 18, 1625, the King opened his first Parliament at Westminster. In his speech from the throne he frankly acknowledged the necessities of his position; he had received on his accession the legacy of a war approved of by the nation; he had entered into arrangements with Denmark, the Low Countries, and the Palatinate, which made heavy calls upon his exchequer; he had spent large sums upon the navy; the debts of his father remained still to be discharged; and he confidently expected his faithful Commons to freely vote him the supplies he required. His confidence was misplaced. In the Lower House the leaders of the country party were the dominant section. They ruled the assembly, and gave the tone to the debate. To these men the situation of their Sovereign was full of promise for the redress of grievances they had long complained of. They resolved that the power of Parliament should be re-established, and the prerogative reduced within more reasonable limits. They required that the Penal Acts against the Roman Catholics should be put in force, and demanded that full information as to the future expenditure of the sums to be voted should

be laid before the House. To these requests the King declined to give any decided answer, and the Commons retaliated by voting two miserable subsidies to meet the heavy expenses incurred by the Crown.

For the moment, all negotiations between the Sovereign and his subjects were brought to an end by the hasty adjournment of the Parliament, owing to the plague which was then devastating the metropolis. Of the havoc made by this terrible visitation the State Papers are full. Entry after entry in the Calendars [1] before us reveals the terror and distress caused by its appearance. 'The plague spreads, Parliament is in suspense;' 'the sickness in London increases in a remarkable manner;' 'the sickness has spread into all parts of the City, and has broken out in the house of the Lord Mayor;' 'the sickness increases more and more, the bill specified 500 and odd last week;' 'the increase and general spread of the plague in London and Westminster cause such distraction and consternation that the like was never seen in that age. The number of deaths for four weeks was answerable to those in the first year of the late King, but this last week it is near a thousand greater, which makes all men hasten away;' 'a few days since there died two of the sickness at Windsor, in a house where the Queen's priest was lodged: it is very much about Kingston and its neighbourhood;' 'the sickness so violent in London that there is no intercourse of boats from Kingston, those that go to London must not return into the country. Last week's deaths were 4,855; of the plague 4,133, not counting Westminster and the outlying parishes, where there died about 1,000;' 'few adventure into London: the Lords are about to send to the Mayor that the infected shall be sent out of the City to tents and cabins in the fields. No man comes into a town without a ticket, yet there are few places free;' 'Sir Francis Howard's lady took the infection from a new gown she had from London, so as she died the same day she took it.' 'I believe,' writes the Dean of St. Paul's, 'that in the City of London, and in a mile compass there died 1,000 a day. The citizens fled away as out of a house on fire, and stuffed their pockets with their best ware and threw themselves into the highways, and were not received so much as into barns, and perished so; some of

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, 1625–1640, edited by John Bruce and W. Douglas Hamilton, 14 vols.

them with more money about them than would have bought the village where they died.'

And then we read how the fell visitation spread in spite of all precaution, from county to county, and town to town, till the whole kingdom was infected; how trade was paralysed, how piteous were the applications to the authorities for relief, and how stringent were the regulations for the prevention of the disease. 'On deaths of persons of the contagion of the sickness,' write the Justices of the Peace for Westminster, 'the searchers go with white wands in their hands, the red cross, and the bill "Lord have mercie upon us" set apparent on the doors. With every such house there is a warder, and every day some of the Justices visit and examine to see them do their duty. They be so kept up forty days, and in that time purge and cleanse their houses with lime and such-like.' From the State Papers we collect the following table of mortality: In 1592, the interments from the plague were 11,505; in 1603, 30,583; in 1625, 35,428; in 1630, 1,317; in 1636, 12,102; in 1637 down to the end of July, when the disease was beginning to slacken its ravages, the number of deaths had been 2,876.

To escape infection the Parliament met at Oxford, and Charles, nothing daunted by past failure, again appealed to the generosity of the Commons. He had scarcely the means to supply the necessary provisions for the Royal household. He was about to equip a fleet against Spain. He had to pay large subsidies to the King of Denmark, to the army of Kamfeldt, to the army of the Low Countries, and for the security of Ireland. It was necessary if the war was to be carried on that large supplies should be voted. In his appeal Charles was supported by all the arguments and specious eloquence of his admirers. The Commons, however, declined to reconsider their decision. They had been angered by an attempt on the part of the Court to employ certain English vessels (which had been despatched to Dieppe ostensibly to attack the Genoese) in the service of the French king against the Huguenots of Rochelle: a design which had only been frustrated by the mutiny and desertion of the crews. They again demanded to know how the past subsidies had been expended, and requested a full and detailed account of the warlike operations that were meditated by the Court. If the King gave them his confidence and accepted their advice, they would then see how

far they would be justified in meeting the Royal wishes. The struggle was thus between the inquisitorial power of Parliament and the despotism of Prerogative. Charles declined to recognise the pretensions of his Parliament; he placed his confidence in his Ministers, and not in the representatives of the people: it was the duty of the Commons to obey, and not to pry into the commands of their Sovereign; to place the right of inquiry in the hands of Parliament was to accord a favour most detrimental to the interests of the Crown. Holding these views, and finding that no object was to be gained by further discussion, the King took advantage of the appearance of the plague at Oxford to dissolve the Houses.

With the vast mass of documentary evidence now before us it is not difficult to account for the opposition of the Commons to the demands of the Crown. In the Lower House there were men hostile to the Royal Prerogative, and who were anxious to embrace every opportunity of inflicting slights and humiliations upon their Sovereign, but they were in a minority. To the larger section of the assembly the Throne was still the emblem of all that was sacred and dear, and opposition to the Sovereign did not so much imply disloyalty as hate and distrust of the mischievous adviser who then enjoyed the Royal confidence. The leaders of the country party did not war against Charles, but against Buckingham. It has been the fate of many who have exercised supreme sway, either in the Court or the Cabinet, to encounter the bitter hostility of a people; but seldom has any Minister met with such fierce detestation as was then excited by the conduct of Buckingham. About the middle of the last reign a younger son of an old Leicestershire family had come up to Court, and had purchased the office of cup-bearer. Few men were more impressed by the external advantages of a handsome person and an elegant address than James. It was not long before the graceful bearing, the winning manner, and the charming face of George Villiers attracted the attention of his Sovereign. The young cup-bearer was not one of those who lose an opportunity; he speedily ingratiated himself in the good opinion of his master, and his rise was rapid. The favourite Somerset was, as we know, dethroned and dismissed, and George Villiers reigned in his stead. Honour after honour was rapidly conferred upon him; office after office was entrusted to him. He was

knighted; he was created Baron Whaddon and Viscount Villiers; he was created Earl of Buckingham; he was created Marquis, and then Duke of Buckingham. He had been sworn of the Council, he had received the insignia of the Garter, he was Master of the Horse, he was Lord High Admiral, and he was the bosom friend and trusted counsellor of his Sovereign.

A man made only to shine in the salon and the boudoir, the power now placed in the hands of Buckingham turned his head. His arrogance, his abuse of authority, his dangerous counsels, offended all. He was hated with the bitterest of all hates, the hate that knows it is powerless to wound. Neither James nor Charles would listen to a word said against the favourite. It was useless for men grown grey in the service of the State to expose the incapacity of Buckingham for the high offices he filled—to point out the mischief he had effected between England and Spain, and to show how he was wanting in tact, foresight, and discretion. James turned a deaf ear to all such insinuations, and continued to be fonder than ever of his 'Steenie.' As was the sire, so was the son. On the accession of Charles to the throne, Buckingham was the adviser who guided the Royal policy. 'During Buckingham's presence at Court,' writes Mr. Bruce, 'he reigned there as the King's absolute and single Minister. Every act of the Government passed by or through his will. Except formally, the King was little seen or heard of in State affairs. He seldom even attended a sitting of the Privy Council, except to carry out some project of his favourite.'

It was this elevation of a dangerous and domineering incapacity that had so angered the Commons, and forced them into a disloyalty they regretted, in order to curb the mischievous activity of the one adviser of the Crown. By the nation at large the favourite was as much hated as was Bute in the days of George the Third. He was a traitor, a Papist, a poisoner, a Frenchman, the cause of England's heavy taxation, and of all her distresses. Such were the accusations brought against the Duke by an infuriated people. 'The whole island,' writes one Gabriel Browne, 'is so sharpened against him, that even ridiculous toys inflame them with offence. The multitude were bitterly disgusted because, being sickly, he suffered himself to be carried in a covered chair upon his servant's shoulders from Whitehall to Denmark House; and the Commons House took it ill,

because, at a Committee, he was a little more gaillard, trim, and wantonly great, "after the French fubb and garb," than stands with the national gravity of the noble English.' The King, we are also told, 'is a most sweet and gentle Prince, saving as he is misled by that great man.' 'Who governs the land?' it was asked. 'Why, the King. And who governs the King? Why, the Duke of Buckingham. And who governs the Duke? Why, the Devil.' The conflict that now ensued between the Executive and the Legislature was not, therefore, so much an antagonism between the King and the Parliament as between the Parliament and the favourite Minister.

To supply the want of Parliamentary assistance, Charles now issued Privy Seals for borrowing the necessary money from his subjects. The sum required to be lent, we learn, was 'to be sent to the collector within twelve days, and was to be repaid within eighteen months.' This form of compulsory contribution created the liveliest dissatisfaction from those on whom levies were made; still it excited no open resistance, and the amount thus raised enabled the ill-starred expedition against Cadiz to set out upon its work of destruction. Concerning this expedition, the State Papers are full of interest, but, inasmuch as they throw little new light upon Cecil's undertaking, it is not necessary to dwell upon the matter they contain. We know that the expedition was a complete failure; Puntal was taken and abandoned, a march was made against the enemy outside the walls of Cadiz, but 'the men being faint and without provisions, the Marshal (Sir Edward Cecil, created Viscount Wimbledon in anticipation of the successes he did *not* achieve) gave them wine, under the influence of which they came unmanageable.' It was found that the town could only be taken by siege, 'for which we were unprepared. We, therefore, embarked our men, to our great dishonour.' The Plate fleet, with its splendid treasures on board, eluded the search of Wimbledon, and safely anchored in Cadiz Bay, and thus, having failed to carry out a single one of the numerous plans it had proposed to execute, the expedition returned home.

When we read a few of the entries from the State Papers as to the conduct of this enterprise, we are not surprised at the result that attended its efforts. Buckingham, though he remained at home, was 'Generalissimo of the Fleet;' whilst Cecil, its actual commander, was an excellent soldier, who

had seen much service in the Dutch army, but who naturally had had no experience of naval warfare. The details of the expedition were managed with the usual carelessness and incompetency of Buckingham. 'Great wrong,' writes Sir George Blundell, 'has been done to the King and his service by pretending the ships were fit to go to sea; they were leaky and rotten, and every man cries out for victuals. Some drink beverage of cider that stinks worse than carrion, and have no other drink. They have been much wronged and abased.' 'The landsmen,' writes Wimbledon himself, 'are so ill-exercised, that they killed more of their own men than of the enemy. The sickness is so great that there are not seamen enough to keep the watches. The ships leaky. We feel the want of a competent number of pinnaces, which in Queen Elizabeth's time were always furnished; but now, to save charges, we have ketches, which men are afraid to go in. Our beverage of an ill-quality, and victual growing short. I anticipated all these difficulties and wants before setting out; but, being commanded by the Duke, I resolved to undertake anything.' 'I speak out of anguish,' moans Sir William St. Leger, 'to see so brave and chargeable a business so foully miscarried. The army is in wretched poor condition for want of health and clothes, and much decayed in numbers.'

The expedition had sailed from Plymouth early in October, amid the hopes of a proud and high-spirited nation; it returned a few weeks later, ship straggling after ship, their crews decimated by disease, whilst the soldiers, on landing, had barely rags enough to satisfy the demands of decency. 'We request,' write the Commissioners at Plymouth to the Privy Council, 'that the soldiers may be speedily clothed, the greatest part not having therewith to cover their nakedness, which is the greatest cause of their miseries. Orders should also be given for the maintenance of the captains and officers, whose complaints are equal to those of the soldiers.' The men thus returned were distributed throughout the different counties, and, in defiance of all law, billeted upon the people.

The expedition to Cadiz a failure, his supplies squandered, his necessities daily becoming more urgent, the King had no alternative but to call a new Parliament. The House of Commons was, however, in no more generous or pliant mood than its predecessor. It bitterly complained of the reverses of the past, of the secrecy in which all the accounts relating to the expenditure were enveloped, of the manner in

which the Constitution had been strained, and of the incompetency of the sole Minister of the Crown. After much debate, it was resolved that three subsidies and three-fifteenths should be granted to the King; but that the vote should not be converted into a Bill until all grievances had been redressed. The Commons demanded that the favourite should be removed; that a statement as to the expenditure of the future should be presented them; that the religious question should be definitely settled; and that the claim of Parliament to control the Crown, as well as to advise it, should be recognised. Buckingham was impeached, but Parliament was dissolved before the charges brought against him had been fully inquired into.

Charles, who regarded himself as the centre and force of all Government, declined to be responsible for his actions to his Parliament, to permit an inquiry into the expenditure of the past, or to throw over his mischievous adviser. In a fit of temper he dissolved the Houses; and, since his faithful Commons would grant no subsidies without being taken into the Royal confidence, he determined to carry out those '*new counsels*' he had threatened his Parliament with adopting. He compounded with the Catholics for the suspension of the penal laws against them. He demanded a loan of 100,000*l.* from the City of London. He required each of the maritime towns, with the aid of the adjacent counties, to equip so many vessels as were appointed them. He begged pecuniary assistance from the peers and from all friends to his cause. These expedients, however, did not meet with the success he had anticipated; and, after some deliberation, an Act of Council was passed which enforced a general loan from the subject according as every one was assessed in the rolls of the last subsidy. Against this taxation, and the inquisitorial manner in which it was conducted, a violent outcry was raised. Many declined to contribute to the loan, and the State Papers of the years 1626–1627 are full of the remonstrances and sufferings of those who opposed the Court. All who refused to comply with the King's demands were thrust into prison.

And now, as if domestic matters were not grave enough, the country was plunged into a new war. To avenge himself against Richelieu, who, jealous of the favour accorded to Buckingham, then Ambassador Extraordinary at Paris, by the beautiful Anne of Austria, had interrupted the

amorous designs of the gallant Envoy, the Duke threw down the gauntlet to France. He gave orders that all the French servants of Henrietta Maria should be dismissed. He encouraged the English men-of-war to seize upon French merchantmen. He made overtures to Spain for peace. These injuries produced only remonstrances across the Channel, or at the most reprisals, and failed to excite that declaration of hostilities which the Duke had anticipated. Since France kept her temper, and declined to be provoked, Buckingham now resolved to show his hand, so that no mistake should arise as to his intentions. Nothing daunted by the fate of the Cadiz expedition, he fitted out a fleet of 100 sail; he embarked an army of 7,000 men; he appointed himself commander of this naval and military force, and bent his course to the West of France. Rochelle, garrisoned by the Huguenots, was then besieged by Richelieu; and it had been the intention of Buckingham to relieve the town, and make common cause with the beleaguered against the foe. The Rochellois, however, distrustful of the scheme of the English commander, refused to admit the Duke; and the baffled commander, concealing his mortification as best he could, steered farther west, intent upon subduing the Isle of Rhé.

Of the various historical incidents relating to this period recorded in the State Papers there is none more minutely treated than this, the second ill-fated enterprise of Buckingham. The whole facts relating to the expedition to Rhé are brought so vividly before us that there is not the slightest break in the continuity of the narrative, or a single omission which the historian can regret. We read all the details as to the preparations that were made; as to the departure and landing of the troops; as to the endeavours at home to support the expedition with new levies and continued supplies; as to the feverish anxiety in which England and France were kept for several months by the progress of the siege of the citadel of St. Martin; as to the final abandonment of the siege and the return to England of the shattered forces. The expedition under Buckingham is but a repetition of the expedition under Wimbledon. The ships were deficient in accommodation and in sanitary arrangements, and utterly unseaworthy. The commissariat department was miserably attended to. 'There was no bread and beer thought of for the soldiers,' writes one; 'wheat instead of bread, but no

means to grind or bake it, and wine instead of beer.' 'The present condition of Buckingham's army,' says a second, 'is such, that, without a speedy supply, they will not only be disabled from gaining anything, but will hazard the loss of what they have got.' 'The army,' mourns a third, 'grows daily weaker, victuals waste, purses are empty, ammunition consumes, winter grows, their enemies increase in numbers and power, and they hear nothing from England.' The men wanted hose, shoes, and clothing; their ammunition was scarce; their pay was in arrears, and disease was doing more harm in their ranks than the attacks of the enemy.

Nor is the story of the siege of St. Martin, the chief town of the Isle of Rhé, one that Englishmen will care to remember. The men, ill and discouraged, were not anxious to fight; there was no order or discipline maintained amongst them; they refused to obey their commander, and we read of Buckingham, cudgel in hand, going about 'beating some and threatening others,' in order to rouse them to their work; the officers had little confidence in their chief, and being deprived of the materials calculated to render a siege successful, they conducted their duties in a feeble, half-hearted manner, which could not but act disastrously upon the men under their command. The only cheering incident in the history of the expedition is the courage that its General displayed. From all quarters the bravery of Buckingham was acknowledged. 'The Lord-General,' writes Sir Allen Apsley, 'is the most industrious and in all business one of the first, in person, in danger. Last night the enemy's ordnance played upon his lodging, and one shot lighted upon his bed, but did him no harm.' 'Our General,' writes Henry de Vic, 'behaves himself to admiration, making those parts appear which lay hid before. His care is infinite, his courage undauntable, his patience and continual labours beyond what could have been expected. Himself views the grounds, goes to the trenches, visits the batteries, observes where the shot doth light and what effect t works. He is partly constrained to exertion by the carelessness of some officers. None of extraordinary credit in the army besides himself.' 'He has shown,' cries the Abbé Scaglia, 'that he possesses the courage of Scipio.'

Whilst superintending the operations before the town of St. Martin, the Duke received certain letters which have

been preserved amongst the State Papers, and which in their strictest sense may be classed in the *domestic* Series. On his departure from England the Duke had quitted his wife without taking any formal leave, though promising that he would see her again shortly. He had even assured her that he would not accompany the expedition. The Duchess was then in a condition of health which rendered the absence of her Lord particularly distressing, and she thus upbraids him: 'I confess I did ever fear you would be catched,' she writes,[1] 'for there was no other likelihood after all that show, but you must needs go. For my part I have been a very miserable woman hitherto, that never could have you keep at home. But now I will ever look to be so, until some blessed occasion comes to draw you quite from the Court. For there is none more miserable than I am now, and till you leave this life of a courtier, which you have ever been since I knew you, I shall ever think myself unhappy. I am the unfortunatest of all other, that ever when I am with child I must have so much cause of sorrow, as to have you go from me, but I never had so great a cause of grief as now I have. God of his mercy give me patience, and if I were sure my soul would be well I could wish myself to be out of this miserable world, for till then I shall not be happy. Now I will no more write to hope you do not go, but must betake myself to my prayers for your safe and prosperous journey, which I will not fail to do and for your quick return, but never whilst I live will I trust you again, nor never will put you to your oath for anything again. . . . I pray God never woman may love a man as I have done you, that none may feel that which I have done for you. Since there is no remedy but that you must go, I pray God send you gone quickly, that you may be quickly at home again; and whosoever that wished you to this journey beside yourself that they may be punished, for it will be cause of a great deal of grief to me. But that is no matter. Now there is no remedy but patience, which God send me! I pray God send me wise, and not to hurt myself with grieving. Now I am very well, I thank God, and so is Mall. And so I bid you farewell.

'Your poor grieved and obedient wife,

'K. BUCKINGHAM.

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, June 26 [?], 1627.

'I pray give order before you go for the jewels which I owe for. Burn this for God's sake. Go not to land and pity me, for I feel [most miserable] at this time. Be not angry with me for writing these, for my heart is so full I cannot choose because I did not look for it. I would to Jesus that there was any way in the world to fetch you off this journey with your honour. If any pains or any suffering of mine could do it, I were a most happy woman; but you have send (*sic*) yourself, and made me miserable. God forgive you for it.'

Hearing of the indifference of the Duke to danger and of his freedom in exposing himself to the enemy, the fond wife entreats Dr. Moore, Buckingham's physician, to watch over her fickle lord, and to do his best to prevent him from landing at Rochelle. 'I should think myself,' she writes,[1] 'the most miserablest woman in the world if my lord should go into the main land, for though God has blessed him hitherto beyond all imagination in this action, yet I hope he will not still run on in that hope to venture himself beyond all discretion, and I hope this journey has not made him a Puritan, to believe in predestination. I pray keep him from being too venturous, for it does not belong to a General to walk trenches; therefore have a care of him. I will assure you by this action he is not any whit the more popular man than when he went; therefore you may see whether these people be worthy for him to venture his life for.'

On the return of the expedition her eagerness to welcome her lord thus breaks out:[2] 'Since I heard the news of your landing, I have been still every hour looking for you, that I cannot now, till I see you, sleep in the nights, for every minute, if I do hear any noise, I think it is one from you, to tell me the happy news what day I shall see you, for I confess I long for it with much impatience.'

Among the papers of this interesting period we also light upon a letter to the Duke from his mother Mary, Countess of Buckingham, written at the time when the troops were before the walls of St. Martin. It is in reply to one penned by her son begging for money, and saying that he is so busy that he has no time to spend in prayer:[3]—

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, October 20 [?], 1627.
[2] *Ibid.* November 15 [?], 1627.
[3] *Ibid.* August 30 [?], 1627.

'My dearly beloved Son,—I am very sorry you have entered into so great business, and so little care to supply your wants, as you see by the haste that is made to you. I hope your eyes will be opened to see what a great gulf of business you have put yourself into, and so little regarded at home, where all is merry and well pleased, though the ships be not victualled as yet, nor mariners to go with them. As for monies the kingdom will not supply your expenses, and every man groans under the burthen of the times. At your departure from me you told me you went to make peace, but it was not from your heart. This is not the way; for you to imbroil the whole Christian world in wars, and then to declare it for religion, and make God a party to these woful affairs, so far from God as light and darkness, and the high-way to make all Christian princes to bend their forces against us, that otherwise in policy would have taken our parts. You know the worthy King your master never liked that way, and as far as I can perceive there is none that cries not out of it. You that acknowledge the infinite mercy and providence of Almighty God, in preserving your life amongst so many that fell down dead on every side of you, and spares you for more honour to Himself, if you would not be wilfully blind, and overthrow yourself body and soul; for He hath not, I hope, made you so great and given you so many excellent parts as to suffer you to die in a ditch.

'Let me, that is your mother, intreat you to spend some of your hours in prayers and meditating what is fitting and pleasing in His sight that has done so much for you; and that honour you so much strive for, bend it for His honour and glory, and you will soon find a change so great that you would not for all the kingdoms in this world forego, if you might have them at your disposing. And do not think it out of fear and timorousness of a woman I persuade you to this. No, no! It is that I scorn. I would have you leave this bloody way in which you are crept into, I am sure contrary to your nature and disposition. God hath blessed you with a virtuous wife and sweet daughter, with another son, I hope, if you do not destroy it by this way you take; she cannot believe a word you speak, you have so much deceived her. She hath bestord [bestirred?] herself carefully for you, in sending monies with the supply that is now coming though slowly; it would have been worse but for her.

'But now let me come to myself. If I had a world you should command it, and whatsoever I have, or shall have, it is all yours by right; but, alas! I have laid out that money I had, and more by a thousand pounds by your consent in buying of Gouldsmise [*sic*] Grange, which I am very sorry for now. I never dreamed you should have needed any of my help, for if I had they should have wanted all and myself before you. I hope this servant will bring us better news of your resolutions than yet we hear of, which I pray heartily for, and give alms for you, that it will please Almighty God to direct your heart the best way to His honour and glory.

'I am ever your most loving, affectionate, sad mother,

'M. Buckingham.'

Though the leader and originator of the expedition against Rhé had failed in carrying out a single detail of the campaign he had set before him, he did not lack the applause of the servile and the interested. Had Buckingham been the most successful general or the most far-seeing statesman, he could not have listened to more fulsome flattery. He was a Cæsar, an Alexander, the most brilliant of commanders; what he had achieved at Rhé was even, in the opinion of the Earl of Exeter, 'miraculous.' The Duke had hesitated to accept a gift from the Bishop of London, whereupon his Lordship assures Buckingham that to refuse his offering would break his heart. 'When God,' he writes to the Duke, 'returns back again a man's sacrifice, it is because He is offended with him; therefore I cannot live if your Grace returns me mine.' Field had been raised to the see of St. David's on the recommendation of Buckingham. Accordingly he writes to Laud to tell his patron that the Duke had imitated God Himself, who 'very oft as He passes by and seems to turn from us leaves His blessing behind.' This recently created bishop is the most effusive of toadies. He compares the late parliamentary opposition to 'dogs in a village, barking for company with full and foul mouth,' and 'burns with desire to turn soldier, and encourage the soldiers to cry St. George, to pray and fight for the Duke.' Men of ancient race, soldiers of proved courage, statesmen who had seen much service, clergymen who professed that their kingdom was not of this world, mindful of the power and patronage of the great favourite, did not blush to grovel in the dust before the Duke, and, in the hope of advancement,

to sign themselves his 'creatures' and his 'slaves.' A few —a very few—dared boldly to protest against the policy of Buckingham, and the measures he had suggested to raise supplies.

Success had not crowned the efforts of the expedition against Rhé; the besieged had been relieved, the assistance expected by the English General had not arrived, and Buckingham felt that he had no alternative but to embark his troops and return to England. The loss of life that this expedition entailed has been variously estimated. The following entry among the State Papers settles the question: —'Statement of the number of the several regiments embarked at Portsmouth for the expedition to the Isle of Rhé, with the numbers of subsequent supplies, and the numbers which returned to England. Embarked, 5,934; subsequent supplies, 1,899; returned, 2,989.'[1]

In the meantime the unconstitutional proceedings instituted by Charles, though they inflamed the country with wrath and sedition, failed to replenish the coffers of his exhausted exchequer. The general loan had been well subscribed to, but all its proceeds were swallowed up by the pressing necessities of the Crown. In the expenditure of the past year there was a vast deficit. The preparations for war now amounted to a fearful total. The pay of the soldiers and the seamen was rated at some 200,000*l.* a year, and if Rochelle was to be relieved in the spring, another 100,000*l.* would be required. How, and from whom, were these sums to be obtained? The King was aware that the inevitable must be boldly faced, and he summoned his memorable third Parliament. We all remember the scenes that took place. The Commons, conscious of their power and of the justness of the grievances they complained of, refused to be browbeaten, or to yield one jot of their demands. Five subsidies were voted, but before they were handed to the King, the representatives of the people determined to obtain a guarantee against the abuses of the past. The Petition of Right was drawn up. Charles was asked to pledge himself that he would never raise loans or levy taxes without the consent of Parliament; that his subjects should be free from arbitrary imprisonments; that soldiers should not be billeted upon the people; and that martial law should be abolished. The King attempted to evade the clauses of the Petition. In-

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, November 1627.

stead of pronouncing the usual words which signify the royal assent to a bill, he, inspired by Buckingham, replied: 'The King willeth that right be done according to the laws and customs of the realm, and that the statutes be put into execution; that his subjects may have no cause to complain of any wrong or oppression contrary to their just rights and liberties, to the preservation whereof he holds himself in conscience as much obliged as of his own Prerogative.' The Commons were not to be hoodwinked by so elastic an answer; they did not want the statutes confirmed by simple words, but interpreted according to the hard and fast limits they had assigned to them. For a time the King refused to return any other answer, and threatened the House with instant dissolution. Then, after some delay, advised by Buckingham, who had been concerned at the fierce censure poured upon his conduct by the Commons, and pressed by a joint application from the two Chambers, Charles came down to Westminster and agreed to the terms of the Petition, by pronouncing the usual form, 'Let it be law as is desired.'

'The King came to the House at two o'clock,' writes Secretary Conway, 'and gave an answer which begat such an acclamation as made the House ring several times. I never saw a more general joy in all faces than spread itself suddenly and broke out into ringing of bells and bonfires miraculously.' 'It is not possible,' writes Sir Francis Nethersole to the Queen of Bohemia, 'to express with what joy this answer was heard, nor what joy it causes in all the city, where they are making bonfires at every door, such as were never seen but upon his Majesty's return from Spain.' This frantic delight was, however, soon checked. In the struggle between the inquisitorial power of Parliament and the despotism of Prerogative the Commons had been victorious. Flushed with success they now pressed the Crown still further with their demands. They requested that the penal laws against the Catholics should be fully enforced, that the Arminians should be silenced, and that the Duke of Buckingham should be removed. To satisfy the religious prejudices of the Commons the King had no objection, but to dismiss the Duke from his Councils was an interference with the Royal Prerogative which Charles declined to entertain for a moment. Irritated at this refusal, the Lower House now proceeded in a spirit of mischievous intrusion to meddle with the grant of tonnage and poundage (the duties on exports

and imports), which ever since the days of our sixth Henry had been voted by Parliament during the lifetime of each successive monarch, on the ground that the King had relinquished his claim to this taxation by his assent to the Petition of Right. Charles loudly raised his voice against this strained interpretation of the favours he had recently granted; and seeing that the position of affairs was now reversed, that it was the Commons who were encroaching upon the rights of the Crown, and not the Sovereign upon the rights of the subject, he hastily prorogued the Parliament.

And now he who had been the head and front of all the evils under which the country was then labouring was to fall a victim, not to the vengeance of a justly angered Legislature, but to the hand of an unknown assassin. The Duke of Buckingham had gone down to Portsmouth to superintend the preparations for an expedition to relieve Rochelle. Whilst engaged in conversation with one of his colonels, a man, who had long been on the watch for his opportunity, suddenly pressed against him and stabbed him in the breast. The blow had been well directed; the Duke unsheathed the knife from his wound, crying out, 'Villain!' and attempted to pursue his murderer; but he was mortally struck, and after an unsuccessful effort to steady himself fell to the ground a dead man. The assassin was John Felton, a young Puritan officer who had conceived a deadly hatred against Buckingham on account of having been disappointed of his promotion when serving in the expedition against Rhé. 'Our noble Duke,' writes Lord Dorchester,[1] 'in the greatest joy and alacrity I ever saw him in my life, at news received about eight o'clock in the morning of Saturday last, of the relief of Rochelle, wherewith he was hastening to the King, who had that morning sent for him by me, at his going out of a lower parlour, in presence of many standersby, was stabbed into the breast with a knife by one Felton, a reformed lieutenant, who hastening out of the door, and the Duke having pulled out the knife and following him out of the parlour into the hall, with his hand put to his sword, there fell down dead with much effusion of blood. The Lady Anglesea, then looking down into the hall, went immediately with a cry into the Duchess's chamber, who was in bed, and there fell down on the floor. The murderer in the midst of the noise and tumult slipped out into the

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, August 27, 1628.

kitchen, when a voice being current in the court, "A Frenchman! a Frenchman!" his guilty conscience making him believe it was "Felton! Felton!" he came out of the kitchen, said, "I am the man," and rendered himself to the company.'

So terrible a tragedy, its victim the foremost man in the kingdom, created a profound sensation, and not a detail respecting the history of the murderer, the sorrow of the King, the grief of the widow, the burial of the Duke, and the sentiments of the nation upon the dread event is omitted in the State Papers before us. There we learn how Felton had come 'from London expressly the Wednesday, arriving at Portsmouth the very morning, not above half an hour before he committed the deed;' how 'he gloried in his act the first day, but when told that he was the first assassin of an Englishman, a gentleman, a soldier, and a Protestant, he shrank at it, and is now grown penitent;' how it was wished to have him racked, should the law sanction such punishment, to find out his accomplices; how 'he confessed his offence to "be a fearful and crying sin," and requested that he might do some public penance before his death in sackcloth, with ashes on his head and ropes about his neck;' how verses were written in his honour, and how he was hanged at Tyburn and the body then carried to Portsmouth to be suspended in chains.[1] There we read how 'the King took the Duke's death very heavily, keeping his chamber all that day, as is well to be believed; but the base multitude in London drink health to Felton, and there are infinitely more cheerful than sad faces of bitter degree;' how 'there never was greater demonstration of affection than his Majesty showed to the deceased Duke in all which concerns his honour, estate, friends, and enemies, whom he cannot well look upon if any come in his way;' how 'the King omitted nothing which may in any way concern the doing honour to the body of the Duke,' and how the corpse was privately interred in the Abbey to escape the fury of the mob; and how passionate was the sorrow of the bereaved Duchess. Still to the nation at large, though it regretted the act of the assassin, few beyond

[1] 'A portion of the gibbet upon which the Duke of Buckingham's murderer (Felton) was suspended in chains has been brought to light by the workmen engaged in erecting the new refreshment and retiring rooms upon Southsea Pier. The gibbet bears the borough arms and date, th latter having been placed on it when it was decided it should be used as a borough boundary.'—*Morning Paper*, May 5, 1880.

the King and the widow mourned the death of the Duke. 'The stone of offence being now removed by the hand of God,' writes a courtier, 'it is to be hoped that the King and his people will come to a perfect unity.' The following epitaph, suggested by the rise and fall of Buckingham, is among the State Papers:[1]—

Ænigma mundi morior.

Omnia fui nec quicquam habui;
Patriæ parens et Hostis audio;
Deliciæ idem et ludibrium Parliamenti;
Qui dum Papistis bellum infero, insimulor Papista;
Dum Protestantium partibus consulo, occidor a Protestante.

The vacancy left in the councils of the King by the murder of Buckingham was soon to be filled up by a far more dangerous favourite. Few characters of this period have been more misjudged and less understood than the designer of the famous policy of Thorough. It has been the fashion for historians and biographers to represent Wentworth as the most flagrant of political apostates. In his early life, it is said, he stood forth as the champion of the liberties of the people of England, as the most formidable of the antagonists of the Crown, as the representative of the power of Parliament in contradistinction to the claims of Prerogative. Then, when his name had been known throughout the country as the friend of freedom and as the staunch ally of those who had made war against the arbitrary proceedings of the Sovereign, he shamelessly deserted his party and enrolled himself in the ranks of those who were the warmest supporters of a dangerous despotism. This conventional view of the character of Wentworth becomes at once disproved when we study his life and acts by the light of the evidence brought forward by the State Papers and by the valuable Strafford correspondence. We see him imperious, stern, sweeping in the measures he advocates, untiring in his industry, mischievous, uncompromising, but inconsistent never. He was not an apostate, but a disciple whose faith had been hidden for a time behind the clouds of personal hatred. In the first three Parliaments summoned by Charles he had sided with the country party, not because he was opposed to the policy of the Crown, but because he detested with a malignity which knew no rest the man who was then the adviser

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, September 18 [?], 1628.

of the King and the sole minister of the nation. He is the first on the list of those English statesmen who have gone into factious opposition not because they disapprove of the measures of the Government, but because they hate the Minister who suggests them.

What was the origin of the feud between Buckingham and Wentworth we know not, but at one time, from the Papers before us, it is evident that no such antipathy existed. Early in the year 1626 we find Wentworth writing to Conway respecting the Presidentship of York, which Lord Scrope was on the eve of resigning, and suggesting the appointment of himself as Scrope's successor. In that letter he states that he will not move further in his suit until he knows how it may please the Duke of Buckingham, '*from whose bounty I acknowledge much already, and still repose under the shadow of his favour.*' Whether the Duke declined to further the applications of Wentworth for personal advancement, whether he was jealous of him as a probable rival near the King, whether he feared his intellectual superiority, or whatever may have been the cause of the quarrel, it is certain that Buckingham essayed his utmost to crush the ambitious Yorkshire knight. Through underhand influence he endeavoured to deprive him of the office of custos rotulorum which he held; he attempted to disqualify him from serving in the second Parliament by causing the name of Wentworth to be pricked as sheriff of his county; and on every occasion he tried to prejudice the King against him. To a man of Wentworth's imperious will and keen ambition, this hostility of Buckingham, which effectually barred all the approaches to Court favour, was intensely galling. He resolved to be avenged, and there were few in the House of Commons who could compare with him for fierce denunciations against the policy of the Crown, or for bitter invectives against the Minister.

Yet, after a careful perusal of his speeches and letters, it is absurd to class Wentworth in the same category with the leaders of the popular party—with Eliot, with Pym, with Hampden. He was no friend to democracy; he had no wish to see the Prerogative domineered over by the Parliament; if there was to be battle between the Sovereign and the subject, he did not desire to see the latter supreme. In his sympathies, in his prejudices, in his views of government, he was thoroughly the aristocrat. When he stood

forward as the opponent of the Crown he was always most careful to distinguish between the acts of the Sovereign and the acts of the Minister. It was not the King who was ever at fault, but his dangerous and short-sighted adviser. The whole blame of misgovernment, the illegal measures that had been introduced, the grievances under which the country was then labouring, were the work of Buckingham, and of Buckingham alone. 'This hath not been done,' cried Wentworth, after passionately inveighing against the loans that had been levied, the imprisonments that had been put in force, and the soldiers that had been billeted upon the people—'this hath not been done by the King (under the pleasing shade of whose crown I hope we shall ever gather the fruits of justice), but by projectors: these have extended the prerogative of the King beyond its just limits, so as to mar the sweet harmony of the whole.' So little did he consider himself as the enemy of the Sovereign, 'under whose smile he would much rather live than the frown,' that he begged Weston to use his good offices with Charles to remove the Royal prejudice against him, and owned himself to be an 'honest, well-affected, loyal subject.'

After the passing of the Petition of Right, Wentworth severed himself entirely from his colleagues. He had no sympathy with the course the House of Commons was then pursuing. All the grievances complained of had been redressed, and it appeared to him that it was now the Lower House who were trying to tyrannise over the Sovereign, and who were imitating some of the worst precedents that Charles had set. 'The authority of a King,' he said, 'is the keystone which closeth up the arch of order and government, which contains each part in due relation to the whole, and which once shaken and infirmed, all the frame falls together into a confused heap of foundation and battlement, of strength and beauty.' The position of affairs was now reversed. It was the House of Commons which was on the side of despotism and unjust encroachments, whilst the King had assumed the true position of a wise and benevolent Sovereign. Wentworth made overtures to the Court which were accepted; the death of Buckingham removed the great bar to his progress, and henceforth the chief author of the Petition of Right was to be the firm friend and confidential adviser of the King.

We now enter upon those memorable eleven years when

for the first time in our history the personal will of the Sovereign and his advisers was to supplant the direction of Parliament; when justice herself was to be domineered over by the decisions of arbitrary and illegal courts; and when the people, harassed by inquiries and burdened by taxation, were to find themselves rudely deprived of the constitutional protection their forefathers had enjoyed. Irritated at the tone adopted by the Commons respecting the right of levying the duties on tonnage and poundage, and at the attacks directed against the Papists and the Arminians, 'whereby the King and his regal authority and commandment have been so highly contemned as our kingly office cannot bear nor any former age parallel,' Charles hastily dissolved Parliament, condemning by fine and imprisonment those who had taken a foremost part in the late opposition. Peace was made with France and Spain, and the whole attention of the Sovereign was now confined to the domestic concerns of his kingdom. The events embraced by the State Papers during this period divide themselves naturally into three heads: the ecclesiastical policy of Laud, the fiscal policy of Charles, and the despotic policy of Strafford.

The character of Laud will always be open to a diversity of opinions, and estimated variously according to the sympathies of the critic. To the political layman he represents the worst type of the meddling ecclesiastic, always interfering in matters foreign to his province, and careless of all consequences provided the pride of his order be upheld. To the Protestant he is the type of that sacerdotal arrogance which seeks to create a marked distinction between the clergy and the laity, and to control the affairs of men and nations by calling into play the terrorism of the unseen and the exercise of a special and peculiar authority. To the High Churchman he is the type of a true son of the Church, anxious to maintain a proper discipline within her fold, firm in his resolve to repress the mischief of dissent and the vagaries of latitudinarianism, and conscious of his right to wield that power which belongs, and only belongs, to the consecrated priest of the Most High. Viewed apart from sectarian prejudices and partialities, Laud was a man of great industry, of much business-like capacity, of little knowledge of human nature, and consequently deficient in tact, zealous, hasty, unsympathetic, and severe. His worst enemy could not, however, deny that his life was pure and his

honour stainless. 'My lord of Canterbury,' writes Sir Thomas Roe to the Queen of Bohemia,[1] 'is an excellent man, and if your Majesty has no relation to him, I wish you would be pleased to make it, for he is very just, incorrupt, and, above all, mistaken by the erring world. For my part I do esteem him a rare counsellor for integrity, and a fast friend, and one that hath more interest in his Majesty's judgment than any man.' Laud had completely ingratiated himself in the affections of his master, and his opinion carried such weight with the Royal mind that, in the judgment of Roe, he was the 'one man' whom those who wished favours from the Court should conciliate. At the time of the dissolution of the third Parliament he was Bishop of London, but further honour was in store for him. On the death of Abbot he was raised to the See of Canterbury, and on the death of Lord Treasurer Weston he was appointed First Lord of the Treasury.

In the volumes before us there is little connected with the history of Laud which is not the subject of the fullest and most minute comment. We listen to his frequent counsels to his Sovereign; we hear his congratulations upon the abolition of Parliaments, and his delight 'that noise is silenced for ever;' we read his letters to Strafford; we watch him making his narrow inquiries at the Treasury into the national expenditure, passing his stern judgment upon some unhappy offender brought before the Star Chamber or the High Commission Court, punishing vagrants, restoring churches and cathedrals, and persecuting Low Churchmen because they fail to carry out the rubric of the Prayer Book to the very letter. There in these Papers stands his picture painted both by friend and foe—we see him the fussy politician, the stern judge, the uncompromising Churchman, the staunch friend to his order, the hard, intolerant man. The portrait may be flattered or distorted, but not a single feature is permitted to escape without minute criticism. Whatever opinion may be held as to the ability of Laud, it is impossible after perusing the evidence preserved in the State Papers to doubt his industry. His energy, to copy Lord Exeter's phrase, is 'miraculous.' Nothing sacred or secular, civil or criminal, was beyond his province. He would come fresh from the composition of a State Paper to discuss with the authorities at Oxford the best means for the suppression

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, December 10, 1634.

of dissipation among the undergraduates. At one moment he would be sitting in solemn state as presiding judge in the Star Chamber or High Commission Court, and the next he would be as keen as a hound on the slot of a deer in pursuit of disobedient Nonconformists. 'We took another conventicle of Separatists,' he writes to his private secretary with all the glee of a successful sportsman, 'in Newington Woods, on Sunday last, in the very brake where the King's stag should have been lodged for his hunting the next morning.' Now he would occupy himself with putting down wakes, issuing writs for ship-money, or interesting himself in the embellishment of his favourite Oxford; and then he would be busy interfering with the churches of the English residents in Holland, or with the churches of the Protestant refugees in England, or with the form of worship north of the Tweed. One month we find his attention entirely engrossed with the care of cathedrals, the patronage of a learned literature, and the proper exercise by his brother bishops of their ordination duties; the next he is engaged in regulating the Sunday recreation of the people, superintending the ecclesiastical matters of the Inns of Court, and solving the difficult problem of the double duty to King and Pope of the Roman Catholic subjects of a Protestant country. 'Nothing,' writes Mr. Bruce, 'was too lofty, too distant, or too mean to escape his regulating hand.'

The chief feature, however, in the policy of Laud is his conduct as a Church reformer. As the most rigid of ceremonialists he was exceedingly pained at the lax discipline maintained by the clergy, and the evasions of the rubric of the Book of Common Prayer, to be met with in the churches scattered throughout the country. He was determined to put down, by the severe ruling of the Star Chamber and High Commission Court, the Puritanical element which was then leavening the doctrines of the Church of England with its Calvinism, till they were hardly deserving of the name of 'Catholic.' He bade all bow at the name of Jesus. He gave orders for the removal of the altar from the centre of the aisle to the east end of the church. He visited with punishment the clergyman who refused to call himself 'priest,' to wear the surplice, to teach the doctrine of the Real Presence, to uphold the Apostolic Succession, to maintain the efficacy of Confession, or to use the sign of the Cross. Equally severe was he upon the conduct of the congregation of

the clergy. He exacted the most outward reverence from the laity during the hours of Divine worship; they were to bow at the Sacred Name, to turn to the east during the recital of the creeds, not to laugh or talk, or to wear their hats at morning prayer, or to receive the sacrament non-kneeling. How the Archbishop carried these views of his into effect is well known from memorable prosecutions he instituted against offenders, and which are the common facts of history. Into these—the sentences passed upon Peter Smart, Alexander Leighton, Henry Sherfield, William Prynne, and others—we need not enter, as the evidence before us is not of so novel a nature as to justify special comment.

Among the State Papers there is, however, a document which certainly deserves attention. In the year 1635 Sir Nathaniel Brent, the Vicar-General, reported to Laud the result of his visitation throughout the dioceses of Norwich, Peterborough, Lichfield, Worcester, Gloucester, Winchester, and Chichester. From the pages of this report we have an insight into the condition of the country, the state of the clergy, the grievances complained of, and the punishments inflicted, all of which are of the deepest interest. At Norwich we read that 'the cathedral church is much out of order, the hangings of the choir are naught, the pavement not good, the spire of the steeple is quite down, the copes are fair but want mending;' that 'many ministers appeared without priests' cloaks, and some of them are suspected of nonconformity, but they carried themselves so warily that nothing could be proved against them;' and that the mayor and his brethren were 'convented' for 'walking indecently in the cathedral church every Sunday in prayer time before the sermon.' At Lynn we learn that the three churches are exceeding fair and well kept, but that 'there are divers Papists who speak scandalously of the Scriptures and of our religion; they are already presented for it, and I have given order that they shall be brought into the High Commission Court.' At Bungay 'Mr. Fairfax, curate of Rumborough, was charged with divers points of inconformity, but hath renounced all upon his oath, and hath faithfully promised to read the King's declaration for lawful sports.' Mr. Daines, lecturer of Beccles, 'a man of more than seventy years of age, did never wear the surplice nor use the cross in baptism.' At Ipswich 'I suspended one Mr. Cave, a precise minister of St. Helen's, for giving the

sacrament of the Eucharist to non-kneelants.' At St. Edmund's Bury, which was 'formerly infected with Puritanism, but now is well reformed,' the licence of a young curate was taken away 'in regard of his great ignorance, being not able to tell me what Ecclesia did signify.' At Stamford 'the ministers were generally in priests' cloaks, and they, with the laity, were all the time of Divine service uncovered, and still bowed at the pronouncing of the blessed name of Jesus.' At Oundle a canonical admonition was given to the schoolmaster 'for instructing his scholars out of a wrong Catechism, and for expounding the Ten Commandments out of the writings of a silenced minister.' At Northampton the parish priest and his congregation were threatened with the terrors of the High Commission Court if the laity continued to wear their hats during Divine service and refused to bow at the name of Jesus. At Wolverhampton a young curate was suspended for declining to call himself curate but assistant. At Bridgenorth the vicar was suspended for marrying one couple before the canonical hour. In the town of Derby several of the clergy were suspended for drunkenness, and for 'making many very foul clandestine marriages to the great offence of the country.' At Worcester the state of the cathedral and of the much walking about during the hours of Divine service are complained of. At Stratford-upon-Avon the vicar was suspended 'for grossly particularising in his sermons, for suffering his poultry to roost and his hogs to lodge in the chancel, for walking in the church to con his sermon in time of Divine service,' &c. At Gloucester it is complained that 'they are much given to straggle from their own parishes to hear strangers.' Throughout the pages of this important report, we see how zealous the Archbishop was not only that irreverence and disorderly proceedings should be discountenanced, but that the churches and cathedrals should by repairs and restoration be made worthy of the sacred purpose for which they were intended.

Side by side with this investigation of Brent we have, as a most valuable supplement to the information drawn up by the Vicar-General, four original Minute Books of the proceedings of the High Court of Commission. The first volume runs from 1634 to 1635; the second from 1635 to 1636; the third from 1639 to 1640; and the fourth, which contains fair transcripts of entries in the preceding book, runs from April

to June, 1640. Of this court Laud was the chief judge and moving spirit, and from the punishments inflicted by it, we see what were the grievances complained of, and the light in which they were regarded. Turning over the pages of these Minute Books we read how certain vestrymen were fined 10*l.* for their misconduct in publishing a new table of church fees; how the King's printers were fined 300*l.* 'for errors in printing the Bible;' how one Nathaniel Barnard was fined 1,000*l.* for seditious preaching at St. Mary's College, Cambridge; how the Lady Eleanor Touchet was fined 3,000*l.* for 'publishing fanatical pamphlets;' how Amy Green was fined 2,000*l.*, 'subject to consideration, for notorious adultery;' how John Laverock, clerk, was imprisoned in Bridewell for 'preaching in London without licence, and living a vicious life;' how Henry Deane, of Greenwich, fisherman, was committed to Newgate for 'receiving men and young women to be transported beyond seas without leave.' And then we read the punishments and penances that were inflicted upon men guilty of flagrant immorality; of contempt of court and refusal to pay wages to their curates; of preaching after deposition and degradation; of building houses upon consecrated land; of cock-fighting taking place in front of the communion table before an admiring audience of villagers; of hindering the officers of the court in the performance of their duty; of circulating Popish tracts and the like; records of offences which afford us no little information as to the state of morality and the social customs of the age. Respecting the proceedings in the Star Chamber, ample information is supplied by the Papers calendared in these volumes. In the hearing of the cases before this court the Archbishop is characteristically conspicuous, and when his judgments are compared with those of the other judges, it will be seen that he is inclined to take a severer view of the offences brought before him than the rest of his colleagues.

In all his efforts for the restoration of Church discipline, and the rendering the King independent of his Parliament, Laud was ably assisted by the imperious will of Wentworth. The alliance entered into between the King and Wentworth had resulted in the good of the two contracting parties. The King henceforth was to command the devoted services of one of the ablest of his subjects, whilst the servant was to be honoured with titles and splendid advancement. On severing himself from the demagogues of the House of Commons,

Wentworth had been raised to the peerage as Baron Wentworth, but shortly after the death of Buckingham he had been created Viscount Wentworth, and appointed Lord President of the North. The post was one especially suited to his pride of power and train of thought. He saw that the contest was no longer between Prerogative and the control of Parliament, but between the abolition of the Royal supremacy and the extinction of Parliament. During the debates before the dissolution of the third Parliament, his loyalty and aristocratic sympathies had been disgusted at the offensive tone adopted by the Lower House, inspired by Eliot and his party, towards the Crown. He admitted the principle that Parliament was to be assembled for counsel and advice, but he declined to recognise the new political creed then put forth, that Parliament should control and domineer over the Crown. Since the House of Commons refused to keep within its proper limits, the King was fully justified in resolving to govern without its advice. It was the province of the King to rule, and not that of the Legislature; and Wentworth henceforth ranked himself as the stoutest upholder of the absolutism of the Prerogative, in the face of Parliamentary innovations.

He soon displayed the nature of the opinions he held. The jurisdiction of the Council of York, or of the North, extended over the counties of York, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, the bishopric of Durham, the cities of York and Hull, and over the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Originally established to crush the northern rebellions which had broken out on the suppression of the monasteries, its authority had gradually developed, till it now included within itself the powers of the Courts of Common Law, the Courts of Equity, and even of the Star Chamber. This despotic authority had been still further increased in the time of James by rendering the President independent of the forms of law, and subject only to 'secret instructions,' which were transmitted from Whitehall to the Northern Council. Upon his arrival at York, Wentworth proceeded at once to carry out the policy he had designed. Save the King he acknowledged no master, nor tolerated any interference with his actions. As the representative of royalty he exacted the most absolute reverence and respect from all. One young man, the son of Lord Faulconberg, declined to move his hat in the presence of Wentworth; he was imprisoned and forced to apologise. A barrister, who

had expressed dissatisfaction with the ruling of the Lord President, was sternly admonished and compelled to expiate his offence by the most servile submission. Sir David Foulis, a man holding a high position in the county, had opposed the jurisdiction of the Lord President, and had spoken disrespectfully of the Council; he was summoned to appear before the Star Chamber, and the sentence passed upon him was that he should be degraded from his various offices, be fined 5,000*l.* to the King and 3,000*l.* to Wentworth. and be condemned to offer a most abject apology to the King and 'the Lord Viscount Wentworth, not only in this Court, but in the Court of York, and likewise at the open assizes in the same county;' and finally be committed to the Fleet during the Royal pleasure. His son, who had participated in the father's offence, was also heavily fined and imprisoned.

From Wentworth's judgments there was no appeal; lawyers objected to his absolute proceedings, but he overruled their remonstrances with a high hand, and declared that he would lay any man by the heels who ventured to sue out a prohibition in the Courts at Westminster. Knowing how dependent a despotism is upon the military element, Wentworth embodied an effective militia and speedily drilled it into a splendid state of discipline. He enforced the rigid payment of all taxes, fines, and Government exactions, so that the revenue of the Presidency was quadrupled. Never had the North contributed so handsomely to the exchequer; never had its people been cowed into such a spiritless condition. Bitter remonstrances against the rule of Wentworth had been addressed to the Royal ear; but Charles, fully satisfied with the devotion of his servant, declined to pay heed to them. The praise of his Sovereign was the only reward that Wentworth desired, and so long as he enjoyed the confidence of the King, he feared not the abuse of enemies or the malice of intriguers. 'That his Majesty rest satisfied,' he writes to the Earl of Carlisle, in a letter to be found only amongst the State Papers,[1] 'in the course I hold in this Government is my chiefest exaltation before men, and my fullest contentment in my inmost retirements. And surely I will never omit continually to serve him his own way, when I once understand it; and when that beam leaves me, serve him the most profitable way the dimmer lights of my own judgment shall by any means be able to lead me unto. In this

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, October 24, 1632.

truth I will live and die; all the devils of hell, all their ministers on earth, shall never be able to impeach or shake it.'

Such devotion was soon to be repaid with advancement, and Wentworth, after a brief but brilliantly successful reign at York, crossed St. George's Channel as Lord Deputy of Ireland. As at York, so now at Dublin, he carried out those designs which, in their frequent letters to each other, Laud and he had called by the name of Thorough. The policy of Wentworth was that of a vigilant and well-intentioned despotism. Since men were prone to discontent and sedition, they required the strong arm of the military power to suppress their dangerous murmurs; he was therefore in favour of a standing army. The prejudices of the lawyer, the parade of precedents, the adherence to obsolete practices were foreign to his mode of administering the law; in their stead he preferred the exercise of 'sound discretion,' and the ruling of the statesman to that of the judge. He had no faith in national sympathies, he had no respect for vested interests, he cared not for individual opinion and independence of judgment; but he believed in the welfare that could accrue to a nation from the control and suggestions of one firm, far-seeing, and eminently capable ruler. 'It was a chaste ambition,' he said, when remonstrated with for his absolute proceedings, 'if rightly placed, to have as much power as may be, that there may be power to do the more good for the place where a man serves.' Wentworth was desirous of doing good, but unfortunately for those who had to obey his rule the 'good' was only what appeared in his eyes as wise and beneficial. He knew better than the judges how the law should be administered; he knew better than the whole bench of bishops how the policy of the Church should be carried out; he knew better than the merchant or the economist how the commerce of a country should be stimulated and restricted. Every question was to pass in review before his keen, fertile mind, and in every question the control and reformation suggested by the policy of Thorough was to be sweepingly exercised.

From his correspondence, both in the Strafford and the State Papers, we see what this policy really signified. Absolute power was placed by the King in the hands of the new Lord Deputy, to do what seemed to him best for the maintenance of the Prerogative and the extension of Irish prosperity. On the arrival of Wentworth in Dublin he was

received with royal honours; he established a guard and ordered the ceremonies of the English Court to be observed within the Castle. To the joy of the nation he gave his sanction to the assembling of a Parliament, but we who are behind the scenes, thanks to the Strafford Papers, see how little reason the Irish had to congratulate themselves upon this permission. The plan of Wentworth was as simple as betrayal and repudiation could make it. He would convene a Parliament; it would be divided into two sessions; during the first session the attention of the Houses would be exclusively occupied with the question of supplies; during the second session the redress of Irish grievances would be brought forward. In his despatches we see Wentworth calmly discussing the base policy he intends to carry out. The first session is the one that interests him. Ample subsidies, he feels sure, will be voted him by a House anxious to propitiate the Crown and smooth the path for the redress of the grievances complained of. Once ample subsidies supplied, the second session can be dispensed with! He resolves to play off Protestant against Roman Catholic, so as to manage both parties in the House of Commons. He intends to fill the House with his creatures and dependants, so that the requisite majority may be obtained. He has no fear as to the result of his machinations, and is full of confidence at the future.

His hopes were not disappointed. Parliament met, and ample subsidies were voted in the first session by the Irish, expectant of having their grievances redressed. During the second session, Wentworth, with his Exchequer full, laughed to scorn the grievances that were brought before him. The indignant Catholics now broke out into opposition, but they were defeated by the Lord Deputy throwing all his weight into the scale of the Protestants; the Protestants then, in their turn, claimed their reward, and were cruelly snubbed for their pains. In his correspondence with Laud, Wentworth chuckles over his dishonourable victory, and expresses no shame at the tortuous course he had pursued. He had nothing to do with Catholic or Protestant grievances; all that interested him was to make the Prerogative absolute, to obtain ample supplies, and to render Ireland prosperous according to the form of prosperity he desired. His next step was to reorganise the army. He supplied it with clothes, arms, and ammunition; he paid up all arrears;

he restored discipline within its ranks; he strengthened its numbers, and at the end of a short time he had at his disposal a powerful and well-drilled force. To establish a permanent revenue now occupied all his attention. He freed commerce from the pirates that had infested the Irish coasts, he levied fines, he raised taxes, he established monopolies, he planted new districts, he introduced the general cultivation of flax; by his iron will and his determination to make Ireland follow industries, not which she liked best, but which paid her best, he raised the fortunes of the Emerald Isle to a high pitch of prosperity. Within four years the produce of the Customs rose from 12,000*l.* a year to 40,000*l*, and in the fifth year of his power he wrote home that the annual revenue would exceed the expenditure by 60,000*l.* 'My Lord Deputy of Ireland,' writes Sir Thomas Roe to the Queen of Bohemia, 'doth great wonders, and governs like a king, and hath taught that kingdom to show us an example of envy by having Parliaments and knowing wisely how to use them. . . . This is of great service, and to give your Majesty a character of the man—he is severe abroad and in business, and sweet in private conversation; retired in his friendship, but very firm; a terrible judge, and a strong enemy; a servant violently zealous in his master's ends, and not negligent of his own; one that will have what he will, and though of great reason, he can make his will greater when it may serve him; affecting glory by a seeming contempt; one that cannot stay long in the middle region of fortune, but *entreprenant*, will either be the greatest man in England or much less than he is.'

The policy which Wentworth was exerting all his energy and industry to carry out in Ireland was being feebly imitated by Charles in England. Assisted by a few confidential advisers the King reigned supreme. The one check upon the arbitrary exercise of Prerogative, the Parliament, had been struck out of the English constitution. The will of the Sovereign was the law of the nation; by it the judges, removable at the Royal pleasure, framed their decisions; by it taxes were levied and exactions imposed; by it ecclesiastical discipline was enforced; and by it the Privy Council, whose acts of State had now superseded Acts of Parliament, regulated the affairs of the country. Nothing more impresses the student of these exhaustive Calendars than the attention which the King, during the long interval when

Parliament was suppressed, paid to affairs of State. The Privy Council was now the only public deliberative body in matters of Government, and if we are to place any faith in State Paper evidence, Charles was always a constant and most diligent member at its proceedings. Under Buckingham, the King entrusted everything to the favourite; the Duke governed, whilst Charles scarcely ever appeared upon the scene; it was the Duke who advised the Council, who laid down the law, and who conducted the domestic and foreign policy of the country. But since the removal of his trusted adviser, the King had become well versed in the affairs of the Government; he was informed of all that his Ministers had undertaken; he directed the decisions of committees, and was consulted on all important matters of State. The era of Ministerial responsibility had not been ushered in. To men like Laud in England, like Hamilton in Scotland, like Wentworth in Ireland, the duty of obedience to the Royal mandate was the corner-stone of their school of politics. 'Thorough' signified a full and complete devotion to the views and desires of the Sovereign.

Inflexible, narrow-minded, mistaken, yet believing in all sincerity that the course he had mapped out was the right one to pursue, Charles resolved to render himself independent of all control. He had acceded to the demands of Parliament; his generosity in concession had failed to satisfy the Legislature; to grant more would be to menace the might of the Prerogative and to endanger the welfare of the country. He declined to be more submissive to his Parliaments than his ancestors before him had been submissive; and since the Houses refused to be kept within their constitutional limits he would reign independent of their aid and advice. It was his aim, he asserted, to be actuated in all that he promoted from the purest of motives; the welfare of the country was his one object, and not the gratification of any vindictive feelings; he wished so to govern the country that he might have not only the good opinion of man, but the approval of God. Among the State Papers is a form of daily morning and evening prayer,[1] written in the handwriting of the King, and doubtless the outpourings of his own heart, which is particularly interesting, as reflecting the personal character and opinion of the

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, February [?] 1632. With regard to this Prayer, see *Antiquary* for May 1880.

man. Whatever were the faults of Charles, and in spite of the inconsistencies his career displays, no one can doubt but that he was a sincere believer in Christianity, and anxious in all his actions to be illumined by the light of the Divine wisdom. The spelling has been altered to that of the present day; but it is a curious fact that Charles in writing out this prayer has adopted his own peculiar style of orthography—a spelling founded on the Scottish pronunciation which adhered to him throughout life:—

'Good Lord, I thank Thee for keeping me this day [night]. I humbly beseech Thee to keep me this day [night] from all dangers or mischances that may happen to my body, and all evil thoughts which may assault or hurt my soul, for Jesus Christ His sake. And look upon me Thy unworthy servant, who here prostrates himself at Thy throne of grace; but look upon me, O Father, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ Thy beloved Son, in whom Thou art only well pleased; for, of myself, I am not worthy to stand in Thy presence, or to speak with my unclean lips to Thee, most holy and eternal God; for Thou knowest that in sin I was conceived and born, and that ever since I have lived in iniquity, so that I have broken all Thy holy Commandments, by sinful motions, evil words, and wicked works, omitting many duties I ought to do, and committing many vices which Thou hast forbidden under pain of heavy displeasure; as for sins, O Lord, they are innumerable; in the multitude therefore of Thy mercies, and by the merits of Jesus Christ, I entreat Thy Divine Majesty that Thou wouldest not enter into judgment with Thy servant, nor be extreme to mark what is done amiss; but be Thou merciful to me, and wash away all my sins with the merits of that precious blood that Jesus Christ shed for me; and not only wash away all my sins, but also purge my heart by Thy Holy Spirit from the dross of my natural corruption; and as Thou dost add days to my life, so, good Lord, add repentance to my days, that when I have past this mortal life, I may be a partaker of Thy everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

Deprived of the supplies of his faithful Commons, it was necessary for the King to fill his empty exchequer by a system of direct taxation proceeding from the Crown. He levied the tonnage and poundage dues, ordering all those who resisted to be imprisoned during the Royal pleasure.

He revived the obsolete knighthood fines. He created monopolies, and exacted new licences. He forced Papists to pay for the suspension of the laws against their religion. He laid claim to lands, and to the towns that had sprung up thereupon, on the pretence that they had been filched from the Royal forests. But all these exactions are dwarfed by the issue of his memorable writs for ship-money. Under the Plantagenets it had been the custom to call upon the port towns to furnish ships manned and equipped for the defence of the kingdom. Acting upon the advice of his Attorney-General, Charles determined to levy the tax, and to lay before the country plausible reasons for so doing. The aid was not new, for so late as in 1626 a fleet had been created in this manner, with this difference—that then the country was at war with Spain, whereas now it was in perfect peace. The delicate task of convincing the Council and the nation of the necessity of this imposition was entrusted to Secretary Coke. Nor did the arguments of the Secretary lack a certain weight. He spoke of the increase of English commerce; of the powerful navy of the Dutch Republic; of the fleet being gathered together by France. 'All nations,' he said, 'desire to be served by their valour, yet our ancient reputation is not only cried down, but we submit to wrongs in all places which are not to be endured.' Then he alluded to the injuries the English had to sustain in Constantinople, 'where the ambassador's house had been searched and merchants had been imprisoned without colour of justice, ships burnt and sailors made slaves;' in Spain, 'where our ships and goods are confiscated if they find them Holland built;' in France, 'contrary to the late treaty of peace, endeavours are made to drive our trade out of the country, and at the same time to inveigle our gunfounders and shipwrights into France;' and to the injuries sustained by our fishings from the intrusion of the Dutch. The only course for the King to pursue to obtain justice was, he said, to reinforce his guards so as to recover his undoubted rights of sovereignty in all his seas.

The reasons of Coke were accepted by the submissive Council, and the writs for ship-money issued. At first the writs were directed to seaport towns only, but the tax was too convenient to remain long thus restricted, and they were soon extended to the whole kingdom—each county being rated at a particular sum, which was afterwards assessed

upon individuals. The information upon this subject to be found in the State Papers is most voluminous. Every detail in the history of the levy of ship-money—the opposition the tax encountered, the sums annually raised by the tax, the mode in which it was collected, are all described, either by the officials of the Government or by private persons, with great minuteness. A bulky volume, containing new and interesting matter, could be written alone upon this subject from the mass of materials now brought to the light by the careful editors of these Calendars. Like our income tax, ship-money was not only a wealthy addition to the revenue, but it was collected with great facility. Within the limits of his jurisdiction the Sheriff was made personally responsible for the collection. His instructions from the Council were comprised in two words—demand, and in cases of non-payment distrain. The strictest supervision was maintained so that the Sheriffs should not neglect their duties. One Edward Nicholas, who had been Secretary at the Admiralty, and who was now one of the clerks of the Council, was appointed to correspond with the Sheriffs and specially to watch their payments. Every Saturday the Treasurer of the Navy, to whom the Sheriffs remitted their money, made up his books, and forwarded to Nicholas a written account of all the sums received by him under the current writs, and also of the amounts which still remained unpaid from every county; whilst Nicholas, in his turn, was directed to submit these accounts every week to the personal cognizance of the Sovereign, at the customary meeting of the Council held every Sunday. By this system of checks, the whole facts connected with the levy appeared at a glance. The Sheriffs were responsible to the Treasurer of the Navy, the Treasurer of the Navy was responsible to the Clerk of the Council, the Clerk of the Council was responsible to the Sovereign. If any Sheriff failed to duly render his accounts, he was at once reprimanded by Nicholas and ordered to pay in his money by a certain day, or in default to appear personally before the Council. In important cases he was even summoned to appear before Charles himself to give account of his stewardship.

The sums raised by this tax were expended on the navy; but as the imposition was entirely arbitrary, the majority of the country, though of opinion that a powerful fleet was very desirable, both for the credit and safety of the

kingdom, yet considered the establishment of a naval force as a very unequal recompense for the national liberties which were thus being sacrificed in the cause of maritime protection. In the correspondence preserved amongst the State Papers, this feeling of hostility towards the tax is one of the most important features in the history of the period. Sheriff after Sheriff complained that he could not get the chief constables of the Hundreds to assess the inhabitants. Several of the Sheriffs, like Francis Goddard of Wiltshire, aware of the unpopularity they incurred in levying this detested tax, were 'full of fear at keeping so large a sum in a single weak house, standing far from neighbours, and all the country being acquainted with the fact of the money being in their possession,' and were most anxious to know how such large amounts should be transmitted to London. This difficulty of remittance seems to have been so great that several Sheriffs, afraid to trust the sums they had collected with such distasteful labour out of their own hands, begged permission to bring the money themselves up to London, a request which was uniformly granted by the Council. The power of distress given by the writ was fully used, but we read complaint after complaint from the different Sheriffs, that the people, banded together by the sympathy of oppression, refused to purchase the articles thus distrained. In Northamptonshire, in Oxfordshire, in Yorkshire, in Wiltshire, in Essex, in Derbyshire, in Shropshire, in London, grave difficulties arose; individuals assessed refused to subscribe their amounts, and cheerfully suffered imprisonment in the sacred cause of liberty. Every obstacle was placed in the way of the Sheriffs whilst in pursuit of their duties—the parish authorities withheld from them the necessary information, the constables were rebellious, collectors could not be found to gather the tax, and as the unhappy Sheriffs were rendered personally liable for the amount they were instructed to obtain, many of them who were short in the sums received preferred to make up the deficiencies themselves rather than appear before the King and his dreaded Council.

'Scarcely a county,' writes Mr. Bruce, 'was without its complaint; and what with charges of over-assessment on the one hand, and refractoriness, as it was termed, in non-payment on the other, the Council, Nicholas, and the referees in cases of difficulty were kept fully employed in this naval

business.' Of the great opponent to this tax little is to be ascertained from a perusal of the State Papers. The information touching Hampden and his memorable resistance is so meagre, whilst petty and insignificant details are related at full length, as to appear intentional. There is one entry in these volumes headed 'Papers relating to the case of ship-money between the King and John Hampden,' but the papers contain only what can easily be obtained elsewhere—notes of the arguments of the law advisers of the Crown and of the Judges. The cause of this blank in the continuity of the State Paper evidence is thus briefly accounted for by Mr. Bruce:—'It was a case,' he says, referring to the trial, 'which official people not engaged in it were probably not very willing openly to notice.'

By his arbitrary proceedings, his forced loans, his unconstitutional courts of law, the King had aroused a dangerous spirit of disloyalty in the nation, which only wanted opportunity to break out into revolt. He was now to cross the Tweed, and wound where they were most vulnerable the feelings of a people whose temper was as bold as their religious prejudices were strong. Worked upon by the mischievous suggestions of Laud, Charles resolved to carry out the ecclesiastical policy in Scotland which his father before him had endeavoured to establish. He would crush the dangerous independence of Presbyterianism by forcing every kirk and assembly from Wick to Berwick to accept the hated Five Articles which James had drawn up. The Holy Communion was to be received kneeling; in cases of sickness or other necessity the Lord's Supper was to be administered in private houses; under similar circumstances Baptism was to be administered in the same manner; the great fasts and feasts ordained by the Church were to be observed; and children were to be brought to the bishop for a blessing. These Articles had been obeyed in some districts, disobeyed in others, but everywhere had given rise to much revolt and dissatisfaction. Charles now determined that the same uniformity which existed in Church matters south of the Tweed should be maintained throughout North Britain. On July 23, 1637, an order was issued from the Privy Council that the English liturgy was henceforth to be used in all churches and cathedrals of Scotland. The storm of indignation with which the command was received is well known. The congregations refused to listen to the formal

words of prayer, and in such places where the minister insisted upon using them he was mobbed, and his church half wrecked by the angry assembly. Riots ensued, and the people, led by the aristocracy and their chief ministers, banded themselves together, and openly opposed the hated innovation. The clauses of the Covenant were framed and eagerly subscribed to by a furious and offended nation. Resistance so overt and determined created considerable consternation in the Council Chamber at Whitehall. The Marquess of Hamilton was sent post-haste to Edinburgh with power to grant ample concessions, and to withdraw the Service Book, the Book of Canons, the Five Articles, and to admit the setting up the Confession of Faith of 1580 as a substitute for the Covenant recently entered into. He was also authorised to publish the proclamation of a General Assembly, to meet at Glasgow on November 20 next, and a Parliament at Edinburgh on May 15, 1639.

These measures failed to throw oil upon the troubled waters; they were regarded by the stern Covenanter as symptoms of weakness rather than of evidence of the Royal clemency. The whole history of the religious conflict that now ensued is described by the State Papers so fully, and with such detail, as to be literary treasure-trove of the deepest value to the future historian of this period.[1] The General Assembly was held, and the Covenanters, assured of an overwhelming majority, offered no opposition to its meeting. Scarcely had it commenced its deliberations than it was evident that the Episcopalian element was hopelessly beaten. The Covenanters brought forth their resolutions, and they were passed by immense majorities. All the Acts of the Assembly, since the accession of James VI. to the Crown of England, were declared null and void. The Acts of Parliament which affected ecclesiastical affairs were repudiated as having no authority. The Covenant renouncing Popery and Prelacy was ordered to be signed by every one under pain of excommunication, and the press was set to work to promulgate the Acts of the General Assembly. Thus fell at once to the ground that scheme of ecclesiastical policy which James and Charles, with so much thought and with so little consideration for the feelings of certain of their subjects, had originated and attempted to carry out.

The success which had attended upon these measures

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, 1639–40.

now caused the Covenanters to quit the defensive and assume the aggressive. 'We are busy here,' writes a Mr. Craig from Edinburgh to Lord Stewart, 'preaching, praying, and drilling; and if his Majesty and his subjects of England come hither they will find a harder welcome than before, unless we be made quit of the bishops.' Instructions were now issued for the defence of the kingdom against the English marching north. Edinburgh was to be the centre, and communication was to be constantly maintained between the shires and the capital by the appointment of commissioners 'to be entertained at the public charge of their shires, and each commissioner to have allowance of pay for furnishing the watch when it falls upon his shire.' A committee of war from the different presbyteries was selected, which was to have 'a very special care to oversee the trying of all the people able to bear arms in all the shires, in choosing out soldiers, and taking course for the way of their payment,' &c. All the regiments to be enrolled were to be commanded by men of skill, 'and must be sent for out of Germany and Holland.' Every parish was to furnish its quota of men, so that an army be levied in every one of the four quarters of the kingdom. The instructions then concluded with orders as to the manner in which the payment for the troops was to be raised, and a solemn assertion that the soldiers thus massed together were to be employed for no other purpose than 'for the defence of their religion and laws.'

Matters having now come to a crisis, Charles prepared in earnest for war. The State Papers throw much new light upon his proceedings. We see the King accumulating magazines of powder, the monopoly of which he held in his own hands; storing arms in convenient places in the northern counties; and taking measures for the levying and disciplining of the trained bands which were to be equipped and transported at the charge of the several counties, but upon reaching their places of rendezvous were to enter into the King's pay. We read how the guns were taken down from Landguard Fort, from Harwich, and from some of the castles in the Downs, to be applied to the fortification of the northern towns; how the roads between England and Scotland were stopped to intercept the letters written by the disaffected in England to the Covenanters; how the master gunner, in a petition to the King, 'dares to his great regret to say that there are few gunners in your

kingdom at this time who understand the several ranges of ordnance or the use of the mortar;' and how Sir Jacob Astley, the military commissioner, regarded the state of the northern counties—their capacity for defence, the points most threatened, and the route most eligible for the marching and support of an army. After holding many meetings of the Council, and listening to various suggestions how to raise money, a force consisting of 24,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry was collected by the King. Before starting forth upon his campaign he issued a proclamation declaring the immediate grounds of his quarrel with the Scots.

'We cannot but hold it requisite,' began Charles, 'to give our good subjects timely notice of the Scots' traitorous intentions, which in very many ways appear to us. As, first, by the multitude of their printed pamphlets, or rather, indeed, infamous libels, stuffed full of calumnies against our Royal authority and our most just proceedings, and spreading of them in divers parts of this our kingdom; secondly, by their sending of letters to private persons to incite them against us, and sending some of their fellow-Covenanters to be at private meetings in London and elsewhere to pervert our good people from their duty, and some of these meetings we know, and some of those letters, lewd enough, we have seen; thirdly, by their public contemning all our just commands, and their mutinous protesting against them, a course not fit to be endured in any well-ordered kingdom; fourthly, by their rejecting of the Covenant commanded by our authority, because it was commanded by us; and, lastly, by their most hostile preparations in all kinds, as if we were not their King, but their sworn enemy.'

The 'traitorous Scots' were not unprepared to resist their foe. Letter after letter among the State Papers shows the measures they had adopted to make a sturdy fight, and the spirit that animated them. With the exception of a small district under the Marquis of Huntley, the whole of the south of Scotland was in the hands of the Covenanters. The few castles which belonged to the King, being inadequately provisioned and garrisoned, were either seized or voluntarily surrendered. The Earl of Argyle, after long temporising, subscribed to the Covenant, and became the chief leader of the party, which now numbered among its adherents the Earls of Rothes, Cassilis, Montrose, Lindsey, Dalhousie, and Lothian, and the Lords Sinclair and Bal-

merino. The Scotch officers who had acquired fame in the German wars, especially under the great Gustavus, were invited over, and the chief commands in the army entrusted to them. Colonel Leslie, a soldier of great experience, and who had seen much service on the Continent, was appointed General-in-Chief. Forces were regularly enlisted and disciplined, and the Scottish Borders put in a state of defence against England. Nor were the men ill-equipped. 'I have inquired,' writes Sir Jacob Astley, who had been sent north to prepare the country for the campaign, 'what arms the Scotch Borderers are armed withal. They have all muskets and pikes, so as our Bordering men must be so likewise, and think no more of bows, spears, jacks, and skull-caps.'

This energetic action was strongly stimulated by the religious prejudices of the people. To the staunch Presbyterian, who refused to bow at the Sacred Name; who regarded the sign of the Cross as one of the devices of the Scarlet Woman; who hated prelacy; and who detested all prayers that were not extempore, death was far more preferable than the extinction of his ancient form of worship. In the private letters among the State Papers we see how stern and uncompromising was this feeling. The people will have nothing to do with 'scurvy priests;' they hope 'that the same God that strengthened the arm of the land of Sweden against Germany will strengthen Scotland against England;' both 'the King and England are rending that they will never knit again, and it shall be seen hereafter that it is to their great prejudice;' there 'were never any bishops in the old time before, neither will they have any now; for they have banished them all out of Scotland, and swear that they shall never come in more, for if they do the women will beat out their brains with stones.' The fury of the Scotchwomen against the innovations meditated by Laud rose almost to insanity. 'They say,' writes Lady Westmoreland, 'the women of Scotland are chief stirrers of this war.' According to Edward Norgate, the women cursed and swore, 'wishing their husbands' and children's flesh to be converted into that of dogs, and their souls annihilated, is the word, or damned the meaning, if they refuse to come into the Covenant, or ever consent to admit of the bishops.'[1]

The storm which the bigotry of Laud and the short-sighted policy of Charles had aroused considerably disconcerted

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, June 5, 1639.

the Government at home. 'We daily meet in Council,' writes the Lord-Admiral Northumberland, 'but to little purpose, for, in my opinion, we are but just where you [Viscount Conway] left us. Divers trivial things have been argued amongst us, but yet the King declares not where he expects to have the money that must defray the expense of his army.' The question of supplies was the most harassing of all the difficulties that the King now had to contend with. He had resolved not to appeal to the hated system of Parliament, yet the troops now massed together to subdue Scotland must be maintained. Encouraged by the triumph he had gained in the case of the ship-money, he now revived a still more obsolete custom. The feudal claim to military service was re-established. Letters were issued to all members of the aristocracy requiring them in person to attend the King in his march northwards, with their retinues. By this course, Charles was assured that twelve hundred horse could be raised and maintained without any charge upon the Royal purse. Similar letters were sent to the 'Judges, Inns of Court, and Inns of Chancery,' but instead of military service they were required to lend the King such sums as they thought fit. The clergy were also assessed; 'every Dean and Chapter at 200 marks, and the rest of the clergy at three shillings and sixpence in the pound. The bishops were left to a voluntary contribution.' Thus, what with forced loans, voluntary contributions, and the revival of mediæval taxes, the army was ready to take the field by the end of March, 1639.

Disintegrating influences were, however, strongly at work in the camp. The distribution of the military commands had given great dissatisfaction to many of the nobles; the presence of the King was strongly disapproved of, and was declared by the Earl of Bristol to be 'against all rule of military and politic discipline;' whilst the soldiery were a disordered rabble, who on their march north amused themselves by robbing the districts they passed through, and offering rude caresses to the women. The plan of the campaign had been drawn up by Charles with no little skill. At the head of a considerable force he was to march into Scotland from Berwick; Wentworth, with an army of Irish recruits, was to land in the Clyde; the Marquis of Hamilton was to command a fleet of sixteen sail, which was first to land 5,000 men in the north of Scotland, and then to take

up a station for general assistance in the Firth of Forth; the Marquis of Huntley, the head of the Roman Catholic party in Scotland, was to secure the north of Scotland, and then to march southwards and unite with the King; whilst the Earl of Antrim was to invade Argyleshire with another Irish army of 10,000 men.

This military programme, like many other military programmes, was excellent on paper, but when it was being practically carried out, failures and deficiencies which had not been anticipated were painfully visible. Hamilton 'anchored betwixt the two little isles or Inches' in the Firth of Forth, and did nothing, or, according to the narrative of one James Gordon, he did worse than nothing, for 'the fleet did more hurt to the King who sent them than the enemy.' The Irish recruits did not arrive. Huntley in the north was powerless against the tactics of the lords of the Covenant. The soldiers were ill-fed, their pay was in arrears, sickness broke out in the camp, whilst both amongst officers and men the war was unpopular, being regarded as impolitic and unconstitutional, and as a threat against the civil and religious liberties of England. On arriving at Berwick, Charles, who seems to have felt keenly that the sympathies of his soldiers were in favour of the foe, was not indisposed to come to terms. Nor were the Covenanters opposed to attaining their ends by pacific means. From the State Papers it is evident that Leslie might on several occasions have snatched an easy victory during this campaign had he so wished. It was, however, his object to avoid as long as possible actual hostilities, for whether vanquished or triumphant, he deemed either result would be detrimental to the cause of the Covenant: if victorious, the martial spirit of England would be aroused and a new and more powerful army speedily collected; if vanquished, the hopes of the Covenanters would have been dashed to the ground. 'General Leslie,' writes Dr. Watts, 'chaplain-in-chief of the Scotch forces, is absolutely of opinion not to come to a pitched battle with the King's army, not of conscience but out of judgment, his reason being that if the Scotch army be beaten they will hardly be able to draw another army into the field; whereas, if the King should chance to lose the day his Majesty might easily raise another army.'

Between enemies, one of whom is averse to fight, whilst the other is in favour of a pacific policy, the conclusion of a peace is seldom a matter of much difficulty. Interviews

took place between the King and the Scotch Commissioners, and it was at last stipulated that Charles should withdraw his fleet and army; that within forty-eight hours the Scotch should dismiss their forces; that the forts of the King should be restored, the royal authority be fully recognised, and a General Assembly and a Parliament be immediately summoned in order to redress all grievances. In his turn the King agreed to remove the great stumblingblock of offence; he confirmed his former concessions, abrogating the canons, the liturgy, and the High Commission, and abolished the order itself of bishops for which he had so zealously contended. To those who wish to study the history of the negotiations that occurred on this occasion, we beg to refer them to the State Paper, June 14, 1639, containing the 'Journal of Events at the English Camp, extending from the 6th to the 14th June, 1639,' written by the Lord-General for the information of Archbishop Laud. This peace is called the Pacification of Dunse Law, or more commonly the Treaty of Berwick.

The truce was, however, of short duration, for soon after the pacification had been signed the conduct of the Scotch again aroused all the bitterest feelings of the King. Charles complained that, in spite of his past clemency, his subjects north of the Tweed were doing all in their power to excite the resumption of hostilities. They circulated amongst the English aristocracy seditious papers against the Royal authority; instead of disbanding their forces, as had been agreed upon, they continued to keep all their officers in readiness, and in their pay; they refused to make full restitution of the forts, castles, and ammunition, as stipulated; they continued to hold unlawful meetings upon matters of State; they proved their disloyalty by their actions at the meeting of their General Assembly; and they refused to recognise the Royal authority over their Parliamentary proceedings. But what excited most the anger of the King was his having intercepted a letter, subscribed by certain of the leading Covenanters, to the French King, asking for aid. It was addressed, 'Au Roy,' 'a subscription only employed in France from those subject to their natural prince, and thus implied that the Covenanters had intended to transfer their allegiance to Lewis XIII.,' and had 'practised to let in foreign power into our kingdom of Scotland.' It has been generally supposed that the original letter had reached its

destination; but from the declaration of the King, preserved among the State Papers, such appears not to have been the case. 'For my part,' says Charles, 'I think it was never accepted of by him. Indeed, it was a letter to the French King, but I know not that ever he had it; for by chance I intercepted it, as it was going unto him; and thereupon I hope you will understand me right in that. But because the world shall see that we charge the Scotch not but upon very good and sure grounds, we have thought it fit to set down here their own letter; of which we have given our good brother, the French King, an account, being confident he will not assist any rebels against us.' Hence it is clear that the letter was made known at the French Court, not through the Covenanters, but through the channel of the English Embassy.

Distracted by conflicting opinions, anxious to uphold his prerogative by a war against Scotland, yet ignorant how to obtain the supplies for such an undertaking, Charles had recourse to the advice of one whom hitherto he had seldom consulted upon English affairs, but whose brilliant rule in Ireland had now proved him to be the most consummate statesman around the throne. He wrote to Wentworth. He wished, he said, to consult him respecting the army; 'but I have much more,' he added, 'and indeed too much to desire your counsel and attendance for some time, which I think not fit to express by letter more than this—the Scots Covenant begins to spread too far.' Wentworth, though shattered in health, hastened at once to obey the Royal wish. He arrived in London in the November of 1639, and became the most prominent member of that secret council, composed of the King, Laud, and Hamilton, which now managed the affairs of the nation. He had been opposed to the first campaign against Scotland, wishing the King to obtain his ends by any other course 'than that of shedding the blood of his Majesty's own natural, albeit rebellious subjects;' but when the conduct of the Scotch subsequent to the treaty of Berwick was laid before him, he declared at once for war. His next counsel has never before been divulged, until the State Papers have been made to yield their secrets. Wentworth, the imperious, the despotic, the man who hated all interference with control, advised *the immediate calling of a Parliament!* 'I believe,' writes the indefatigable Nicholas to Sir John Pennington, who was then

absent in the Downs in command of the Channel Fleet, 'you will have heard before this can come to your hands of his Majesty's resolution to call a Parliament about the end of March or beginning of April next, whereof his Majesty made a public declaration this day se'nnight (Dec. 5), sitting in Council, and it is said that it hath been *the Lord Deputy who hath persuaded the King to a Parliament.* I pray God it may succeed as well for the good of the kingdom as the news of it is acceptable to all men in this kingdom.'

The raising of supplies now occupied the attention of Wentworth. He pledged himself to bring over a large subsidy from Ireland. He proposed a loan in England, and subscribed to it, by way of example, the enormous sum of 20,000*l.*, equal to 100,000*l.* of our money. 'Divers of our great lords councillors,' writes Nicholas, 'have declared to his Majesty that they will lend him large sums of money—viz., the Lord Deputy, 20,000*l.*; the Lord Keeper, 10,000*l.*; the Lord Privy Seal and Earl of Newcastle, 10,000*l.* apiece, and so divers others, to the value of 300,000*l.* in all.' Then, after having superintended the preparations for the organising of an army, Wentworth proceeded to return to his own kingdom. He was now to have his reward. He had frequently solicited an earldom, but Charles, whether he preferred to grant favours without being asked, or whether, from some peculiarity in his mental constitution, he liked at times to snub those who had served him best, had invariably turned a deaf ear to the request. Wentworth, however, had no occasion now to grumble that all arrears due to past service were not fully paid up. He crossed St. George's Channel as Earl of Strafford and Baron Raby; the Star of the Garter glittered upon his breast, whilst, for the first time since the days of Essex, he was invested with the title of Lieutenant-General of Ireland. On his arrival he performed what he had promised. The obedient Irish Parliament agreed to levy 8,000 men for the King's service out of Ireland, and voted a supply of four entire subsidies from the laity of 45,000*l.* each, and six subsidies from the clergy, who already owed them more, 'so that their nine subsidies and our four subsidies,' writes Lord Thomas Cromwell, 'will all be paid in three years if God say Amen.' These generous proposals settled, the practical Strafford returned to England to assist the King in organising the army and selecting the officers.

Here we take our leave of these deeply interesting

Papers. The volumes relating to the termination of the second Scotch campaign, the proceedings of the Long Parliament, the Civil War, and the execution of the King, remain still to be calendared. It is, however, no secret that the domestic State Papers, after the year 1640, are as meagre in bulk as they are in interest. Various causes have led to this result. During the Civil War numerous documents were purposely destroyed by the Parliamentary party; the officials appointed to preserve the Papers were not in power, whilst their unguarded repositories were freely ransacked by the enemy. Ministers of the Crown, anxious that their documents should not be lost or fall into hostile hands, took charge of them themselves (hence the existence of official papers in private collections), whilst many of the State Papers, which travelled about with the King, were captured by the foe and destroyed or subsequently printed in different collections.

'During the early years of Charles the First,' writes Mr. Bruce, in his preface to the first volume of these Calendars, 'the number of Papers is very great. It continues to be so during the administration of the Duke of Buckingham, and until after the peace with Spain. For a few years after 1630 the Papers are much less numerous. From 1634 there is again an increase, and as the time of the final public troubles approaches they are greatly augmented. For 1639 and 1640 they are as numerous as in 1625 and 1626. From an early period in the succeeding year there is a great falling off, and the Papers of the last eight years of the reign will not occupy more space than those of the two bustling years which are included in the present volume (1625-1626). The cause of this inequality is obvious. The greater the variety and importance of public business, the larger the number of Papers. The early years of the reign, which were years of war and foreign and maritime expeditions, produced most extensive collections; the endeavour to defray the expenses of Government by the levy of ship-money gave rise to much new business and to many Papers. But the State Paper Office, it will be remembered, was the King's repository, and the officers who transmitted Papers thither were his servants. When the fatal quarrel arose between the King and the Parliament, and the King retired from London, these officers followed his person to York, to Oxford, and elsewhere. They carried about their Papers with them, or

deposited them in places not within the enemy's quarters. Few found their way into the State Paper Office, except those which were captured on the field of battle, or came into possession of the Parliament by some of the other chances of a state of warfare.'

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

From elves, hobs and fairies,
From fire-drakes or fiends,
And such as the devil sends,
Defend us, good Heaven.
Monsieur Thomas. Act. iv. sc. 6.

In those 'good old times' we love to talk about—when education was restricted to a superstitious and rapacious clergy, when our poor were serfs, and our ruling classes warriors with predatory instincts, when Government signified an extortionate monarch and a weak council, or an extortionate council and a weak monarch, when life and property were subject to all the vicissitudes of insecurity, when, in fact, our country was the 'merrie, merrie England' of the ballad-monger—in those dear old days, which will never, we sigh, come back again, few influences were more implicitly believed in, or more frequently invoked, than the powers of witchcraft. If an elderly gallant wished to gain the affections of some reluctant maiden, he sought out the aid of a neighbouring witch to foretell his future, or to provide him with a love-potion. If a competitor wished his rival to be utterly defeated in the struggle between them, the services of the hag of magic were appealed to, and her counsel obeyed. The soldier-sovereign, uncertain as to the results of the war he was about to undertake, summoned the supposed agent of the nether world into his presence, and bade her divine the fortune in store for him. The invalid, mistrustful of the lore of his physician, felt the blood within his veins surge with new life as he followed the instructions inspired by witchcraft. To the arts of 'the daughter of Satan' all resorted, as to the one great, last resource. The farmer whose cattle had been struck down with disease, the childless wife who longed, with the craving of the barren, for offspring, the jealous beauty who prayed for her rival to be ill-favoured, the village household anxious to ward off an

approaching pestilence, the lover whose suit would not prosper, all went secretly to the grotto or cottage of the witch, and pleaded as supplicants for her aid. If she could not assist them, their condition was indeed, they felt, outside the region of all hope.

And yet, though the temple was thronged with worshippers, the idol was treated as the most degraded and contemptible of objects. A witch, in the earlier centuries of our history, in spite of the power with which she was credited, was among the most persecuted creatures on the earth. She lived apart from her fellows, in lone and secluded haunts. She was shunned, with the fear that dared not give open expression to its feelings, by all with whom she came in contact, and it was often with difficulty she obtained the bare necessaries of life. At any moment she was liable to be tracked to her lair, to be seized and mercilessly exposed, and to be put to a cruel death. Her children, looked upon as the issue of hell, bore the stain of their descent down to the third and fourth generation, and were often forced to seek their livelihood in distant provinces. Nor was it only upon the professional witch that these severities might be inflicted. It was open to any malignant or credulous person to accuse her neighbour of dealings with the devil, and to subject her to all the penalties which such proceedings then entailed. A spiteful woman had only to seek out the nearest magistrate and inform him that a witch was in their midst, and that she had been seen kissing the devil in the shape of a cat, or riding through the air on a besom, or using miraculous charms to do hurt to a neighbour, or disfiguring her body with significant marks and gashes, for a warrant to be instantly made out, and the unhappy accused to be branded with a hot iron, in order to see whether such application would burn her flesh, or to be dragged through a pond, with her thumbs and toes tied across, to test if water had the power to drown her, or to be scratched with pins to see if blood would flow, or to be tied to a stool for twenty-four hours whilst deprived of all sleep and nourishment, or to be tortured till she wept—for it was held that a witch could only shed three tears, and those from her left eye—or to endure other like pains and penalties. Frequent instances occur, in the history of this peculiar form of superstition, of innocent girls, upon the evidence of pure malice, being torn from their homes and put to a painful death for machina-

tions of which they knew nothing, and for arts they had never pretended to possess. In those good old times the charge of witchcraft was the easiest method of getting rid of an unpopular neighbour; the testimony brought forward, if once believed in (and it was seldom rejected), the fire or water ordeal necessarily followed; and the ordeal, whether the victim was a witch or no, was generally sufficient either to kill her or to send her raving mad.

The history of this subject is somewhat curious. From reference to our statute book it appears that witchcraft was one of the oldest and most deeply rooted articles of the superstitious belief of the English people. In the 'Pœnitential' of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, composed in the seventh century, we read that 'those who deal in charms, those who work people's destruction, or endeavour to gain their love by witchcraft, those who consult diviners, magicians, and enchanters, and those who raise tempests, are to be subject to punishments varying from one to three years' fasting upon bread and water.'[1] Early in the following century, under Egbert, twelve months' penitence was enjoined upon a woman who exercised witchcraft, but should death ensue from her arts the sentence of seven years' penitence was passed upon her. During the reign of King Edgar it was urgently recommended by the Church that 'every priest zealously promote Christianity, and totally extinguish every heathenism; and forbid well-worshippings, necromancies, divinations, enchantments, and man-worshippings; also the vain practices which are carried on with various spells, and with many various delusions, with which men do much of what they should not.' In the law of the Northumbrian priests it was ordered that 'if any one be found that shall henceforth practise any heathenship, or in any way love witchcraft or worship idols, if he be a King's thane let him pay ten half-marks: half to Christ, half to the King.' By the early English, witchcraft was rightly considered as one of the most dangerous relics of paganism, and, so far as it was supposed to be a means of inflicting personal injury, was classed with murder and subject to the same penalty. 'We have ordained,' decreed King Athelstan, 'respecting witchcraft, that if any one should be thereby killed, the life of the witch be liable.' It was, however, not

[1] *Proceedings against Dame Alice Kyteler*, edited by Thomas Wright. Camden Society.

until the Church had ranged witchcraft as among the most virulent of all the heresies, that the disciples of the magic art were made to feel the lash of persecution in all its full severity. Witches were tortured, were burnt, were pressed to death, were drowned. Then, as those who believed in sorcery were generally men of some independence in thought and action, the charge of witchcraft gradually became a very favourite accusation of the Romish Church, wherewith to punish all who separated from her fold. Early in the fourteenth century the Waldenses were accused, amongst other things, of communion with the devil, who it was alleged appeared to them in the form of a cat, and whom they kissed under his tail; also of riding on sticks rubbed with a certain ointment, which carried them in a moment to their place of assignation; and of swearing fealty to the evil one as to their acknowledged lord. These charges were likewise brought against the followers of Wicklif, and in later times against the Huguenots. Indeed, as our history progressed the crime of witchcraft became so easy to assert and so hard to disprove, that this offence soon established itself as the most popular of all accusations. Through its agency a heretic was suppressed, an unpopular personage got rid of, and in several instances statesmen were even found not above employing it as a means of political vengeance. Still, in spite of all deterrents, the witches continued to drive a most flourishing trade, and to find, even among their persecutors, numerous lavish and credulous believers. Thus we read of Henry IV. giving directions to the Bishop of Norwich 'to search for and arrest witches and sorcerers of different kinds, reported to be very numerous in your diocese, and to convert them from their evil ways or bring them speedily to punishment.'

Ludicrous as the powers appear to us at the present day with which witchcraft in former times was credited, such powers seem never to have been denied or disputed by the great minds of the past. A witch was all that was abominable, and to be held in the strongest loathing; yet few had the wisdom or the courage to contradict the possibility of her exercising the arts she pretended to. The judge, as he passed sentence upon the condemned woman, trembled lest her fell gaze should bring upon him and his household sorrow or death. The yelling crowd, as it half stripped her to undergo the water ordeal, shuddered as it saw upon her exposed

bosom the marks which, it was supposed, proved that she allowed her 'familiar' to draw upon her life's blood. The villagers who went miles out of their way to avoid her haunts, never for one moment believed that the object of their fear was powerless to work them evil, and was either a half-mad woman, the victim of a hideous delusion, or else the actress of a knavish part to suit her own vile ends. To all, the old crone, with her tall hat, crutch stick, and black cat nestling on her shoulder, was one who had dealings with the devil, and who, through the might of Satanic aid, could scatter the seeds of misery broadcast wherever she listed. She had sold herself body and soul to hell, and until death claimed her, her power to effect evil, it was alleged, was unlimited. The great man is he who rises superior to the prejudices of his age; but before the end of the seventeenth century—with the exception of Bodin, Erastus, Reginald Scot, John Wagstaffe, and Dr. Webster—there were none who had the boldness or the knowledge to brand witchcraft as a base and palpable superstition. We find Lord Bacon gravely prescribing 'henbane, hemlock, mandrake, moonshade, tobacco, opium, and other soporiferous medicines,' as the best ingredients for a witch's ointment. From the pages of his 'History of the World' we see that the gifted and practical Sir Walter Raleigh was a firm believer in this childish form of superstition. The learned Selden, in his 'Table Talk,' whilst pleasantly discoursing on the subject of witches, shows that he also held the same faith. Sir Thomas Browne, the kindliest of physicians; Sir Matthew Hale, one of the most acute and spotless of judges; Hobbes, the sceptic; 'the eminent Dr. More of Cambridge,' and the patient and thoughtful Boyle, all were of opinion that witchcraft was an evil capable of solid proof, and that its disciples merited sharp and swift punishment. It was not until the dawn of the eighteenth century that men came to the conclusion that the devices of 'witches and witchmongers' were only so many tricks and fables, and utterly unworthy of credence. The last judicial execution in England for witchcraft took place in the year 1716, when a woman and her little daughter were hanged at Huntingdon 'for selling their souls to Satan.' Since that date, however, various cases have occurred of women, accused as witches, being drowned whilst undergoing the ordeal by water at the hands of their intimidated yet infuriated neighbours.

It was only natural that an offence like witchcraft, so elastic in its details, and so capable of being transformed into an engine of oppression for the gratification of personal or political hate, should have given rise to various curious proceedings in our administration of justice. To the lover of out-of-the-way literature there is little reading more weird and interesting than is to be found in the study of our witch trials.[1] Women, perfectly innocent of the crimes imputed to them, under the terrors of torture, or in the hope to escape punishment, freely confessed themselves guilty of misdeeds they had never imagined, with an elaboration of detail almost sufficient to convince the most sceptical listener. The envoy of the devil was vividly described; the terms he imposed as the price of a lost soul were fully entered into; the course he suggested his victim to pursue; the places of rendezvous he appointed; the homage he required to be paid him; the different forms of disguise he adopted, and the like, were all clearly and precisely described—statements which often tended to show that either the unhappy woman had been well counselled as to her answers, or that she was in an advanced stage of insanity. Of all these trials, the most well-known are the proceedings in the early part of the seventeenth century against a band of wretched creatures, called the Lancashire Witches. The story is as follows.

In the barren wilds of the Forest of Pendle, once a portion of the great wood of Blackburnshire, there had lived for many years before our first James had been summoned from Edinburgh to ascend the throne of England, two old women, who with their families constituted the most important part of the population of the neighbourhood. The names of these aged dames were Elizabeth Southerns and Ann Whittle; but to the votaries of witchcraft they were only known as 'Old Demdike' and 'Old Chattox.' Both women were nearly eighty years of age, and had lived in the direst poverty, occasionally relieved by mendicancy until public opinion had taken it into its head to endow them with the powers of

[1] Read the *Discoverie of the Three Witches of Warboys*, 1593; the trial of Amy Duny and Rose Cullender, at Bury St. Edmund's, in 1664; the *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, by Reginald Scot, 1584; *A Dialogue concerning Witches and Witchcraft*, by George Gifford, Minister of God's Word in Maldon, 1593; the *Trial of Witchcraft*, by John Cotta, 1616; *A Candle in the Dark, or a Treatise concerning Witches and Witchcraft*, by Thomas Ady, M.A., 1656; *The Question of Witchcraft debated*, by John Wagstaffe, 1669; and the *Proceedings against Dame Alice Kyteler*, 1324.

natural magic. And now visitors flocked to the miserable hovels in Pendle Forest for love-potions, poisons, washes, and waxen images, that if melted would render the barren fruitful. The two old crones began to flourish, and since the business which had been forced upon them appeared a very paying concern, both Old Demdike and Old Chattox were much too wise in their generation to deny the arts with which they were credited. Each acted her part with much cunning and mystery; but, as two of a trade seldom agree, feuds and bickerings soon broke out between the competing witches. Old Demdike declared that she was the only genuine agent of the devil, that all her wares were efficacious, and that those who went elsewhere obtained but a spurious article. Old Chattox retorted in the same mercantile spirit, and thus it came to pass that the inhabitants in the forest began to be divided into two rival parties—one party upholding the excellence of Old Demdike, whilst the other party believed only in her competitor. For some years these two elderly ladies appear to have driven a lucrative trade in superstition, and to have found that their lines had fallen in pleasant places. On the accession of James I., however, Nemesis, then travelling in the north in search of victims, paid them one of her unpleasant visits.

Our 'British Solomon' took a singular interest in witchcraft; he firmly believed in the existence of witches, as is proved by his work entitled 'Dæmonologie,' and he was resolved to stamp out the whole brood in the country. Shortly after his accession he caused to be enrolled in the statute book an Act to suppress the crimes of sorcery, necromancy, and witchcraft, which is among the most sanguinary that its pages have ever had to record. By this Act it was decreed 'that all persons invoking any evil spirit, or concealing, covenanting with, entertaining, employing, feeing, or rewarding any evil spirit; or taking up dead bodies from their graves, to be used in any witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; or killing, or otherwise hurting any person by such infernal arts, shall be guilty of felony without benefit of clergy, and suffer death.' The consequences of the creation of this authority were to overrun the country with informers, to sacrifice innocent persons freely to the credulity of the age, and to permit many ordinary casualties—the burning of a rick, the falling sick of cattle, the sudden death of the ailing, and the rest—to

be attributed, in want of better interpretation, to the incantations of witchcraft.

With this statute in active force, it was scarcely likely that the proceedings of such notorious dames as Old Demdike and Old Chattox would escape notice. A warrant was made out by the Lancashire magistrates for the apprehension of the two women, and they were committed to take their trial at the next assizes. Justice, however, was not content with securing the persons of the two chief offenders, but was determined to destroy the whole brood, and accordingly there were lodged in the prison cells at the same time, Elizabeth, daughter of Old Demdike; James Device, her son; Anne Redfern, daughter of Old Chattox; Alice Nutter, and others; whilst a little girl —Jennet Device, the granddaughter of Old Demdike—was kept free, to act as witness against her family. Old Demdike had not long been within the walls of the gaol before she drew up a full statement of her past history, for the benefit of the magistrates then investigating her case. She confessed that about twenty years ago she had met the devil in Pendle Forest, 'in the shape of a boy, the one half of his coat black and the other brown,' who offered to give her everything she would request in exchange for her soul. Thus tempted she fell, and admitted that she had had frequent resort to her new friend, who said 'his name was Tibb,' and who appeared at various times to her 'in the guise of a brown dog.' She was now fourscore years old, and had been, she frankly owned, a witch ever since she was thirty. Her home had been for the last half-century in the forest of Pendle—'a vast place, fit for her profession;' and there she had 'brought up her own children, instructed her grandchildren, and took great care and pains to bring them to be witches.' She pleaded guilty to having bewitched several persons, upon whom vengeance was demanded, so that they died; to having 'her familiar,' the brown dog, to bite cattle, so that they soon afterwards perished; and to having brought death in the cup by bewitching the different drinks of men.

This confession was followed by one of a similar character from Old Chattox. The ancient dame, however, took the opportunity of attributing her present unhappy position entirely to the evil advice of her former rival. She declared that 'about fourteen years past she entered, through the wicked persuasions and counsel of Elizabeth Southerns,

alias Demdike, and was seduced to condescend and agree to become subject unto that devilish, abominable profession of witchcraft.' At the house of Demdike she met the devil, 'who moved that she would become his subject, and give her soul unto him.' At first she refused; 'but after, by the great persuasion made by the said Demdike, she yielded to be at his commandment and appointment.' Upon her consent the devil said that when she wanted to summon him she must call out 'Fancy!' In her statement the old hag confesses having bewitched a young gentleman who attempted to do violence to her daughter, and with causing his death; to having made wax images which slowly wasted away before the fire, so that those whom they resembled might likewise perish; and to having sold potions, destroyed cattle, and poisoned drinks by the art of 'her familiar' Fancy. With the exception of two or three of the accused, all now followed the example of Old Demdike and Old Chattox, and drew up confessions either freely acknowledging their guilt, or attributing their errors to the two aged crones under whom they studied. In the crimes of which they convict themselves there is a great similarity: selling potions and poisons, bewitching persons to a slow and painful death, destroying cattle by wounds inflicted by the evil one, sucking the breath of young children, and gratifying the desire of the barren in some cases and the promptings of vengeance in others, appear among the chief articles of self-accusation. With the exception of Old Demdike, who died in prison before her trial, the whole of the Lancashire witches, who had established themselves in Pendle Forest, were found guilty and executed August 17, 1612.[1]

It is difficult to account for the circumstantial character of these confessions unless they were suggested by the delusions of insanity, or by the pains of torture. The King, it was well known, was the bitter foe of all witches, and magistrates anxious to curry royal favour were assured that there was no better course to gain their ends than to ferret out an ample supply of victims, encourage them to accuse themselves in order to gain their release, then convict them out of their own mouths and send them to the gallows. 'Confessions were so common on those occasions,' writes the learned Mr. Crossley, 'that there is, I believe, not a single

[1] Potts's *Discovery of Witches in Lancashire*, edited by J. Crossley. Cheetham Society.

instance of any great number of persons being convicted of witchcraft at one time, some of whom did not make a confession of guilt. Nor is there anything extraordinary in that circumstance, when it is remembered that many of them sincerely believed in the existence of the powers attributed to them; and others, aged and of weak understanding, were in a measure coerced by the strong persuasion of their guilt, which all around them manifested, into an acquiescence in the truth of the accusation. In many cases the confessions were made in the hope, and no doubt with the promise, seldom performed, that a respite from punishment would be eventually granted. In other instances, there is as little doubt that they were the final results of irritation, agony, and despair. The confessions are generally composed of "such stuff as dreams are made of;" and what they report to have occurred might either proceed, when there was intention to fabricate, from intertwining the fantastic threads which sometimes stream upon the waking senses from the land of shadows, or be caused by those ocular hallucinations of which medical science has supplied full and satisfactory solution. There is no argument which so long maintained its ground in support of witchcraft as that which was founded on these confessions. It was the last plank clung to by many a witch-believing lawyer and divine. And yet there is none which will less bear critical scrutiny and examination, or the fallacy of which can more easily be shown, if any particular reported confession is taken as a test, and subjected to a searching analysis and inquiry.'

Twenty years after these events had taken place another batch of so-called Lancashire witches was unearthed, of whose proceedings the State Papers of Charles I. furnish a full account. 'The greatest news from the country,' writes one Sir William Pelham to Viscount Conway,[1] 'is of a huge pack of witches which are lately discovered in Lancashire, whereof it is said nineteen are condemned, and that there are at least sixty already discovered, and yet daily there are more revealed: there are divers of them of good ability, and they have done much harm. It is suspected that they had a hand in raising the great storm wherein his Majesty was in so great danger at sea in Scotland.' Sir William was evidently a firm believer in the arts of diabolical magic, but he

[1] May 16, 1634, *State Papers, Domestic*, 1634–5, edited by John Bruce, F.S.A.

somewhat exaggerates the details of this discovery. It appears that for some time past village rumour had reported that in Pendle Forest, precisely on the same site where Old Demdike and Old Chattox had carried on their evil practices, a band of women had congregated which professed to be, in a similar manner, the agents of the powers of darkness. Of these women the presiding spirit was one Margaret Johnson, an elderly crone of sixty, whom country gossip accused of wholesale bewitchery of young children, of the sick and dying, and of cattle grazing in the 'vaccaries,' or the great upland pastures of the neighbourhood. With her, it was said, were associated as accomplices in her vile art, Frances Dicconson, the wife of a husbandman in Pendle Forest, Mary Spencer of Burley, a young girl of twenty, and Alice Hargrave, together with some twenty other women of lesser note.

The proceedings of this little infernal community having been reported to the neighbouring magistrates, a warrant for the apprehension of its leaders was issued, who were at once committed for trial at the next assizes. The chief informer on this occasion was a young lad, Edmund Robinson, commonly known by the name of 'Ned of Roughs,' the son of a mason in Pendle Forest. Both father and son, it seems, had been in the habit of going from church to church, in the capacity of amateur discoverers of witches, and accusing various members of the different congregations of diabolical arts; and with such success that it is stated 'by that means they got a good living, that in a short space the father bought a cow or two when he had none before.' At the trial young Robinson was sworn, and proceeded to state his case. He was a practised evidence-monger, and there was little hesitation in the story he told from the witness-box. Kissing the book and looking straight at the bench, he said that upon All Saints' Day last he was picking wild plums in the forest with a friend, and whilst thus engaged two greyhounds, a black and a brown one. came running up to him and fawned upon him. He noticed that they had collars round their necks which 'shone like gold,' and that to each of the collars a piece of string was attached. Seeing no one with the greyhounds, he thought 'to hunt with them, and presently a hare did rise very near before him, at the sight whereof he cried Loo! loo! but the dogs would not run.' Irritated at this

unsportsmanlike conduct he tied the hounds together to a hedge, and was about to give them a good thrashing, when suddenly the black greyhound vanished, and in her place stood Frances Dicconson. Almost immediately afterwards the brown greyhound disappeared, and in her stead appeared a little boy.

Frightened at this transformation, he, the witness, was about to run away, when the woman Dicconson put her hand in her pocket and offered him a shilling, provided he would say nothing about the matter. He declined the money, and called out that she was a witch. 'Whereupon she put her hand into her pocket again, and pulled out a string like unto a bridle that jingled, which she put upon the little boy's head that stood up in the brown greyhound's stead; whereupon the said boy stood up a white horse.' Young Robinson was now seized by Mother Dicconson, and carried rapidly off to a house called Hoarestones. Here he met numerous other witches who had ridden to the place on horses of various colours, and was offered refreshments, which he refused. 'And presently after, seeing divers of the company going to a barn near adjoining, he followed after, and there he saw six of them kneeling and pulling at six several ropes which were fastened or tied to the top of the house; at once with which pulling came then in this informer's sight flesh smoking, butter in lumps, and milk as it were straining from the said ropes, all which fell into basons placed under the ropes. And after that these six had done, there came other six, which did likewise, and during all the time of their so pulling they made such foul faces that he became frightened, and was glad to steal out and run home.' On being asked by the court if he were acquainted with any of the women who had been engaged in these practices in the barn, the witness answered that he knew them well by sight, and proceeded to give their names, to the number of some twenty. His evidence concluded, Robinson was ordered to stand down.[1]

The confession of Margaret Johnson—for, of course, according to custom, she had confessed—was then read. The old dame said that some eight years ago, being in her house 'in a great passion of anger and discontent, and withal pressed with some want,' there suddenly appeared before her a spirit like unto a man, 'apparelled in a suit of

[1] *State Papers*, July 10, 1634

black tied about with black points,' who offered, if she would give him her soul, to supply all her needs and stand ever as her firm friend. After 'a solicitation or two she contracted and covenanted with the said devil for her soul,' to whom, under the name of 'Mamil my God,' she henceforth always applied for what she required. This friend, she admitted, had paid frequent visits to her, now in the shape of a brown coloured dog, then of a hare or white cat, and invariably settled upon her bosom to suck her blood. He often put into her hand gold and silver, 'but it vanished soon again, and she was ever bare and poor, though he oft gave her the like.' However, since she had been in trouble the spirit had cruelly deserted her, for she had never seen him whilst in prison.

The poor demented creature then frankly acknowledged her guilt, and mentioned the names of several women who had been her accomplices. In the fulness of her heart she also took this opportunity to reveal one or two of the secrets of her order. Good Friday, she explained, was the one great day in the year for the general meeting of witches, when they assembled 'to consult for the killing and hurting of men and beasts.' The marks upon the body denoted the number of familiars a witch could invoke: 'if a witch have but one mark she hath but one spirit; if two, then two spirits; if three, yet but two spirits.' More than two spirits to one agent, Satan would never permit. The men witches were possessed by women spirits, and women witches by men spirits; but witchcraft, she said, was rather the province of women than of men, because as Eve was deceived by the serpent at the beginning, so women, being frailer, were more easily entrapped in the snares of the devil. Witches had power 'to cause foul weather and storms;' and if they 'desire to be in any place upon a sudden, their devil or spirit will upon a rod, dog, or anything else, presently convey them thither, yea, into any room of a man's house: still it is not the substance of their bodies, but their spirit assumeth such form and shape as go into such rooms.' Then with a piteous moan she confessed she had no more to say, and could not hope for mercy.[1]

Though the example of Margaret Johnson, in admitting her guilt, was followed by several of the accused, there were one or two who, healthy in mind and conscious of innocence,

[1] *State Papers*, June 15, 1634.

declined to implicate themselves. These loudly affirmed that they were not witches, but honest women, fearing God and serving the King. Speaking up against her informer, Frances Dicconson denied the whole story of the lad Robinson, and said that he was a young scoundrel who had been prompted by his father to wrong her because she had refused to sell him a cow, and had also refused to pay the price he had asked for him not to appear against her. But the most curious instance of how, in those days of superstition, the simplest matter could be distorted into a cause for offence, is to be found in the case of Mary Spencer. This young girl was accustomed to go into the village to draw water, and as she went down the steep hill that led to the well, she let the wooden pail she carried roll after her, and as now it followed her, and then she chased it, she, like a healthy merry lass, sang and called after it as if it had been a living creature. For this childish outburst of animal spirits Mary Spencer was accused of witchcraft; it was alleged that the pail followed her about where she listed, and hence was not of wood, but of the devil. Unfortunately, what gave a colour to this assertion was the fact that the girl herself was the daughter of witches, for it appears that both her father and mother had been condemned during the last assizes for professing magic arts. The poor lass was accordingly committed to prison, and sent for trial. At her examination she stoutly denied that she knew any witchcraft, or had ever done hurt thereby to anybody. She had always gone to church, she said indignantly, and could repeat the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. She defied the devil and all his works, and only hoped to be saved by Christ Jesus. She admitted without shame that when she went to the well for water she used 'to trundle the collock or pail down the hill, and she would run along after it to overtake it, and did overhie it sometimes, and then might call it to come to her;' but she utterly denied that it followed her of its own accord, or that she could ever make it come to her by any witchcraft. Then, after an appeal for mercy to her judges, she said she was a Christian and not afraid of death, for she hoped it would make an entrance for her into heaven.[1]

On the revelations contained in these examinations and confessions, seventeen out of this second pack of Lancashire witches were brought in guilty by the jury, and condemned

[1] *State Papers*, June 15, 1634.

to death. Fortunately, the judge who presided on this occasion was a humane and sensible man, and superior to the prejudices of his day. The evidence against the prisoners failed to satisfy him; he refused to appoint a date for the execution, and referred the case to the King in Council for further consideration. Accordingly, Bridgman, Bishop of Chester, was instructed by Coke and Windebank, the two Secretaries of State, to examine two or three of the most prominent among the condemned. Margaret Johnson was the first to be summoned, and was the most penitent of offenders. After listening to an exhortation from his lordship, the old woman, weeping piteously, sobbed out, 'I will not add sin to sin. I have already done enough, nay, too much, and will not increase it. I pray God I may repent.' The guilt of the others was not so easily arrived at. They denied the charges brought against them, and explained how they had been the sport of the vindictiveness of their neighbours. The bishop was nonplussed, and knew not how to separate the truth from the falsehood: 'Conceit and malice,' he writes to the Secretaries of State,[1] 'are so powerful with many in those parts, that they will easily afford an oath to work revenge upon their neighbour:' in fact, his lordship declined to commit himself to an opinion one way or the other.

As a second solution of the difficulty, the matter was now entrusted to medical hands. It was acknowledged that every true witch had certain peculiar marks about her person, which were nothing else than seals impressed by the devil, and by which therefore she could easily be identified. Should these marks be found on the condemned, there was at once an end of the inquiry. Margaret Johnson, Frances Dicconson, Mary Spencer, and one Janet Hargraves, as the most notorious of the offenders, were hastily sent up from Lancaster gaol to the Ship Tavern at Greenwich, where they were for the moment housed. At the same time Alexander Baker and William Clowes, the King's surgeons, were ordered by the Council 'to make choice of midwives to inspect and search the bodies of those women lately brought up by the sheriff of Lancashire indicted for witchcraft, wherein the midwives are to receive instructions from Dr. Harvey, the King's physician, and themselves.'[2] The examination took place, and the question excited so much

[1] *State Papers*, June 15, 1634. [2] *Ibid.* June 29, 1634.

interest that the King himself, it is said, was present. It resulted in the doctors coming to the conclusion that on the bodies of Janet Hargraves, Frances Dicconson, and Mary Spencer they found nothing unnatural; whilst on the body of Margaret Johnson there were two marks, which were probably the effect of a former application of leeches.[1] Such was the mouse which the mountain of witchcraft had delivered.

The evidence for the prosecution having now in a great measure broken down, it struck Secretary Windebank that he would privately examine the lad Edmund Robinson, upon whose sole and unsupported testimony the whole case depended. The boy was removed from the influence of his father, and then the truth came out. Before the stern presence of the Secretary of State the boldness of the witness, who had given so glibly his evidence as to the greyhounds, Mrs. Dicconson, and the meeting at Hoarestones, completely collapsed, and crying for mercy the lad confessed the enormities of which he had been guilty. He admitted that the story he had told to the magistrates concerning the practices of witches was 'false and feigned, and had no truth at all, but only as he had heard tales and reports made by women, so he framed his tale out of his own invention, which, when he had once told, he had to persist in.' The trial of the Lancashire witches twenty years ago had suggested the materials for his story. 'He had heard,' said this charming youth, 'the neighbours talk of a witch feast that was kept at Mocking Tower in Pendle Forest, about twenty years since, to which feast divers witches came, and many were apprehended and executed at Lancaster, and thereupon it came into his head to make the like tale of a meeting at Hoarestones:' the more especially as Frances Dicconson and the others were reputed by their neighbours to be witches. 'He had heard,' continued this interesting specimen of juvenile depravity, 'Edmund Stevenson say that he was much troubled with Dicconson's wife in the time of his sickness, and that he suspected her of witchcraft; and he heard Robert Smith say that his wife lying upon her deathbed accused Janet Hargraves to be the cause of her death; and he heard William Nutter's wife say that Janet and William Devys had bewitched her; and it was generally spoken that Beawse's wife who went a-begging was a witch;

[1] *State Papers*, July 2, 1634.

and he had heard Sharpee Smith say that the wife of John Loynd laid her hand upon a cow of his, after which the animal never rose.' With these materials, and assisted by a vivid imagination unballasted by scruples of any kind whatever, young Robinson confessed he had concocted his story. 'Nobody,' he said, with some pride, 'was ever acquainted with any part of my fiction or invention, nor did anybody ever advise me, but it merely proceeded out of mine own brain.' Like Coriolanus, he could cry, 'Alone I did it!'

The motive for the fabrication of these heinous falsehoods, which had for their object the bringing of innocent people to the gallows, is a terrible instance of how great crimes can sometimes arise from the commission of slight offences. It appears that it was the boy's duty to look after his father's cattle, to drive them home from the meadows, and to see that they were properly housed in the shed during night. One evening, having been tempted to play with some children, young Robinson found the time had slipped so merrily away, that to his horror he was now too late to go in search of the kine. Fearing a beating from his parents, the ready lie, always the resource of the timid, rose to his lips, and 'he made this tale for an excuse.' Henceforth amusement became easy to him; he could neglect his duty as much as he pleased, and play as often as he chose in the woods and the village streets, for on his return home he had only to give as an excuse that he had not been to the meadows to fetch the cattle because he had been spirited away by a witch, or that he had been frightened by seeing a boy with a cloven foot, or that a woman coming up to him had suddenly transformed herself into a lantern, and he had run away in sheer terror. Before Windebank, Robinson now solemnly denied that there had been any truth in these statements; he had 'but told these tales to excuse himself when he had been at play.'[1] It is some satisfaction to learn that in this instance the biter was severely bit, for both the boy and his father were imprisoned under heavy sentences, whilst the so-called witches were released and had their innocence fully established.

The revelations disclosed at this trial dealt a severe blow to this peculiar form of superstition. It was now seen how easily vindictiveness or lack of principle could trump up a

[1] *State Papers*, July 10 and 16, 1634.

case of witchcraft against persons perfectly guiltless of all diabolical arts, and succeed in bringing their necks to the gallows. It was also seen how terror or a distorted imagination could force, as in the case of Margaret Johnson, the innocent to confess to acts which they had never committed, and which when analysed were but one tissue of mental delusions. Hence when, in the future, accusations of witchcraft were brought against certain individuals, such charges were inquired into by the justices of the peace with a care and a respect for common sense which had hitherto been painfully conspicuous by their absence. Still it was long before the nation emancipated herself from the thraldom of this degrading credulity, and it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that the law positively declined to consider the 'magic arts' as within the bounds of possibility. Throughout the stormy times of the Civil War, and during the dissolute period of the Restoration, it always went hard with a woman accused of witchcraft, when accidental circumstances appeared to support the charge—when, for example, by a curious coincidence an evil prophecy that she had made had been fulfilled, or when by the buoyancy of her corpulence she failed to sink when pitched into a pond, or when, as in the instance of Margaret Johnson, she had certain marks upon her body, which might be interpreted as the suckling spots of her familiar. We have no occasion to be a student of Buckle to learn that, of all the relics of paganism with which civilisation in its onward march has had to contend, none have been more difficult to eradicate from the heart of man than that special form of superstition which found one phase of its full development in the study and belief of witchcraft. Even at the present day, in many of our English villages, the power and existence of a witch are still believed in.[1]

[1] Since this article was written, the following trial took place. Four women were convicted, June 21, 1881, before the Correctional Tribunal at Charleroi in Belgium, of swindling by means of pretended sorcery. The chief of the gang was a Madame Lignan, who obtained money by pretending to exercise the same art as the most notorious of these Lancashire witches —making up love-potions, healing the sick, pretending to cause death when it suited her, but above all proclaiming her power to assist fortune-hunters in the obtaining of legacies. On this case a morning paper thus comments :—

'After such revelations as these, which disclose unscrupulous cunning and greed on the one side, and on the other a lamentable amount of avarice and superstition, it is difficult to affirm that the belief in witchcraft is no longer a powerful force on the continent of Europe. We have no reason to

suppose that the inhabitants of the particular part of Belgium where Charleroi is situated are more naturally credulous or less educated than other Belgians; certainly they may be judged to be more enlightened than the average Russian peasant. Their complete belief, however, in the power of the Evil One being delegated to such a human instrument as the nefarious Madame Lignan appears to be inseparably bound up with the articles of their religion, and would be quite touching if it were not so extremely ludicrous and so miserably irrational. Yet who shall say that we in England are quite free from the taint of superstition? We burned our last witch so long ago as the beginning of the eighteenth century; but quite lately—in 1863—a reputed wizard was drowned in a pond at the village of Hedingham, in Essex, not forty miles from London; while in 1867 "Dr. Harris" was committed for trial at the Radnorshire Assizes for duping persons into the belief that their ailments were caused by their being "witched," and for professing to cure them by giving them charms to wear suspended round their necks. Even later than this there have been cases in England of reputed "wise women" having their wisdom and their necromantic abilities tested by the old ordeal of the horse-pond; at the present moment there are thousands of Cornish and Devonshire rustics who believe implicitly in the "evil eye" and in the existence of "brownies;" and the village witch is quite a popular local institution in various parts of the country. When will railroads, religion, and civilisation all combined, succeed in driving out of the heads of European populations the faith in particular persons being selected as authorised agents of the Powers of Darkness—a belief which has come straight down to us from the bad old days when ignorance, Popery, and cruelty flourished unchecked?'

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the wor'd had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration.—JOHN EVELYN.

Lord! what a sad sight it was by moonlight to see the whole city almost on fire, that you might see it plain at Woolwich as if you were by it!—SAMUEL PEPYS.

'1666, 2ND SEPTEMBER. This fatal night, about ten,' writes chatty John Evelyn in his Memoirs, 'began that deplorable fire near Fish Street, in London.' How the fire originated we know not, but the flames were first seen to issue from the shop of a French baker, near London Bridge. The progress of the conflagration was fearfully rapid; for everything, it seemed, had conspired to lay the city in ruins. The season had been an exceptionally dry one; a fierce easterly wind was blowing all the while, thus encouraging the fury of the flames; the houses, closely crowded together and built entirely of wood, were incapable of opposing any resistance to the enemy; there was, as there had always been until within comparatively recent times, a terrible lack of water in the City; whilst the engineering appliances to cope with so devouring an element were of the feeblest character. Writers, chiefly foreigners who visited our shores, had frequently raised their voices in warning against the dangers to which we were then exposed from fire. They pointed to the absence of brick and stone in our dwellings, to our narrow streets, to our houses pressing one upon the other without plan or arrangement in their construction, to our want of wells and water supply, and to the lack of men specially trained to fight against a severe conflagration, and keep it under. 'You may fear the Dutch,' said one, 'but a fire in your midst will work you more hurt than all the fleets of Holland and France together.'

This prediction was now to be fulfilled. Before the fatal

morning of that September had dawned, all the houses and wharfs on the banks of the Thames, on the Middlesex side. had crashed down and were one heap of charred ruin. The numerous winding streets which ran from Cornhill to the Tower were a mass of smouldering rafters and wrecked goods and chattels. Then rapidly licking their way, the forked flames sped their lurid course due west—up the Poultry, up Cheapside, around the sacred edifice of St. Paul's, down Ludgate Hill and the neighbourhood of Newgate, along Fleet Street and Warwick Lane, till they reached the Inner Temple; the fire, like a swollen river that has burst its dam, and scorns all opposition, swept everything before it. For a moment the flames crossed towards Whitehall, but the wind changing, they were beaten back to complete their work of havoc in the east. From the Temple to the Tower, north and south, east and west, the City was as if it had been laid waste by the enemy. What had once been flourishing streets and imposing structures were now acres of vacant spaces, strewn with smoking rubbish, charred furniture, and household stuff and dead animals. Here and there, some partly hidden beneath the blackened rafters of fallen buildings, and others lying stark and exposed upon the smouldering heaps of wreck, were a few corpses. St. Paul's, that 'goodly church,' was a sad ruin. The fine halls of the different City companies were levelled to the ground. The statues in the Royal Exchange, of the English sovereigns since the Conquest, had been baked by the heat, and had then burst into a thousand pieces. The fountains, the favourite places of gossip of an evening of the apprentices and the City maidens, were dried up, whilst the water in their basins was hissing forth its heated vapours. All the cellars and warehouses, the crowded goods of which constituted so much of the wealth of the City, were being consumed, and darkened the sky by their spasmodic belchings of black and acrid smoke. 'So that in five or six miles traversing about,' says Evelyn, 'I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stores but what were calcined white as snow.'

'I am too much affected,' writes an anonymous correspondent to one Pedder, at Newport,[1] 'with the deplorable sight of London's ruin ever again to value the things of this world, seeing all man's labour and riches but a portion that

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, edited by Mrs. Green, September 13, 1666.

an hour may consume. I heard many cries and complaints; but some gave glory to God in the fire, and wished the portion consumed had been more laid out for His glory. In three days the most flourishing city in the world is a ruinous heap, the streets only to be known by the maimed remainder of the churches. These differ about how it began; but all agree that it was the anger of the Lord for the sins of the people: yet the great ones, like Israel of old, say, "The bricks are fallen, but we will build with hewn stones." Pestilence and fire have come; Jesus the Lord will empty His quiver of wrath unless the nation improve its privileges. I have lost nothing in the fire: the people are quite stupefied and surprised by it.'

On the first shooting forth of the flames, and the cruel rapidity with which they bore down everything that barred their devastating progress, the inhabitants were utterly paralysed with terror. They appeared incapable of all thought and action. 'The conflagration,' writes Evelyn, 'was so universal and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not from what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods. Such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street at great distances one from the other: for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; as, on the other, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the

like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame! the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal, and reached upon computation near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. London was, but is no more!'

The first shock over, the courage of Englishmen was restored to panic-stricken London, and energetic measures were at once adopted to crush the terrible foe that had so suddenly and with such malignant force made its presence felt. Constables were stationed at Temple Bar, Clifford's Inn, Fetter Lane, Shoe Lane, and Cow Lane. At each of these five posts soldiers were on guard under the command of a 'good and careful officer and three gentlemen,' who had power to grant one shilling to such as had been diligent in putting out the flames all night. Five pounds in bread, cheese, and beer, were allowed to the men at each post. The trained bands were called out to protect the people's goods in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Gray's Inn Fields, Hatton Garden, and St. Giles's Fields, and a 'great officer' was told off to see that these orders were properly executed.[1] Instructions were sent to the magistrates for Middlesex to procure workmen and tools; the militia of Middlesex, Surrey, and Hertfordshire were called out, 'for prevention of unhappy consequences;' and the crisis was considered so dangerous that the presence of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who was in command of the fleet, was keenly desired by the agitated Londoners. 'If my Lord General,' writes Lord Arlington to Sir Thomas Clifford, who was then with the fleet, expecting to give battle to the Dutch,[2] 'could see the condition we are in, I am confident, and so is everybody else, he would think it more honour to be called to this occasion than to be stayed in the fleet, where it is possible he may not have an opportunity of fighting the enemy; but here it is certain he will have it in his hands to give the King his kingdom a

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, September 3, 1666.
[2] *Ibid.* September 4, 1666.

second time, and the world see therein the value the King makes of him.' Monk complied with the royal wishes, but the fire was extinguished before his return; in his capacity of Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex he however assisted in the subsequent precautions to restore order.

To aid the distressed and to open storehouses for the reception of goods, a proclamation was now issued, ordering that for the supply of the destitute bread was to be distributed gratuitously at the markets held in Bishopsgate Street, Tower Hill, Smithfield, and Leadenhall Street—the ordinary markets having been destroyed—and that all churches, chapels, schools, and public buildings were to be thrown open to receive the goods of those persons who did not know how to dispose of them.[1] No difficulty was experienced in obtaining volunteers to help in extinguishing the flames: the whole population was knit together by the closest of all ties, that of selfish fear. No one knew but that his own house might be the next victim, and the consequence was, that men of all ranks hastened to contribute their personal efforts to quench the fire. The King and his brother were most active during this anxious time. 'He and the Duke of York,' we are told,[2] 'frequently exposed their persons with few attendants, sometimes even intermixing with those who laboured in the business.'

But it was in the removal of his hardly-saved goods that the citizen was most perplexed. The villages around the City—Kingsland, Hackney, Highgate, Edgware, Finchley, and other suburbs—were thronged with rich and poor, guarding the different household goods they had managed to snatch from the avarice of the flames. It was the object of all who had been fortunate enough in saving any property to have it at once carried to a place of security; to effect this was, however, no easy task. Labour was in such demand, and vehicles of any description were so scarce, that 'four pounds a load to a carter, and ten shillings a day to a porter,' were deemed small wages.[3] From the numerous petitions presented to the King for relief, to be found among the State Papers, we can form some idea of the misery and distress which followed in the wake of this wholesale wrecking of property. The parish churches were destroyed, yet the poor were thrown upon the hands of the clergy, and cla-

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, September 5, 1666.
[2] *Ibid.* September 8, 1666. [3] *Ibid.* September 6, 1666.

moured for relief. The clothiers of Coventry were ruined, for 'their whole estate of cloth' had been stored in the City warehouses. Bookbinders, printers, and artificers of all descriptions had lost their entire stock-in-trade, and were left completely destitute. Ships heavily laden with goods in the docks and the river had been set on fire, and their captains, considering that they had a claim on the Government, petitioned the Council for help. Landlords whose houses had been gutted by the flames were beggared. Aldermen and merchants, whose cellars had been stocked with valuable produce, found themselves, within the short space of three days, deprived of the fruits of a lifetime of anxious and honest toil. On all sides we read of nothing but want, ruin, and prayer for relief. 'M. Leroy, jeweller, has had great losses on the fire, and wants to be paid for a diamond ring of the Countess of Castlemaine.' John Ogilby, bookseller, asks for a licence to import paper largely from France, to replace stock, destroyed after twenty years spent 'in setting forth several books in a more noble and heroic way than hath been heretofore done in England.' Nathaniel Hubert petitions for 'an order to the Admiralty Court to take him from Newgate prison, where he lies perishing, and send him to sea, to which he was condemned because in removing the goods of one Serskall during the fire, receiving no reward, he detained goods value 3*s.* 6*d.*, since restored.' One disinterested person, anxious to make a private claim conducive to public utility, sends in a 'Proposal to prevent mischief from aliens, who are suspected to have had a hand in burning the City, by a grant to the writer, on consideration of his sad condition after represented, of a patent whereby no foreigner would remain a night without full information whence he came, where he lodges, &c., and the same of subjects not at their own homes, so that robberies, murders, and other mischiefs may be prevented or discovered.'[1]

The only persons who derived benefit from the calamity were those who had nothing to lose. The beggars, the cutpurses, the predatory tramps, the nocturnal prowlers availed themselves to the full of the opportunities which the darkness and desolation around now offered them They pilfered such goods as they could conveniently carry away with them. They made raids upon the poor who were feebly endeavouring to protect the little they had saved from the flames.

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, September 1666.

Under cover of the smoke, they entered burning houses and seized upon any valuables that came within their reach. Nor did they scruple to stab and then rob those who crossed their path in the purlieus of Thames Street, and whose dress and appearance betokened them to be prizes worth securing. Though constables, the trained bands, and militiamen patrolled the streets, the ruin was so great and the confusion so bewildering that it became no difficult task for the robber and the assassin to escape undetected to his haunts and in safe possession of his booty. 'There are many people,' writes one James Hicks,[1] 'found murdered and carried into the vaults amongst the ruins, as three last night, as I hear, and it is supposed by hearty fellows that cry, "Do you want light?" and carry links; and that, when they catch a man single, whip into a vault with him, knock him down, strip him from top to toe, blow out their links, and leave the person for dead; and an apothecary's man in Southwark, coming into Fenchurch Street, being so served, and being left for dead, when these villains had done, struck fire with a tinder-box, which they took out of their pockets, lighted their links, and away, and by the glimpse of their lights, as the story goes, the man perceived a dead body lying by him in the said vault. When the murderers were gone, the young man made shift to get out, from whom this relation is spread, and a woman dead in the vault was found. For want of good watches, no person dare, after the close of the evening, pass the streets amongst the ruins.'

So terrible a disaster as the fire of London caused the wildest excitement in the provinces. It was a time of great ignorance and suspicion, and as the means of communicating the real state of the case were very limited and imperfect, the most strange reports got abroad. As the news travelled through the country, we can see the dismay it occasioned. From West Cowes, one John Lysle 'supposes the sad fire in London was chiefly caused by fanatics and strangers, and complains of the French and Dutch strangers who resort to the Isle of Wight. Guards should be kept at landing-places, some trusty person employed to search for and take the names of lodgers in houses, and no stranger allowed to come into the island without good testimonials, for fear of a similar accident. The number of 80,000 French, Dutch, and other strangers, said to be in London, may bring all to destruc-

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, December 12, 1666.

tion.' 'The doleful news of the firing of London,' writes one from Dover, 'makes the same thing feared here, as the Dutch fleet lie in sight taking in men before Boulogne.' At Walmer, 'the generation of fanatic vipers will report the fire as God's revenge for Englishmen's valour at Vlie.'[1] From Yarmouth, we hear that 'a French seaman is before the bailiffs for saying, when told of the fire of London, that it were good news if Yarmouth were on fire. He spoke those words in plain English, but on his examination will not own that he can speak a word of English. Most here judge the City was wilfully set on fire by the French and Dutch who lurk about it.' 'There is great fear in these parts,' writes Lord Carlisle from Naworth, 'the post not coming as usual, and there being a rumour of a great fire in London. I will set forward thither on Friday, unless ordered to remain. I have just heard that the City was set on fire by Anabaptists and other disaffected persons, and have ordered the trained bands to meet and continue in convenient places for the safety of the country.' At Chester, they were 'all in amazement at the heavy judgment fallen on London, which is concluded to be a total devastation and destruction of the metropolis.' At Hull, the 'doleful tidings' that the Dutch had set fire to London arrived; consequently 'the governor has had strong guard set, both by soldiers and townsmen, on the town and the ships in the harbour, causing the masters and their companies to lie aboard. He has secured suspected persons and will turn them out of town, and has committed to close custody all the Dutch prisoners that were out on bail.' 'On the news of the sad fire in London,' we learn from Norwich, 'the mayor ordered the bellman to cry about the city, to give innkeepers notice not to lodge strangers till he had examined them, nor to allow them to go out of the city without his order; also for inhabitants not to lodge strangers without knowing whence they come.' The country was evidently in a highly nervous condition, and every country town feared that it was about to share the fate of the metropolis.[2]

[1] After the defeat of the Dutch fleet, July 25 and 26, 1666, the English, absolute masters of the sea, rode in triumph along the coast, and insulted the Hollanders in their harbours. A squadron, under Sir Robert Holmes, entered the road of Vlie and burnt two men-of-war and a hundred and forty merchantmen, together with the large village of Brandaris: the whole damage was estimated at several millions sterling.

[2] *State Papers, Domestic*, September 5–13, 1666.

As soon as the flames had been got under, and all fears of a further outbreak removed, the first step of the Council was to institute an inquiry into the cause of the fire. Upon this point the nation was divided into three distinct sets: those who attributed the fire to the designs of the French, the Dutch, and the Papists; those who attributed it to the vengeance of an offended Deity at the open sin which was allowed to reign supreme in high places; and those who, like sensible persons, believed that the fire was entirely due to accident and to the combustible nature of the materials with which the houses were then built. The first section were, however, in a large majority. Wading through the vast correspondence of this period which has been preserved by the State, almost every letter which alludes to the subject lays the ruin of London at the door of the foreigner and the Papist. In the different towns in the kingdom the Catholics were keenly watched, whilst Frenchmen and Dutchmen were haled before the magistrates, and might consider themselves fortunate if they were not at once committed to gaol as suspicious characters. The wildest rumours were circulated, and in some places it was dangerous for a foreigner to show his face. Witness after witness came forward and swore to having seen Frenchmen and Dutchmen wandering about the country, throwing fire-balls into the open windows of houses. Numbers of innocent persons, but who had the misfortune to profess the creed of Rome, were seized on 'eminent suspicion,' and found to have on them 'several fire-balls as large as tennis balls.' In Warwickshire and Leicestershire suspicion seems to have been very much on the alert, owing to a curious form of theft. Sheep were stolen from the meadows; 'strange robberies have been committed, many sheep having been killed in the fields, and only their tallow taken away; this was thought to be intended for the making of fire-balls, and one malefactor was apprehended who said that he did it through poverty, and sold the tallow.'

The harshest conclusions were drawn from the flimsiest of premisses. To be a foreigner was to be an incendiary; to be a Papist was to be a plotter against English security; to be seen with a ball in the hand was to be the owner of a fire-ball. 'It is impossible,' writes one Ralph Hope from Coventry,[1] 'to persuade the people into any other belief than that the Papists have a design to rise and cut their throats,

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, September 15, 1666.

and they impute the late sad conflagration solely to their continuance and propagation, this has been insinuated by what has happened at Warwick. A boy gathering blackberries sees a man doing something in a ditch, who hastily puts something into a bag and goes away; the boy finds at the place a blackish brown ball, and carries it away before the Deputy-Lieutenants there met. There is no appearance of anything combustible in it, but all take it to be an unfinished fire-ball; the boy describes the man and takes his oath; the whole town takes the alarm; hue and cries are sent out everywhere to take the man, but in vain; the town is in a tumult all day, every man in arms, besides the militia horse keeping strict guard all night. Next day Sir H. Pickering, with his troop, dismisses the horse guard, and commands the townsmen home: they peremptorily refuse to obey, and after some high words, tell him, for aught they know, he had a design himself to betray the town. Sir Harry grows angry, and commands the troops to fire unless they disperse; the townsmen dare them to do it, cocking their loaded muskets, so that, had not the prudence of some prevented, much mischief had been done. The tempest calmed at last, and the townsmen by degrees dropped home. Though the Mayor of Warwick says it was a fire-ball, an ingenuous gentleman says it was no such thing. The Papists thereabouts are well armed, and have frequent and suspicious meetings. The trade of killing sheep and taking out the tallow only is still followed in several places thereabouts.'

The truth was, the country was in one of her most feminine moods. She had come to the conclusion that the fire was due to the Papists, incited by the Dutch and French, and nothing would convince her that her suspicions were strained and groundless. She declined to listen to evidence or to weigh arguments; it was as she had said, and there was an end of the matter. In vain the Government announced 'that, notwithstanding that many examinations have been taken with great care, by the Lords of the Council and His Majesty's Ministers, yet nothing hath been yet found to argue it to have been other than the hand of God upon us, a great wind and the season so very dry.'[1] The popular excitement refused to be satisfied. Rumours of Popish plots were rife throughout the kingdom. It was said that designing Catholics were hidden in country houses,

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, September 1666.

that they held secret meetings in the taverns of the villages, and that they bribed the watchmen to take no notice of their proceedings. A letter was intercepted from Paris exhorting the English Catholics to rise and fire the remainder of London. A chambermaid at the 'Unicorn' inn, at Banbury, was brought up before the justices of the peace, and said that certain foreigners had stayed at the inn, that she overheard them whispering, and one said, 'When we have done our mischief we will take our horses and ride out, because we should not be thought to have a hand in it; and afterwards will come in again and bemoan their condition, that they may conclude that we have no hand in it. Then they read a paper, and talked of what the rich devils would do when they saw fire about their ears, and said their charges would be borne, and that they would want no money when in London.' One unhappy Frenchman, Robert Hubert by name, confessed to having 'fired London,' and was executed at Tyburn, 'but denied the fact at the gallows, though before he had stood obstinately to it, and would hardly have been believed on account of his varying answers, but that he took his keeper to the place he had so long affirmed that he fired, and it was the very house where the flames first broke out.' There is little doubt but that this Frenchman was one of those persons, which seasons of great excitement invariably produce, who out of love for notoriety accuse themselves of offences of which they are perfectly innocent. The country was thoroughly alarmed, and informers everywhere readily appeared to give evidence. One charming youth, only ten years of age, an apothecary's errand-boy, accused his father and mother, John and Mary Taylor, of York Street, Covent Garden, of having helped to fire the city, and of having taken him down to Acton to burn a house in that village! Throughout the principal towns, guiltless persons suspected of having fire-balls in their possession were frequently arrested and confined in the city prison. It was scarcely possible for strangers to stand about in groups, or to join in earnest conversation, without being looked upon as Papists or plotters. Guests on arriving at an inn were searched, their names written down, and then severely cross-examined as to their future proceedings. England was more like a city in a state of siege than a free country.[1]

To calm this agitation, the rigours of intolerance were

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, October—December, 1666.

freely invoked. For those outside the pale of the Church of England there was no security. It was impossible for one who was an Anglican to treat with an enemy or to plot for the overthrow of the city: but with a Papist, a Quaker, a Dissenter, every treachery and diabolical undertaking were within the compass of his creed. All priests and Jesuits, at the express wish of the House of Commons, were expelled the country. The laws against Roman Catholics were rigidly enforced. A vote was passed that members of the House of Commons were to receive the Sacrament according to the Church of England, on penalty of imprisonment. All who refused to take the oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance were to be disarmed. Quakers and other Nonconformists were sent to prison, and their numerous petitions for release constitute no small portion of the State Papers of this period. In Holland it was said that the Court had set fire to London, whilst in Padua an account of the conflagration was circulated in Italian, the most remarkable portion of which is that 'at Moorfields the King, the Duke of York, and nobles, came to see Charles the First avenged, but, moved with compassion, stimulated the people to exertion by working themselves.'[1]

London, east of the Temple, being one mass of ruins, the first matter to be attended to, now that the flames had been got under and the national fears and prejudices fully avenged by the imprisonment of foreigners, Papists, and Dissenters, was the rebuilding of the city. Accordingly His Majesty issued a declaration 'To his City of London, upon occasion of the late calamity by the lamentable fire.' No man's loss in the late fire, said Charles, was comparable to his; yet he hoped to live to see a much more beautiful city than the one that had been consumed, one well provided against accidents by fire. There must, therefore, he directed, be no hasty rebuilding. Should any persons, on pretence that the ground was their own, erect 'unskilful' houses, the Lord Mayor was authorised to give orders to have the same pulled down. Brick having been found to resist and even extinguish fire, all houses were for the future to be built of brick and stone, with strongly-arched cellars in the basement. The principal streets were to be broad and open, and no alleys allowed unless absolutely necessary. No houses were to be erected within some few feet of the river, and those built were to be 'fair structures for ornament.'

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, October 22, 1666.

Brewers, dyers, sugar-bakers, and others whose trades were carried on by smoke, were to dwell together in some quarter to be specially assigned to them. (Thus, even in the seventeenth century, the desirableness of a fair river frontage and the nuisance of smoke were at least recognised: we certainly have taken our time in acting upon these sensible ideas.) A survey was to be made of the whole ground, and each person was to have his land secured him by Act of Parliament. With regard to the rebuilding of the churches, they were to be recommended to the charity of well-disposed persons. His Majesty then concluded by promising that 'those who shall erect any buildings acccording to this declaration' shall have the hearth-money duties remitted for seven years.[1] The following year the Rebuilding Act (19 Chas. II. c. 3) was passed.

The loss occasioned by the Great Fire of London was estimated at 13,000 houses, 89 churches, including St. Paul's Cathedral, and property to the amount of nearly ten millions sterling.

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, September 13, 1666.

A NATIONAL SCARE.

Going out of church immediately after sermon, some people of St. James' parish passed by and told me the enemy had entered the town.
HARTE.

A FEW years after Charles II. had been restored to the throne of his ancestors, a war, disgraceful in its origin, and doubly disgraceful by the marked incapacity with which it was conducted, was forced upon the United Provinces.

The prosperity of the Dutch, their commercial rivalry with the English, and their superiority in every department of trade, were viewed with extreme jealousy by our merchants. It was hoped that the commercial predominance we could not obtain by superior industry and ability might be attained by superior strength. Charles, who thought he saw a prospect of filling his rapidly emptying treasury, and who hoped, by defeating De Witt, the Grand Pensionary, to reinstate the young Prince of Orange on the throne, and thus bring the States to a dependence upon England, had no objection to the war. His brother, the Duke of York, who hated the Dutch because they opposed a new African company of which he was the head, and who wished for an opportunity of gaining distinction, cordially sided with the war party, and did all in his power to rouse the languid Charles to action. Parliament, acted upon by the avidity of the mercantile classes, voted for hostilities, and were generous in furnishing supplies. Satisfaction was demanded from the Dutch for imaginary grievances; redress was refused, and war declared.

On the victories of the English navy—for, in the earlier engagements, fortune was auspicious to the fleet of Charles—France, who had no desire to see England's dominion over the seas supreme, united, in spite of all entreaties from Whitehall, with the States-General. A third enemy now appeared upon the scene. Denmark, with a double-dealing which

plainly indicated her contempt for Charles and his Government, quickly followed the example of the policy of Versailles, and proved a most irritating thorn in our side. Thus alone, England had to bear the brunt of the storm her guilty greed had raised. It is true that at first in this unequal contest she managed to inflict severe injuries upon the enemy, but Charles was soon made painfully aware that the ends for which the war had been undertaken were likely to prove entirely abortive. The Dutch, though defeated in the different engagements that ensued, were not disheartened; they were actively making preparations to recommence hostilities; their credit stood high, and money was never lacking to support their operations. Whilst England, on the other hand, was soured and impoverished, her towns and villages had been laid low by the terrible plague, her capital had but recently been the sport of the flames, and now to her dismay she saw the whole coast-line of Europe, from the North Cape to the Pyrenees, arrayed against her in arms. Charles was not the man to extricate himself from a false position by a resolute, if even an unjust, policy. He hated anything that interfered with the voluptuous ease by which he was surrounded, and this Dutch war made calls upon his purse and time which both annoyed and embarrassed him. He threw out hints which were carried to the Hague that he was not indisposed to compromise matters; from lording it as the bully he now pleaded as the suppliant. The proud country, but a few years before the terror of Europe, began to repent her of her rashness and to sue for peace. Negotiations with regard to the termination of hostilities were entered into at Breda, and the proposals of Charles were discussed by the assembled French, Danish, Dutch, and English plenipotentiaries.

Meanwhile De Witt had no intention of calmly abandoning the advantages fortune had been gracious enough to place in his hands. He thought he saw an opportunity of striking a blow which, whilst restoring to the Dutch the honour lost during the war, would at the same time obtain full compensation for those injuries which the wanton ambition and injustice of the English had inflicted. He declined to agree to a suspension of arms during the conduct of the negotiations at Breda, but, on the contrary, with a promptness all the more active since it was stimulated by the prospects of revenge, he hastened all naval preparations,

and was soon in a position to carry out the scheme he meditated. Thanks to republicans like Algernon Sydney, who had taken up their abode at the Hague, and who were among the bitterest foes of the policy of the English Council, the Grand Pensionary knew that his enemy—with her captains incompetent, her sailors unpaid and half starved, and her navy greatly reduced in strength—was incapable of effecting any formidable resistance, and that he had only to strike rapidly and decisively to establish himself as complete master of the situation. He resolved upon teaching England a lesson such as she should not easily forget, and to give her a fright such as she had not experienced since the days when the 'Armada' was sighted off the Lizard. Accordingly orders were issued to De Ruyter, the dreaded Dutch admiral, for his fleet, then riding at anchor in the Zuyder Zee, to bear up towards the east coast of England, and to blockade the Thames. At midday, June 1, 1667, his ships quitted their moorings, and once again in our history a hostile squadron was to stand out to sea to menace our shores.

These preparations created no little consternation in the minds of the Council at Whitehall. Charles, anxious to save all the money he could for his own pleasures, and feeling assured that the negotiations at Breda would be satisfactorily settled, had taken the first opportunity, when peace was proposed, of cutting down his naval expenses. He had written to the Duke of York, as Lord Admiral, not to keep in pay such third-rate ships as had been ordered to be maintained, to discharge all men-of-war which required considerable repairs, and to lay them up in Portsmouth, and to retain 'only a squadron of small ships to distract the enemy and disturb their trade.' At the same time Sir William Coventry, a Commissioner of Admiralty, was instructed to request the Navy Commissioners to reduce the crews of the fire-ships then stationed at Portsmouth, Dover, Harwich, and Chatham, and to leave them 'only a sufficient number to do service, or at the most so many as may suffice to weigh their anchors.'[1] The same absurd policy of disbandment and reduction before peace was definitely assured, was also adopted in our military establishments. The garrisons which guarded our ports were ill supplied with ammunition, the forts along the coast were unprotected, and

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, edited by Mrs. Green, May 24 and 29, 1667.

volunteers for active service discouraged. 'The Dutch are known to be abroad,' moans chatty Sam Pepys, 'with eighty sail of ships of war and twenty fire-ships, and the French come into the Channel with twenty sail of men-of-war and five fire-ships, while we have not a ship at sea to do them any hurt with, but are calling in all we can, while our ambassadors are treating at Breda, and the Dutch look upon them as come to beg peace, and use them accordingly.'

When, however—thanks to the escape of French prisoners from Rochelle, and to the return of fishing smacks—it began to be definitely ascertained that the country was threatened by a Dutch invasion, less insane measures were put into operation. Every one was struck with anger and terror; trade was at a standstill, and outward-bound merchantmen hastened back to the nearest English port for shelter. The Council roused itself to action. Lord Arlington sent despatches to the Lords-Lieutenant of the eastern and southern maritime counties, requesting them to give orders to the militia of their respective shires to 'be in such a readiness that upon the shortest warning they may assemble and be in arms for the defence of the coast, in case of any attempt or appearance of the enemy's fleet; taking care in the meantime that the several beacons upon and near the coast be duly watched by the respective hundreds in which they are, for the preventing any surprise or sudden descent of the enemy.' They were also to present an imposing, even if hollow, front to the foe. 'His Majesty,' continues Arlington, 'commands me particularly to mind you that, in all places where you shall be obliged to make head or appear to the enemy, you make the greatest show you can in numbers, and more especially of horse, even though it be of such as are otherwise wholly unfit and improper for nearer service, horse being the force that will most discourage the enemy from landing for any such attempt.' Fire-ships were hastily collected and fitted with ingredients from the Tower; whilst competent men were to be pressed into the service without the authorities staying for warrants or orders. 'The time will not permit the observation of these forms; pray use all possible despatch,' writes Sir W. Coventry, who a few days ago was suggesting reduction.

Along the coast the militia were rapidly getting under arms, and the Deputy-Lieutenants of Kent, acting in conjunction with the governors of the different forts, were arranging the

best measures for defence. The Lord-Lieutenant of Essex was ordered to send to Lee such of the troops as were not already despatched to Harwich. Half the militia of Hertfordshire were ordered to Barnet. Half the militia of Surrey were marched to Southwark and Lambeth, whilst the other half were commanded to hold themselves in readiness at the shortest notice. The men of Wiltshire and Berkshire were sent to protect the Isle of Wight, those of Dorsetshire to Portland and Weymouth, whilst a detachment from Hampshire was told off to Portsmouth. At Harwich the young Duke of Monmouth, with a large body of the aristocracy and the country gentry, was on guard, awaiting the arrival of the Dutch. The fortifications along the coast were under the special inspection of the Duke of York. Sir Edward Spragg, nicknamed the 'Irish Papist' by the people who hated him on account of his religion, protected the Medway. At Gillingham a strong chain was thrown across the river, and beyond it lay the King's ships. To complete the measures adopted for the safety of the country, orders were issued that no accounts should be printed of the whereabouts of the men-of-war, nor any news circulated except under directions from Government, 'such a course being dangerous when the enemy are masters of the seas.' [1]

Undeterred by these preparations, the squadron of De Ruyter bore up towards the coast of Kent, and the thunder of his guns could be plainly heard at Harwich and Dover, bombarding some helpless village or maritime hamlet. The following account of the proceedings of the Dutch 'in the river of London, and in the haven of Chatham, and the Isle of Sheppey,' is from a curious journal printed at Amsterdam, a copy of which is now amongst the State Papers.[2]

'The Dutch fleet,' it begins, 'set sail June 1, 1667, under command of Lieut.-Admiral de Ruyter. On the 4th a heavy storm arose from the south-south-west, by which some ships were forced to cut their anchors; but on the 7th they again came safely to anchor before the river of London. On this the Admiral put out a signal for all the

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, June 4–10, 1667.

[2] *Ibid.* June 13, 1667. 'Description of the attack made by the Dutch fleet on the English ships in the Thames at Chatham and the Isle of Sheppey, and of all their proceedings from June 1–13, with a plan of the Thames and an engraving of the engagement.'

principal officers to come on board and hold a council of war, how they might best sail up the river of London, with some of the lightest ships, to see whether they could there take some of the King's ships. Thereupon on the 9th seventeen ships of war, four advice boats, and four fire-ships sailed up the river Thames, under command of Lieut.-Admiral Van Ghent, with whom went De Witt as deputy of their High Mightinesses the States-General, in the ship "Agatha." The same evening they arrived between Queensborough and Gravesend, but there being nothing to be done there, on the 10th they came back to Queensborough, where De Ruyter had some ships to support them.

'Having returned to the river of Rochester, conquering the Island of Sheppey and Queensborough, a stronghold lying thereon, they thought good to attack the fort of Sheerness, which the English were beginning to make, a little while before, for the defence of the passage to Rochester and Chatham. Our cannons so stormed the place that the enemy left it, before Colonel Dolman, who had been sent for by some messengers, had arrived.[1] Our people found there an entire royal magazine, with heavy anchors and cables, and hundreds of masts. Our people took on board the ships as many of the cables, masts, and round woods as they could, and they also acquired fifteen heavy pieces, shooting balls of 18 lbs.; the rest was destroyed or rendered useless, and the magazine burnt. The damage done to the English at this island was estimated at more than four tons of gold. It is a beautiful and fruitful island. Every one was strictly forbidden, on pain of heavy punishment, to injure the inhabitants in life or goods.'

Sheerness in the hands of the Dutch, De Ruyter pursued his victorious progress by sailing up the Medway to bombard Chatham, and to attack the King's ships riding at anchor, to guard the invulnerable chain that had been thrown across the river.

'On the 12th,' continues the Dutch journal, 'the wind being east-north-east, the Hollanders sailed before the tide

[1] 'June 11.—This morning Pett (ship-builder to the Admiralty) writes us word that Sheerness is lost last night after two or three hours' dispute. The enemy hath possessed himself of that place; which is very sad, and puts us in great fears of Chatham.'—*Pepys' Diary.*

'Sheerness Fort was not in posture of defence, for the which Sir R. Snragg is much blamed.' To Lord Conway.—*State Papers, Domestic*, June 15, 1667.

about four miles up the river of Chatham, under command of Thomas Tobias. There they made a severe attack. Before their coming the English had sunk there seven fire-ships, and enclosed the river with a thick and heavy iron chain running on pulleys, which turned on wheels. Six of their ships, distributed in good order, lay before the chain; at the one end lay four, and at the other end two stout frigates, which crossed the water.'

And now humiliation was to be in store for the English. 'With more than mortal boldness,' the journal goes on to record, 'the Dutch made an attack against all these dangers. Captain Brakel offered himself, and attacking with his frigate an English frigate called the "Jonathan" of forty guns, took it and burnt another English frigate by means of a fire-ship; then the other four ships were left by their comrades, the crews in confusion sprang overboard, and our people took the ship "Royal Charles," fitted to bear one hundred pieces of cannon, and with thirty-two guns on board: it was formerly commanded by the English Admiral Monk. Nothing more costly has been made in England, and it must have cost almost 100,000 dollars in the gilding alone. They also took the "Charles the Fifth," which with two others of the largest ships, the "Matthias" and "Castle of Honingen," are burnt. The chain was burnt into pieces, and all within it destroyed and annihilated: so that the English lost the Admirals of the red and white flag, besides others of their largest ships, as the "Royal Charles," the "Royal Oak," the "Loyal London," the "Royal James," which they had sunk, the "Matthias," the "Charles the Fifth," the "Castle of Honingen," and two stout frigates, the one named the "Jonathan;" besides two other large ships and a good number of fire-ships, which they had sunk to stop the passage. On land our people did not do much, for all was in commotion, and the English with 12,000 men came against them in arms: so the Dutch abandoned the places which they had taken, and came again with their ships into the river Thames. Vice-Admiral Van Ghent was personally present throughout, and with other brave heroes of our fatherland manfully forwarded this great work. God keep them henceforth and give them yet more success in their actions, that beloved peace may again descend from heaven upon us, and pride be put down.'

The merchants' ships they will burn ; oh tell
How first he should guard his own shores well !
For rumour reports, all the country over,
That the wolf was burned in his own cover.

This version of England's defeat, though written by the enemy, is substantially true, and amply borne out by the rest of the correspondence before us.[1] Letter after letter was despatched from Chatham to Whitehall, and all told the same sad tale : the Dutch had forced the chain at Chatham, had with little opposition burned several of the finest ships in the English navy, and had carried off the 'Royal Charles,' the pride of the fleet, as a trophy to Holland. Yet the victory of the Dutch is not such a matter of surprise, when we learn how ill supplied the English were with the means of resistance. 'You may wonder,' writes Captain Neville to his brother at Rome,[2] 'our block-houses did so little service against the Dutch ; but their Captains, being questioned, are come off well, having made it appear that they have long since made their defects known to the Council. Some wanted guns, some platforms to mount them upon, and carriages, others bullets, others had bullets too big for their guns. The answer from the Council was, they needed not to trouble themselves, for the peace being as good as concluded, they would not order any more money to be issued.' The honour and fame of his kingdom were trifles utterly beneath the notice of the idle and voluptuous Charles. 'Sir H. Cholmly,' writes Pepys, 'came to me this day and tells me the Court is as mad as ever, and that the night the Dutch burned our ships the King did sup with my Lady Castlemaine, at the Duchess of Monmouth's, and they were all mad in hunting of a poor moth.'

The country, however, did not regard this national disgrace with the indifference of the Court. Apart from the shame which ignoble defeat must ever occasion in the patriotic and the high-minded, Englishmen, impoverished and defenceless, knew not to what bitter ends the Dutch might yet press the victory they had gained. 'Was England,' men asked, 'which had wrecked the Armada, only to have escaped the Spaniard to become the victim of the hated Dutchman?' The greatest excitement prevailed, and the

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* See Letters to Lord Conway and Sir J. Williamson, June 14 and 15, 1667.
[2] *Ibid.* June 20, 1667.

temper of the people was in one of its ugliest moods. 'The members of the Council,' Pepys tells us, 'were ready to fall together by the ears at the Council table, arraigned one another of being guilty of the counsel that brought us into this misery by laying up all the great ships.' Clarendon, the Lord Chancellor, who had advised the sale of Dunkirk, the fortifying of useless Tangiers, and the marriage with the sterile Catherine of Portugal, had his windows broken and his trees cut down; a gibbet was painted upon his gate, 'and these three words writ, "Three sights to be seen, Dunkirk, Tangier, and a barren Queene."' The sailors, whose pay was in arrears, and who heard of their King lavishing vast sums upon the ladies of his harem, threatened to desert to the Dutch, whilst their wives walked up the streets crying out in front of the offices of the Navy Commissioners, 'This comes of your not paying our husbands, and now your work is undone or done by hands that understand it not!'

In the City men knew not which way to turn, so paralysed were they by fear and confusion. 'The merchants are undone,' writes one John Rushworth.[1] 'Our great bankers of money have shut up their shops. People are ready to tear their hair off their heads. Great importunity hath been used at Whitehall for a Parliament, and more particularly by Sir George Saville, but nothing will prevail; there is one great gownman against it, and all the bishops and Papists, and all those who have conjured and cheated the King. News came this day to the King, that the French are come from Brest and appear before the Isle of Wight; some at Court give out that they are friends and not enemies. We expect the Dutch as far as Woolwich. People are fled from Greenwich and Blackwall with their families and children. We are betrayed, let it light where it will.' The agent of Lord Conway takes the same desponding view of matters, and thus writes to his master:[2] 'Upon the first attempt of the Dutch at Chatham,' he says, dating his letter from London, 'here was such an astonishment upon men's hearts, that every one went to his goldsmith to recall his moneys, but they were all sent back empty-handed, and the King was forced to set forth a declaration to save the said

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* See Letters to Lord Conway and Sir J. Williamson, June 15, 1667.

[2] *Ibid.* June 29, 1667.

goldsmiths from being so much persecuted as they were. Since that, people's hearts are a little better settled, though we still lie under the same prejudice of uncertainty as before. As to matter of peace from Breda, 'tis written that the common people in Holland are so satisfied since the late loss and disgrace, never to be forgotten by us, that they talk no more of peace, but on such high terms as I hope we are not yet so low as to submit unto them, though I confess we are lower already than I did ever fear to see poor England, and in such a strait as we know not scarce how to help ourselves. . . . Never was England brought to such an extremity, never so benumbed with such a lethargy, that, seeing our enemies so watchful, so providing, and at last so provided, we still were so resolvedly blind as not to endeavour the prevention of those miseries which almost every eye could have easily foreseen; but the observation of the old heathen takes place: *Quos Jupiter vult perdere prius dementat.* However, after all this complaint I will yet hope that God will have mercy upon us, and that we may once more be in capacity to defend ourselves and to terrify our enemies.'

As is always the case when disaster overtakes either a nation or an individual, rumour exaggerated the evil. It began to be reported that not only had the Dutch burnt Chatham, but that they had also burnt Queensborough, Gravesend, Harwich, Colchester, and Dover; that the French were massing their forces at Dunkirk for the invasion of England; that there were traitors not only in the Council, but amongst the troops drawn up to defend our shores; and that the King, disgusted and intimidated, had fled from his throne and gone no one knew whither.[1] The contents of the State Papers of this time reveal to us the agitation that prevailed in the provinces. 'When we heard,' writes one Watts from Deal to Sir J. Williamson,[2] 'the Dutch were gone up the river, and some of our best ships fired by them, and the "Royal Charles" in their possession, and little or no opposition, the common people and almost all others ran mad, some crying out we were sold, others that there were traitors in the Council; then the loss of Dunkirk, the dividing of the fleet, the disbanding of the army, the non-payment of the seamen, and permitting so many merchant ships to go out of the land,

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* See Letters to Lord Conway and Sir J. Williamson, June 13, 14, and 17, 1667.

[2] *Ibid.* June 15 and 18, 1667.

and several other things were called in question. . . . None abuse their judgment so much as to blaspheme his most Sacred Majesty, but desperate outcries against some great persons whom they commonly name. I have several times been in great danger, desiring them out of their passion. Most eminent people of this place have sent their goods to Sandwich or Canterbury.' As at Deal, so at Hull. 'We are here much terrified,' writes Charles Wittington,[1] 'at the unexpected news of the Dutch firing four of our great ships and taking one, and ten more being in great danger; and some do not stick to say, things were better ordered in Cromwell's time, for then seamen had all their pay, and were not permitted to swear, but were clapped in the bilboes; and if the officers did, they were turned out, and then God gave them a blessing to them; but now, all men are for making themselves great, and few mind the King and the nation's interest, but mind plays and women, and fling away much money that would serve to pay the seamen. This is the seamen's discourse.'

One Bentham thus makes moan from Lowick: 'Lord! that it was possible that after the first tidings of the Dutch fleet coming out upon some desperate design, no platforms were raised, nor sufficient cannon mounted, nor soldiers sent to make a considerable defence! How strangely were all our councillors lulled into a dead sleep of security, that nothing less than so mortal a blow and irreparable a loss could awaken them! Must we be the first that are registered to posterity for casting or giving away our principal arms, both of offence and defence, while we treat with a numerous, malicious, armed, and active enemy?'[2] From Lowestoft and Aldborough, people were hastily removing their goods into the interior. At Yarmouth the sailors were much enraged, and 'every one talks at a strange rate,' whilst the drums were beating for volunteers to enlist under Lord Townshend. At Lynn, 'the news of the burning of our ships by the Hollanders causes strange discourse.' At Hull, the people 'were afflicted but not daunted, and care was taken to suppress intestine enemies and repulse invaders.' At Whitby, all were much perplexed that the Dutch vapour so publicly in the Thames.' At Newcastle, 'people were at

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, June 16, 1667.

[2] *Ibid.* See Letters to Lord Conway and Sir J. Williamson, June 16, 1667.

their wits' end,' and gave up the place as lost. Chester, the head-quarters of the Nonconformists, 'was much perplexed. Some said we were asleep, or should have fortified ourselves, knowing the enemy near. All concluded that there was treachery in the business, and hoped the contrivers would receive the reward due to those who betray King and country.' At Minehead, 'the loss of the shipping in the harbour was resented as the greatest dishonour that ever the King and kingdom lay under, especially when discourses and preparations were but of peace.' At Plymouth, 'the news of the Dutch fleet lying in the Thames makes many look sadly.' Throughout the correspondence, anger, astonishment, fear, patriotism, and a longing for revenge are uppermost in the different writers' breasts. Bristol,[1] owing to the number of disaffected persons it harboured, appears to have been the only port which showed itself favourable to the enemy.

Fortunately for England, De Ruyter failed to take advantage of the victory he had gained and the panic he had created. The forts of Gravesend, Tilbury, and the Tower, ill-supplied with ammunition and out of repair, alone stood between him and London. Had he issued orders for his ships to sail up the river, nothing could have prevented the capital from falling into his hands. These instructions, happily for us—whether he feared the vessels sunk off Blackwall to hinder his progress, or whether he objected to trusting his fleet within a narrow channel, or whether he rated too highly the enthusiasm of the militia drawn up to defend the coast, or whatever was the reason—De Ruyter failed to give. Taking advantage of the ebb, he dropped down to the buoy of the Nore, much to the surprise and relief of the inhabitants of the metropolis.[2]

This unexpected retreat of the Dutch restored the nation to its senses, and plans of defence were discussed on all sides, so as to prevent the humiliation of the past from being repeated. At such a crisis the impoverished state of the exchequer became bitterly felt, and crushed all energy and activity at their very outset. Nothing could be done for want of ready money. The men in the dockyards were so mutinous at their wages not being forthcoming, that at Chatham the Duke of Albemarle could only persuade three

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* See Letters to Lord Conway and Sir J. Williamson, June 16, 1667.

[2] *Ibid.* June 16, 1667.

workmen out of a body of eleven hundred to do any business.[1] Ships that ought to have been put at once in commission were lying still untouched in dock, because the Navy Commissioners had no funds for the necessary repairs and fittings. Unpaid sailors went loafing about the quays or singing in companies up and down the streets, vowing they would desert to France or to Holland unless they had their due. Merchants and contractors declined to supply any more goods to the Government unless their past accounts were settled. It was evident to the Council that the first step was to raise supplies, as without money all talk of defensive measures was but waste of time. The loyalty of the people of all grades was therefore appealed to. A circular was drawn up, nominally by the King, asking for help. The Lord Chancellor was instructed to make its contents known to the legal profession; the Lords-Lieutenant were to be the channels of communication with the aristocracy and the landed gentry; whilst the Archbishop of Canterbury was to appeal to the clergy,[2] 'because,' said the pious Charles, 'you are to deal with a sort of persons endued with discretion and ingenuity, who cannot forget what tenderness we have for them, what care to protect and support them, and how much their interest and welfare is involved in ours.' In this begging letter all loyal subjects were enjoined, 'owing to the insolent spirit of our enemies,' to make a voluntary liberal advance of what sums of money they can afford by way of loan towards the supply of our present and pressing occasions in this time of public danger;' nor did his Majesty doubt 'but that your endeavours, which we assure ourself you will engage to the utmost, will meet with so much loyalty and prudence in them as easily to produce what we reasonably expect, a speedy and cheerful compliance with our necessities in this so important a juncture of affairs.'[3]

When the squire and poor vicar were appealed to, it was not probable that so wealthy a corporation as that of the East India Company would escape. Accordingly, a circular was addressed to the directors, applying to them 'for a present loan of 20,000*l.* for the use of our navy;' and 'such is the importance of this conjuncture, that we cannot think you will wonder if we be more than ordinary pressing in

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, June 14, 1667.
[2] *Ibid.* Entry Book, 26, p. 11. [3] *Ibid.* June 21, 1667.

this desire, in which you will do us a very seasonable service; and we assure you it shall, upon occasion, be readily remembered to the advantage of your Company, in any its concerns wherein you shall have need of our royal favour and protection.'[1] Yet, in spite of the urgency with which he pressed these appeals for pecuniary aid, the King declined to set an example of economy. His Court was as extravagant and luxurious as ever. Though he demanded contributions for the maintenance of his navy and for the defence of his kingdom against the enemy, he had always the means at hand to reward a favourite or to enrich a mistress. Surrounded by a terrible distress, with provisions scarce, and coal at five pounds a chaldron, the establishment of the Court was a byword for waste and iniquitous profusion. 'God forgive us all!' sighs Pepys. 'It was computed that the Parliament had given the King for this war only, besides all prizes, and besides the 200,000*l.* which he was to spend of his own revenue, to guard the sea, above 5,000,000*l.* and odd 100,000*l.*, which is a most prodigious sum. It is strange how everybody do nowadays reflect upon Oliver and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbour princes fear him; while here a prince, come in with all the love and prayers and good liking of his people, who have given greater signs of loyalty and willingness to serve him with their estates than ever was done by any people, hath lost all so soon, that it is a miracle what way a man could devise to lose so much in so little time.'

Still, in spite of the worthless sovereign then on the throne, the loyalty of the nation declined to be appealed to in vain. The Ordnance Commissioners, who had previously lent 40,000*l.*, added to the loan another 20,000*l.* The London citizens offered 10,000*l.* to be spent entirely on fortifying Gravesend, Tilbury, Woolwich, Sheerness, and other places on the Thames; and Prince Rupert, assisted by Lord Craven, was ordered to superintend the proceedings. Instructions were given to fill the magazines at Greenwich and Blackwall with ammunition. Vessels heavily laden with stones were sunk off Woolwich and Blackwall, whilst between Woolwich and London Bridge were stationed '70 bilanders, 70 or 80 smacks, and 337 other ships, some great,

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, July 5, 1667.

some less,' for the protection of the river.[1] It appears that the owners of these vessels strongly objected to their shipping being pressed into the King's service without compensation, and demanded a month's pay in advance. They were, however, politely informed by Sir Wm. Coventry that 'the King hath taken other men's ships and sunk them, and may take theirs also in this case, as justly as the others. The intention at present is only to use them to protect the river Thames; if they be used further, there will be opportunity of timely notice of it, and the owners in that case will have all reasonable satisfaction.'[2] Besides, added Sir William, the proprietors of these vessels should remember that their ships were taken up for the defence and security of their own interest as well as that of others in the river. With this consolation the murmuring owners had to content themselves.

During the last few days a westerly breeze sprang up, and a heavy fog hung like a shroud over the mouth of the Thames. The watchers consequently failed to detect the position of the enemy, but it was rumoured that the Dutch flats were hovering about the east coast, awaiting a favourable opportunity to effect a landing. Consequently, great excitement prevailed at the ports in the neighbourhood of De Ruyter's vessel. At Harwich, several troops of horse and companies of militia held themselves in readiness for action, whilst colliers disguised as men-of-war, with jack, ensign, and pendant, were laid across the arm of the sea from Landguard Fort to the side beacon, with holes cut in their sterns, ready to be sunk in case of the enemy's approach. At Ipswich, vessels were anchored in front of the harbour, prepared to be sent to the bottom at the first intimation of a Dutch invasion. Yarmouth was ready for any emergency. 'We have here,' writes Sir William Doyley to Sir Peter Gleane,[3] '2,000 foot and five troops of good horse; if the enemy land, we resolve to sally with 1,000 foot and four troops, to try their metal upon the Downs. If they attack us by boats, we are prepared to make our defence to the utmost. A good ship is ready at the boom to be sunk, if there be occasion; two more are ready to be sunk at the pier head. Our guns are fixed, our hearts are up, and I am confident there's many of the officers and soldiers wish the

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, June 13–18, 1667.
[2] *Ibid.* June 19, 1667.
[3] *Ibid.* June 22, 1667.

Dutch were in the road. In my whole life I never saw so much ready resolution in men as I find here.' As the fog lifted, it was seen that the enemy had not sailed northwards; for the present, the object of the Dutch was to prevent the English fleet from holding communication with London; hence, when the wind was easterly, they anchored in the Thames, knowing that ships could not well come from north and south, but when the wind changed to the west they lay-to between Harwich and the North Foreland.

After a fortnight's inactivity, it became evident that the Dutch were meditating vigorous measures. Part of the fleet stood out to sea, and sailed northward, to intercept the fleet of Sir Jeremy Smith, then on the north-eastern coast; the remainder, after hovering off Harwich, by a clever manœuvre cast anchor close to Landguard Fort, 'a way our great ships never used to venture.' In the uncertain light of a summer night, and under cover of their guns, the Dutch landed over 2,000 men, with a strong body of pikes. Lord Suffolk at once marched down to meet the foe, and a severe engagement ensued. Meanwhile a party of some three or four hundred Dutch ran along the beach, and attempted to scale Landguard Fort. They came briskly up with their cutlasses drawn, crying deridingly, in allusion to the negotiations at Breda, 'Peace! peace!' They were, however, met with a severe fire, and, though for well-nigh an hour they repeated assault after assault, were continually repulsed. At last, discouraged and demoralised, they ran away, 'leaving some of their ladders, their hand-grenades, and a case of very handsome pistols; and as the ships saw them within the fort in the Salt Roads they bestowed upon them a bullet welcome.' Nor was the force opposed to the Earl of Suffolk more successful. From eleven o'clock at night to two in the morning the English and the Dutch were hotly engaged one with the other, neither side gaining any pronounced victory, until, the dawn breaking, and the tide floating their boats, the enemy thought it prudent to beat a retreat, and run off to their ships. The loss of the English was trifling, but that of the Dutch severe.[1]

Thus repulsed, the enemy turned their bows towards Aldborough Bay: here nine ships cast anchor, whilst the remainder sailed southwards. And now, during the rest

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, July 2–4, 1667.

of the month of July, we hear of the Dutch fleet appearing at various places, causing the greatest alarm to the inhabitants, yet seldom acting upon the aggressive. For a time they sailed about the Sledway and Bardsey sands, being, we are told, 'quiet neighbours, though still having an aching tooth against Harwich.' Then they appeared off Plymouth, where De Ruyter attempted to land and steal some sheep, but was compelled to retire, as the coasts were well guarded. After this they anchored in Bigbury Bay, forcing all the militia in Cornwall and Devonshire to rise in arms to defend the coast. Then steering eastwards, they burnt two small vessels at Torquay, and passed the Isle of Wight, 'when the people took alarm.' Once more they took up their old moorings at the mouth of the Thames, where an engagement ensued between the Dutch under De Ruyter and the English under Sir Edward Spragg and Lord Craven, in which the former were worsted. The English commanders were accused of not having made the most of their opportunity in pursuing the enemy, but vindicated their inactivity by attributing all the blame to the high winds that were then blowing dead in their teeth. 'Else, had the weather been favourable, they would have destroyed the whole of the Dutch squadron.'

This affair was the end of hostilities. On August 24, 1667, the peace with Holland, France, and Denmark was proclaimed. It was received throughout the country with great rejoicings. The national delight is plainly evinced by the bulletins, among the State Papers, from the different ports in the kingdom, when it became definitely known that the treaty of Breda had been signed. At Weymouth, 'the peace as it were raised the dead to life, and made them rich in thought, though their purses are empty, for the town is exceedingly poor.' At Lynn 'the bells have hardly lain still since the news of peace.' At Deal the peace was solemnly proclaimed 'with arms and trumpets, and a procession of magistrates and soldiers,' amid the cheers of the mob and the thunder from the guns of Walmer and Sandown. News of similar rejoicings were despatched to London from Newcastle, Yarmouth, Margate, Dover, and the chief ports in the Channel. It was hoped, at last, that peace would usher in a reign of prosperity, and the Parliament that was about to be assembled redress the grievances of the past.

We know who was made the scapegoat for the late mis-

deeds. The Lord Chancellor Clarendon was then the best hated man in the kingdom. To his counsel were attributed the sale of Dunkirk, the stoppage of the seamen's wages, the disgrace at Chatham, and the unsuccessful conclusion of the war. He was offered up as a sacrifice to appease the people, and commanded to resign the seals. His dismissal, however, failed to satisfy the national hate. On the meeting of Parliament he was impeached, and sentence of banishment passed upon him. Among the State Papers of this period there is the following vituperative epitaph on the fallen statesman; of the numerous bitter attacks of which Clarendon was the subject, it is perhaps the most severe and scurrilous [1]:—

Pride, lust, ambition, and the people's hate,
The kingdom's broker, the ruin of the State,
Dunkirk's sad loss, divider of the fleet,
Tangiers' compounder for a barren sheet.
The shrub of gentry married to the Crown,
His daughter to the heir has tumbled down;
The grand affronter of the noble lies
Grovelling in dirt as a just sacrifice,
To please an offended king. Abused nation,
Who could believe this sudden alteration?
God is revenged too, for the stones he took
From aged Paul's to make a nest for the rook.[2]
Those cormorants of State, as well as he,
We more than hope in the same plight to see.
Go on, great Prince, thy people do rejoice;
Methink I hear the kingdom's total voice
Applauding this day's action to be such
As roasting of the Rump, or beating of the Dutch.
Now look upon thy withered cavaliers,
That for reward have nothing had but tears;
Thanks to this Wiltshire hog,[3] son of the spittle,
Had they been looked on, he had had but little.
Break up the coffers of the hoarding thief,
Three millions will be found to make him chief.
I have said enough of linsey-wolsey Hide,
His sacrilege, ambition, lust, and pride.

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, August 31, 1667. See also the preface to the Calendar of this reign by Mrs. Green.

[2] Clarendon's new house near St. James was nicknamed Dunkirk House, 'from the general opinion of his having a good bribe for the selling of that town,' and was partly built with the stones of St. Paul's Cathedral, lately gutted by the great fire.

[3] Clarendon was the son of Henry Hyde, of Dinton, Wiltshire.

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